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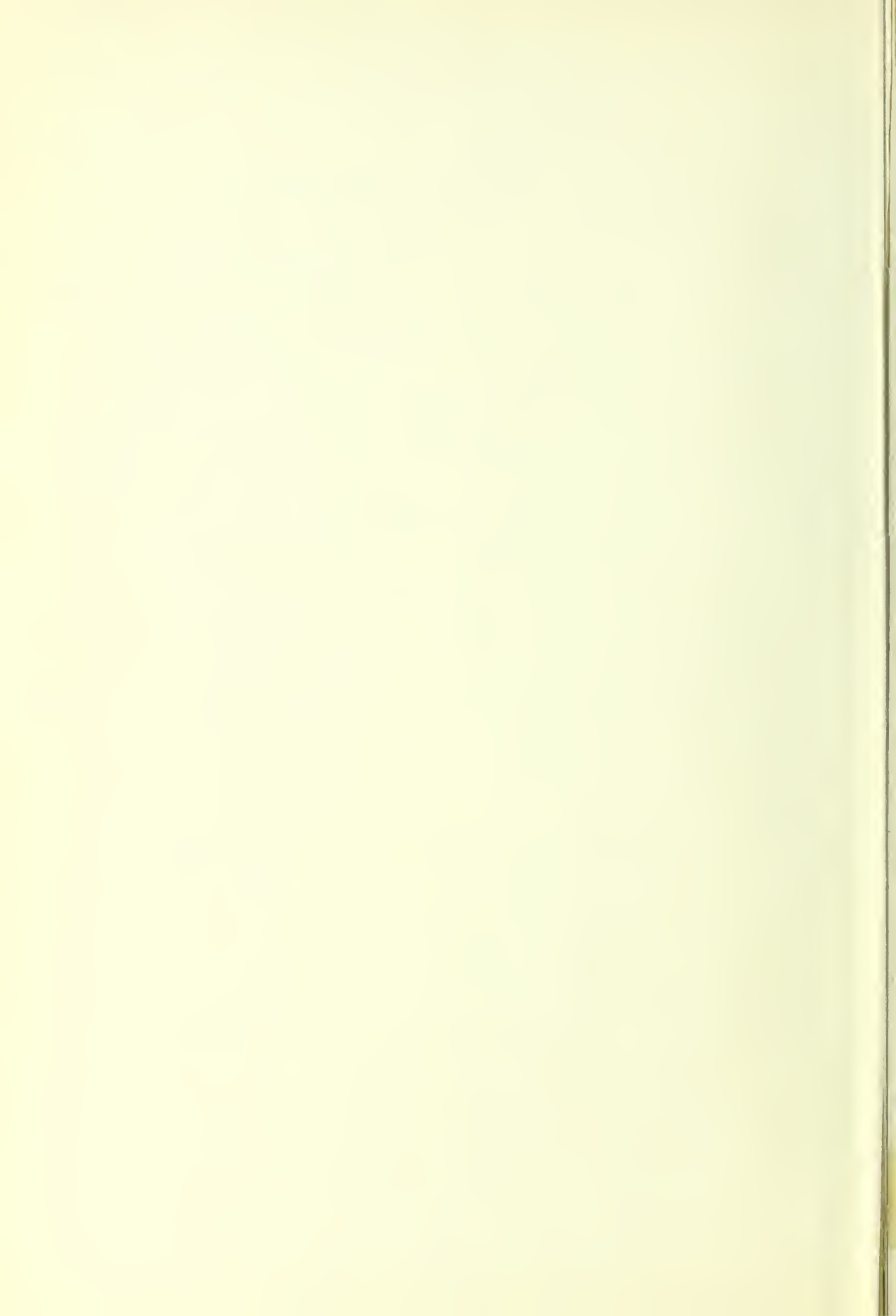
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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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THE CLARION

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EDITORIAL

A LONG space of time has elapsed since the last issue of the CLARION, during which time the editor's pen seems to have grown rusty with disuse. Since we have been so fortunate as to bring the paper back to life, however, we hope that it may have a long and brilliant career, and never again fall into financial stringencies.

The new management in charge of the CLARION will do its work faithfully, and to the best of its ability; but the paper needs more; it needs the hearty support of every member of the school, and its success rests, to a great extent, on this general support. Everyone should subscribe faithfully.

As the CLARION is only issued four times a year, it certainly seems as if every one could afford a ten-cent copy, without bringing too great a strain on his pocket book.

We wish the entering class to pay especial heed to the above paragraph, for, as time goes on, the success of the paper will depend more and more upon it. Before very long, we hope that the class of 1913 will furnish enthusiastic contributors as well as subscribers.

The High School opened this year with a new principal and several new teachers. The principal, F. C. Mitchell, M.S., who, for the past two years has

been acting in that capacity in the Danvers High School, is filling his new position to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. Sub-master A. H. Smith, graduate of Harvard, has charge of the German, Latin, and French departments. Mr. Snushall, sub-master, graduate of Amherst, was for over two years vice-principal of a boys' school in Santiago, Chili. His subjects are Chemistry, Commercial Arithmetic, Penmanship, Book-keeping and Economics. Of the new assistants, Miss MacIntosh teaches English and Botany; Miss Wallon, Chemistry, Geometry, Physical Geography and Algebra; Miss Richmond, English and English History. It is to these new teachers in particular that the CLARION wishes to extend its heartiest welcome.

There are at present three hundred pupils in the High School, and this number is much larger than ever before. As the greater part of the ninth grade could not be accommodated in the High School building, it is installed in the new annex in the Locke School. If this increase continues, the time is not far distant when the pupils of the High School exclusively will occupy the whole building.

There are now six periods a day in place of the accustomed five. Instead of the former method of devoting twenty-five minutes to music, four times a week, a forty-five minute period is now set aside every Tuesday for that purpose.

RECEPTION TO MISS AMES

THE first social event of the season was given by the Juniors and Seniors in Cotting Hall as a farewell to Miss Ames, who, in her two years

as member of the faculty, has won the love and respect of every teacher and pupil in the High School. In spite of the sadness of the occasion it was a pleasing event, really delightful in its informality. Singing and cheers for faculty and classes by boys and girls alike kept good spirits bounding. In the course of the evening Miss Ames was presented with an amethyst pendant, gift of the Senior Class. The Juniors presided over chafing dishes and served a delightful spread, which certainly "went right to the spot."

"ONE OF THE EIGHT"

A COLLEGE comedy in four acts was given to benefit the Athletic Association on Friday evening, November fifth. The cast was as follows:

Henry Brooks	Ray Mauger, '10
Mr Brooks	Raymond Whitten, '10
Bill Carter	Jack Hutchirson, '10
Lord Chillingworth	Donald Hill, '12
Peter	Forrest Osgood, '12
Guy Marks, I.D.	Ward Chick, '11
Caleb Weston	Norman Hazeltine, '12
Ned Andrews	John Buckley, '10
"Mollie" Runskool	

	Lawrence Münch, '11
Professor Dixon	Edward Higgins, '10
Helen Baldwin	Gertrude Thomas, '11
Amy Dixon	Blanche Vail, '10
Mrs. Brooks	Helen Crosby, '10
Bab	Blanche King, '11

It was an unusually long and difficult play, but every member of the cast did excellent work, and it proved a great success, no little credit being due to the coach, William Partridge. After the play, the Arlington Orchestra furnished music for the dance, which lasted until twelve. The net proceeds were about \$103, which will go a long way toward defraying the expenses of the Association.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A MEASLEY CHRISTMAS

"I GUESS measles must be a habit this winter," said Betty to her mother, on arriving home from school one day. "Ned Mills has got them now, and that makes five in our crowd. Just think of it, the 17th of December, too. Vacation begins in five days and I suppose all our plans for good times will have to be given up, for by that time no one will be left to enjoy them at the rate things are going now. There were six new cases reported today and Ned was one of them." Three days after this Betty herself was stricken with the disease. There was a case of blues as well as measles in the Holmes household that day.

What are the Christmas holidays to a high school girl with no dances, parties, skating or any such good times? Something must certainly be done, but what? That was the great question. Betty and her mother thought long and hard, but could come to no decision.

"If only our crowd could get together somehow, for only Sally out of the ten of us hasn't got it. She has been with us so much that I don't see how she can escape," thought Betty.

The following morning her thoughts had taken shape and her suggestion to her mother, though given rather hesitatingly, was as follows:

"Mother, when two friends have scarlet fever they are often put together at one of their houses, and it makes things lots pleasanter. Now, why can't we all get together and have a kind of house party somewhere? Russell has a large house, indulgent parents, and no

brother or sisters. Don't you think that Mrs. Child would let us? I am sure she would. Won't you ask her?"

Mrs. Holmes thought a few minutes and then said, "Well, Betty, as far as you young folks are concerned, it would be all right, I suppose, but I hardly think that Mrs. Child will care to undertake the extra responsibility, even for Russell. However, I think it would be nice if it could be carried out, and there certainly can be no harm in talking it over with Mrs. Child. I will see what can be done."

Mrs. Holmes did her errand as soon as possible, and much to her surprise, Mrs. Child thought the idea was excellent. She was perfectly willing, provided the other mothers would help her out if need be. The other mothers were all consulted and they agreed to do their part. Invitations were sent out to all, requesting the pleasure of their company from Christmas Day until January 3rd. The night after receiving the invitations joy reigned in all the homes but poor Sally's. One had been sent to her at Russell's special request, although he knew that if she didn't get the measles the day following she would be too sick to come to the party.

The few days that remained before Christmas were exciting ones for the nine shut-ins. Christmas presents must be had for everyone. The girls always remembered each other, but only one special boy. Now, however, every boy must have something from every girl. In the case of the boys, it was their mothers who got gifts ready for them to give. Not being able to use their eyes was a great drawback for the girls, for it

meant no neckties or embroidered handkerchiefs. Betty, finally growing desperate as to what to do, made an enormous corn ball for each boy and let it go at that.

At last the great day came, and each invalid was hurried off, bag and baggage, in the Child's limousine. Russell and his mother stood in the hall ready to welcome each new guest, and relieve them of their bundles. Everyone was overjoyed at seeing each other again, for it seemed years to them since they had all met. Never was there a jollier crowd to sit down to a Christmas dinner than the one at the Child's homestead. Their repast was not just what they would have enjoyed under ordinary circumstances, but their meagre diet appeared in a new light under such pleasant conditions.

The afternoon was spent in talking over things, as much had happened during the long week. The general phrase that came in every now and then during the course of conversation was, "Poor Sally! isn't it a shame that she can't be here, too." Finally, it got so tiresome that Ralph suggested that the tune be changed to, "Isn't it mean that poor Russell can't have Sally!"

After supper, Mrs. Child announced that they would have their tree. A general rush was made for the door that had remained closed all day.

At one end of the long parlor stood a tall, well-shaped Christmas tree, laden with presents of all sizes and shapes. Near it stood Mr. Child attired as Santa Claus. When every one was seated he began to distribute his parcels. All sorts and kinds of things came from that never-to-be-forgotten tree; there were many jokes and hits on the assembled company, as well as useful and pleasing gifts. The greatest laugh was

raised when one after another of the guests opened variously shaped packages each of which yielded up a pair of blue glasses. These were the gifts of Russell. He said that he had had to wear them ever since he had been sick and so thought that the others had better follow his example.

After an hour of a jolly good time, Mrs. Child hustled her flock off to bed.

The next morning's mail brought a letter from Sally's mother to Russell, saying that Sally had been taken with the measles the afternoon before, but did not seem very sick, and if it was convenient for Mrs. Child, she would like to join her schoolmates in a few days. Joy reigned supreme at this joyful news.

The following days were indeed lively ones at the Child house. It was "a continual rough house, and Mrs. Child a perfect brick," as one of the boys expressed it afterwards. As the vacation drew to a close the crowd tried to think of some fine way to celebrate the last night of their house-party, and, as usual, a dance seemed to be the favorite suggestion. The doctor thought that if fairly early hours were kept there could be no harm. So plans were soon laid for the "best dance that ever happened." Sally was the only one who was not thought strong enough to dance, but she did not lack partners to "sit out" with her. The whole week had been a grand success, and all seemed better, rather than worse, for their good time.

Mrs. Child afterwards acknowledged to one of the mothers that it was quite a responsibility for her and that she had felt like the Old Woman in the Shoe; but that after they had all gone it seemed very lonesome and quiet at the big house. Gladys Richardson, '10.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY

MAY 10th

I guess I'll keep a diary — all the fellows do an' so does Sis, only she keeps hers locked up now 'cos one nite I got it and red part to Carl when he came to take her to the show. Gee, wasn't she mad! An' I got licked, two.

MAY 11th

They made me go to church. I mostly have to on Sundays — there was a funny man sat in front of us an' he looked 's if he didn't have on his own hair an' I wanted to find out so when we got up to sing I got up quick an' bumped his head with the him book, an' it wasn't his own hair, it was a wig an' Dad said, "Wait 'til I get you home and I did an' I wish I hadn't."

Sis has got the meesles an' say, there's spots all over her, an' maybe she ain't cross. I hear Dad — guess I'll go to bed!

MAY 19th

Its orful hot. Ma got my new suit. I went to Susy Smith's party. We played post Offis an' I kissed Susy twice. I like her. We had ice cream. Gee, I'm sleepy.

Sis is better, the spots ain't so big.

MAY 20th

Had to go back to school. We've got a new teacher an' she's pretty, but her hair is red. I told Sis an' she says its "tissu," but it ain't its hair an' does Sis think she'd wear paper for hair?

MAY 26th

Its Sis's Birthday. Ted sent her some flowers — orkids — but she didn't like 'em. Carl sent her a book named the modern house and it had pictures of rooms an' Sis liked that and she got red. I give her a handkerchief.

Me and Johnny played tag after supper.

I was going to hide behind the piano when Carl came but they went out an' I only got to the gate an' Dad cot me but I heard Carl say kinder shaky, "Are you sure, Little Girl?" An' Sis ain't little — she weighs 140 lbs. and she's tall but she didn't get mad when he said it an' then Dad got me an' I think he's mean.

JUNE 1st

There's a new girl at school an' she sits near me — her hair is black and her name is Laura and I smiled at her an' she smiled at me, to — I don't think I like Susy Smith any more.

JUNE 10th

Sis is going to be married an' I'm going to see it an' Laura's goin' to carry flowers, I guess. They're goin' to Switzer-Land on a huney moon an' I asked teecher why didn't they go on a boat an' she laughed and Mr. Adams he's the principal said it meant a slushy moon an' I shouldn't think that would be nice 'cos slush gives you sore throats.

JUNE 16th

School has stoppt an' I'm glad an' I'm goin' to Uncle Eds up in Main for all summer and I guess I won't take my diary with me, it takes to much time.

I found a nice dog on the road an' I brot it home an' Mary the cook says, "the saints bless us (an' there aren't any more saints 'cos I heard Dad tell Mother they all died just before she married him) its hidrofobia he'll be givin' us next." An' I asked Dad what it was an' he said shut up an' I did.

I went down to say good-bye to Laura an' she cried an' I didn't cos I'm a boy an' I kissed her an' I guess I'll marry her when I grow up.

Dad just said "Alice, that child isn't in bed yet," so I guess I'm goin'!

Teddy, '11.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF FATE

IN the private office of A. N. Byam, a lawyer in New York City, two men had been conversing earnestly for more than an hour. Finally, one leaned forward and took a piece of paper which the other extended, affixed his name to it, and lighted a cigar with a satisfied air, saying as he did so the one word, "Done." This paper provided that if within ten days after that date William Aronson executed a deed for certain real estate in New York to John Tyler, the man who had signed the paper, he, Tyler, would in turn deed a piece of property along the "D & H" tracks in Troy, N. Y., to William Aronson. It was further agreed that the transaction was to take place at the Rensselaer Hotel in Chicago.

The two men shook hands, and Aronson remarked that as he had promised to take his wife to the theatre that evening, he must hurry home. As the two men stepped out on the street, a broad smile covered Aronson's face, and he kept saying to himself, "Fifty thousand at least, fifty thousand at least," and each time he said the number his smile grew broader, till the people who passed wondered what good fortune had befallen the tall dark man. In a moment or two the smile left his face, and a feeling of faintness stole over him, and, before he could hail a passing cab, he fell unconscious to the sidewalk.

Tyler at once had the stricken man taken to his home, where he was put under the care of a new physician, the family doctor being off on his vacation at the time. When Aronson had been put to bed, his wife explained to Tyler and the physician that her husband had suffered from attacks of this kind before,

but that they never lasted more than an hour or so. When the attacks were on him he always took on the appearance of death, and remained so until they passed over.

Tyler remained an hour or more and then left, saying that he must catch his train for Chicago.

II

Tyler, lying in his berth in the sleeper, flying towards Troy, congratulated himself on the disposal of his troublesome "D & H" property. He felt that he had made a "good deal." With this thought uppermost in his mind, he dropped off to sleep, and did not wake till broad daylight the next morning.

After finishing breakfast he was wondering how to pass away the time before him, when a newsboy came through the train with the morning papers. He bought one and settled back in his seat to look it over. Finding nothing of interest, he was about to lay it aside, when his eye was caught by a small headline, "Troy Depot Site Located — To Be Built at 'D & H' Tracks and Main Street." Tyler read the article through twice before he fully comprehended its meaning. It suddenly dawned upon him that this new depot site was on his own property. Then, with greater force, he remembered that he had just entered into a contract to trade that very property! He began to realize that the real estate along the tracks which had been worth perhaps fifty thousand dollars, was now worth at least a hundred thousand, and he had traded it for New York property worth about fifty thousand!

His eyes narrowed; his face became seamed with lines as he tried to think out a scheme to block the trade. Then his face lighted up a bit. There was

just one chance in a hundred Aronson's disease — well, time would tell.

III

Early the same morning the doctor examined Aronson and pronounced him dead, and advised that the undertaker be sent for immediately. Mrs. Aronson, however, absolutely refused, saying that he had had attacks of this kind before, when she had thought him dead, but he had always revived after several hours. Thus six days elapsed, the doctor becoming more and more certain that the man was dead, although mortification had not yet set in, and Mrs. Aronson herself gave up hope. Then the physician looking at the body noticed that a red spot had appeared on each cheek of the "patient," and within thirty minutes Aronson opened his eyes and said feebly: "What is the date?" When he learned that seven of the ten days had passed he began giving orders, and before night had caught a train for Chicago. That morning he telegraphed to Tyler to meet him at the train on the evening of the eighth day.

IV

In his hotel in Chicago, John Tyler had spent most of his time walking up and down his room, alternating between hope and fear. If Aronson would only die the fifty thousand would be his. If he revived in time to be in Chicago on the tenth day — as, indeed it seemed most probable he would — the fortune would be Aronson's.

On the morning of the seventh day he had persuaded himself that as he had received no word from Aronson this attack had proved fatal. He had eaten his first hearty breakfast since his return to Chicago, and was in a particularly happy frame of mind, when a telegram

from New York was handed to him. He paled immediately, tore it open with shaky hands and looked at the signature — Aronson. As he went up to his room he muttered his resignation, saying: "It's all off now. I may as well let things take their course. I'll meet him."

V

Tuesday night, the eighth day, just after the train arrived, Tyler noticed the County coroner, a large man with a jolly smile, standing at the rear of the baggage car. Aronson had not yet appeared, so he stepped up to the coroner, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and said pleasantly: "Going away, doctor?" The official turned around, shook hands, and replied: "No, I got a message to meet this train. Passenger died on the way from the East."

For some reason which he could not explain, Tyler felt a desire to see the body, so he stayed with the coroner, and when the body was carried to a room in the station, he was standing beside the jolly official. The sheet was lifted from the man's face. A cry escaped Tyler's lips. *The man was Aronson.* "Why," he started to say, "that man is not dead — I know him," when he remembered his thought on the train coming to Chicago. "One chance in a hundred. One chance in a hundred." The coroner looked up quickly?

"What did you say?"

Tyler stammered, "Why, I know him — at least I don't know his name — talked with him all the way from New York" — he was lying easily now, and went on: "He was telling me that he had no relatives in the world. After dinner I went into the smoker, and when I returned he was gone. He must have been taken ill and gone to his berth."

The coroner had been examining the body.

"Well, it's a case of natural death, all right. Here, Jim, you can take him now." An undertaker stepped up and two men carried the body to the wagon waiting outside. "Where did you send him?" Tyler asked his friend in the tone of one who is merely curious about such matters. The doctor answered; the men separated, Tyler going to his hotel.

The next morning he was off to the undertaker's shop bright and early. "I must rush matters now, if possible. There's no telling when he may revive," he said to himself as he walked. Arrived at the establishment he told the same story to the man in charge that he had told to the coroner, and asked to see the body. The man consented and they went back into the morgue. There, on a cold marble slab, lay Aronson, in the same condition he was in before he left for Chicago. "What are you going to do with him?" asked Tyler. "Well, as he has no relatives, we may as well bury him at once. I suppose we'll do it this morning."

"Perhaps that's the best thing to do," said Tyler, in a sad tone, as he left the gruesome place.

Once outside he rubbed his hands with

glee, and said over and over again, "Fifty thousand at least; fifty thousand at least," — the very words Aronson had used nine days before.

VI

About four o'clock the next day Robert Hancock, a friend of the undertaker's, dropped in to hear about the man who had died on the train the night before. "No," the undertaker replied to Hancock's questions, "there was nothing about him to identify him, and besides, he had stated earlier in the day that he had no relatives, so we buried him yesterday morning. No, this is the only thing, and I could make nothing of it," and he pulled out a small gold, college fraternity pin. Hancock glanced at it and cried, "Why, for Heaven's sake, man, *he* can be identified! I belonged to that same frat when I was in college. You have the body exhumed, and I'll have it identified. "All right I'll do it this afternoon." He was willing enough, for he knew a fee could be collected if friends could be found.

At seven o'clock the body of the unknown man lay again on the marble slab. An attendant was passing when he noticed a bright spot in each cheek. "That man's alive," he cried, and immediately called a doctor. The physician used strenuous efforts to restore the body to life, and before eight o'clock Aronson suddenly sat bolt upright and demanded: "What day is it? What time? Good Heavens! Call me a cab," he cried, excitedly. The cab came. He gave the address of a prominent lawyer,

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climbed in, and with the doctor following, remonstrating, set off.

They drove at breakneck speed to a handsome house in the suburbs. Giving the cabman the brief order, "Wait," he went to the door and rang the bell. He was admitted at once. The lawyer who had been expecting Aronson, was ready for business, so they at once started to work on the deed. After what seemed an interminably long time, the paper was drawn up. Both men made a rush to the cab, and told the driver to make his best possible speed to the Rensselaer Hotel.

Arrived at the hotel, they found that Tyler had gone to bed. Both were wild with impatience. A bell-boy was sent to arouse the sleeping "party of the first part." After another endless wait he appeared. When he saw Aronson he became pale as a sheet, and would have fallen had not the lawyer supported him. Aronson glanced at his watch. Of course, he could not have understood the trouble with Tyler, but was too excited to notice it. "Get the deed quick," he shouted. Something seemed to have possessed Tyler. He walked as if in a dream to his room, procured the deed and returned. The papers were exchanged. Tyler promptly fainted. The other two were just lifting him up when the clock in the tower of the post-office building struck twelve. The ten days were up: the contract had been carried out, and William Aronson was a richer man by some hundred thousand of dollars.—W. F. C., 1911.

BOB'S LUCK

IN the circle of light from the great camp-fire, lounged two young men in the free and easy attitudes of college Freshmen. Somewhat in the shadow and on the opposite side of the fire, Pierre, the French Canadian guide, sat quietly smoking his pipe with a far-away look in his deep, soft eyes. The silence was unbroken except for the crackling of the fire and the soft "lap, lap" of the waves on the shore of the lake. From time to time, the logs would fall apart, scattering a bright shower of sparks. In the darkness outside the circle of light, gleamed the bright, curious eyes of wolves that dare not approach the fire.

"Say, Dick, what day's today, anyhow? A fellow loses all track of time up here in the timber," drawled Bob, who was lying on his back, with his eyes half shut, puffing away at his cherished meerschaum.

"Dunno, but I think it's Thursday, because it was the day before the day before yesterday that I shot that caribou, and that was Monday. I know, because we got our provisions from the club that day. Understand my logic?"

"Oh, yes, but say, Dick, that makes tomorrow Friday, doesn't it? That'll queer our luck sure on that shooting, and by George, come to think, it's the 13th tomorrow, too. I'll be sure to shoot you instead of the moose, upset the canoe and have . . ."

"Oh, you poor dope! You're as bad

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as these Frenchies who think the world's coming to an end if a fish jumps wrong." And Dick, the matter-of-fact, shrugged his shoulders in disgust.

Pierre rose to put a log of hickory on the fire, which had been dying down. "But yes, M'sieu, it is so. I know it. The fish they are the messengers of the evil one."

"Well, have your own way, but I think you're two superstitious chumps. I'm going shooting tomorrow if it takes a leg and expect to have good sport, too, for I always was a lucky dog. Are you with me, Bob, or not?"

"I s'pose its kiddish, but I don't want to fool around with a gun tomorrow. I'm no kind of a shot, anyway, so I guess I'll go over to Little Lawaco and see how many fish I can get."

"All right, just as you say. Well, I'm going to turn in; it must be after eleven." And the two young fellows went off to their tent, leaving Pierre to tend to the fire.

In the gray dawn of the next morning, Bob was awakened by the rumbling bass of Dick, singing a college song, as he bustled about the tent, pausing now and then to go and give his chum a poke.

"When the matin bell is ringing,
Uralio, Uralio,

From my rushy pallet springing,
Uralio, Uralio!"

"Well," yawned Bob, "I suppose I may as well 'rise from my rushy pallet,' too, so here goes." In a few moments the three men were gathered at their breakfast of coffee, fresh trout, and

Bob's excellent flap-jacks which he knew how to make even better than Pierre, himself.

The guide soon finished his repast and going down to the shores of the lake, he launched the canoe, and began the necessary preparations for the hunting trip. Dick got out his gun, and filled his cartridge-belt, while Bob sat around, looking as if he wished he were going after all. "All is finished," called Pierre from the water's edge, and Dick jumped up eagerly; then turning back, he put his hand on his chum's shoulder, saying, coaxingly, "Come on, old chap! Don't be a fool!" For an instant, Bob hesitated, then said, shaking his head, "No, I shan't give in now, anyway. You go along and have a good time; don't mind about me."

"Well, so long," called Dick, reluctantly, as he went down to the shore and he and Pierre pushed off. They made a striking contrast — the fresh-faced young fellow and the rather swarthy Frenchman with his wide slouch hat, and his red handkerchief knotted loosely about his throat. Bob watched them glide off, with a wild desire to have a part in the fun; but too proud to give in, and too superstitious to have anything to do with a gun on so un auspicious a day.

He watched the canoe till it was a mere speck, and then, going into his tent for his fishing tackle, his eye chanced to light upon his gun. With a sudden decision, he said to himself, "I'm going to take this gun with me, and if anything

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should come along within two inches of my nose, I *might* possibly hit it." With this, he got into his canoe, and paddled off to Little Lawaco, which was a small arm of the larger lake where Dick and Pierre had gone to hunt.

In the meantime Dick and the guide had not had the luck which they had expected. They had tracked one moose for a long way, but it in some way escaped them, and after a few hour's search, they sat down on a log and waited as motionless as possible. Every sound came to them distinctly in the silence of the woods, and it was not long before they heard a stealthy crackling in the underbrush, which Pierre knew could only mean the tramp of a moose. Dick started up with his finger to the trigger of his gun. The moose must have divined danger or heard Dick's impulsive movement, for the next moment with a great bound, he was away through the woods, always just out of the sight of the two men following.

In a quiet cove, some distance off, sat Bob in his canoe, patiently waiting for the fish to bite. It was an ideal day for fishing, but somehow, he had had no luck. "Friday, the 13th," he muttered, crossly. "It's no use, I might as well give up," and lighting his pipe, he settled down in his canoe. Suddenly on the shore, about ten feet from Bob's canoe, there was a snapping and crashing of underbrush, and there, in front of him, stood the hugest bull-moose he had ever seen on the point of plunging into the water, but arrested for the moment

not expecting to find another human being. Instinctively, Bob grasped his gun and aimed at the terrified animal. The next instant there was a sharp report and the moose plunged desperately forward toward the lake, but fell as he reached the water's edge. At that moment Dick and Pierre came running out from the bushes and stopped in amazement; then Dick burst out into a hearty laugh, saying, "Well, well, old chap! What's the matter with Friday, the 13th?" Anna A. Barnes, '10.

LECTURES

THE first lecture of the season was given in Cotting Hall, by Henry Helm Clayton on "Aerial Navigation."

It was illustrated by excellent colored slides and one learned much that was interesting and instructive about the construction and control of balloons, air-ships and acroplanes.

The second lecture was given by Leon Vincent, a lecturer of no little fame, who needs no introduction to Arlington audiences.

He spoke of Robert Louis Stevenson in his usual, interesting, humorous way, bringing out many fine points about his character, about which people are generally ignorant.

Mr. Vincent strongly advocates extensive reading of Stevenson, whose mastery of the English language is wonderfully good

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THE first thing to interest the members of the school upon their return this fall in the way of athletics was the election of the officers for the Athletic Association. A meeting was called and the following officers elected: President, Peirce; Vice-President, Chick; Treasurer, Mauger; Secretary, Frost; Auditor, Hutchinson; Athletic Committee, O'Brien, Kelley, Scannell. At a later meeting of this Committee, O'Brien was elected chairman.

After this, interest was turned towards football. About forty candidates answered the call of Captain Peirce. This showed good spirit on the part of the boys. But it was the first attempt in a number of years to place a football team on the field. Very few knew anything about the fine points of the game, but showed a willingness to learn. Mr. H. C. Colton who has had much experience as a member of the Springfield Training School Teams, was secured to coach. A better selection could not have been made. He was a man who not only knew

football in all its branches, but was able to teach it. He also had the confidence of the entire squad from the start and his work was simply wonderful, taking the conditions into consideration. Beginning with an absolutely "green" crowd he brought his team up to the standard average High School team, which was quite an undertaking. He taught the boys to play clean and hard, and to play just as hard and clean when they were losing as when they were winning. The whole school, in fact the whole town, are to be congratulated upon securing the services of such a man to direct the work of the team. The Captain, Manager, School authorities, and the school body and townspeople wish to thank Mr. Colton for this season's work. The management also wish to thank the School authorities students, townspeople and every one who aided them, for their splendid support given them this fall under, perhaps not the best of conditions.

The number of victories was not

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large, but when it is taken into consideration that this is the first year of football, the showing is all the more creditable. It took Captain Peirce and Mr. Colton some time to select the team, and in the first games it was necessary to experiment with quite a number of men. This probably accounts, in part, for the showing of the early season.

The first game of the season was played with Cambridge Latin School at their field. The game was originally planned for Arlington, but it was found that our field would not be ready in time and the game was played on their field. They have what is known as the "average High School" team. The game resulted in no score, 0-0. This gave the boys quite a little encouragement. Quite a number played this game which served as an experiment. Peirce, Buckley, Cameron, and Plaistead were distinguishable by their playing.

The second game was played at Wellesley on October 2nd. This resulted in a loss of 11-0. The score does not represent the strength of the two teams. They were very evenly matched and were it not for unfortunate fumbles the score might have been different. Whatever features there were, were furnished by our side. The boys had been taught the forward pass according to the Springfield system. This system is acknowledged by experts to be the best in the country. The feature of this game was a forward pass from Peirce to Buckley, which made a net gain of sixty yards. Two or three times the Arlington boys were in scoring

distance only to lose the ball by some hard luck. Peirce and Buckley were the stars.

The third game was played at Woburn on October 6th. We were greatly outweighed, almost thirty pounds to a man, and this weight told. However, Woburn scored 10 points in the first half. In the second half Arlington came back strong and assumed the aggressive but were unable to score, altho' it prevented Woburn from scoring again. The final score was 10-0 against us.

The team was now advancing rapidly so when we played a return game with Woburn we were able to hold them to a tie game, 6-6. This was on Saturday, October 9. This marked the opening of our new athletic field which comprises about ten acres furnished in the best style and considered second to none in this state. Chick scored for Arlington in the first half, on a fumble punt which he gathered up and ran ten yards with. Captain Peirce kicked the goal. Chick, Captain Peirce, Buckley and Hutchinson were the stars.

The next game was with St. Marks at Southboro. On account of injuries, Arlington was forced to use practically the second team. We were overwhelmingly defeated. But there was consolation after all. St. Marks had this year the strongest team in her history. She had played four games before ours and in all this time she had had but one first down scored against her and we scored four.

The next game was played at Milton,

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and we lost by a score of 12-2. We were still without the aid of some of our best players. The stars in this game were Captain Peirce, Hutchinson, Cameron and Plaistead.

The next game was with Dedham. Our team was entirely the second team at the start, owing to the poor condition of our first string men. The Dedham team did not arrive until after four o'clock, so that it was necessary to play short halves. They won by a score of 12-6. There is no doubt but what Arlington would have won if the halves were not so short as they were coming "strong."

The next game was at Wayland on October 30. We played a tie game there of 5-5. The best plays for Arlington were contributed by Hutchinson and Peirce, whose flying tackles were rarely duplicated on school teams.

The next game was played with Milton at our grounds. Two weeks before we lost to this team by a score of 12-2, so there was some doubt as to our ability to win. The team had now passed through the experimental state and a definite team had been decided upon to face Winchester. The team was greatly strengthened by the acquisition of Higgins and the return of Captain Peirce and Buckley. The team showed new life and ran Milton completely off their feet. Up to this time Milton had lost only one game and had never had more than six points cored against it in any game. Arlington defeated them rather easily by a score of 34-0, giving

the spectators an idea to see what was coming when we faced Winchester. The whole team played as a unit and it would be unfair to say anyone played a better game than anyone else. Captain Peirce made three touchdowns; Buckley, two; Chick, one; and Captain Peirce kicked four goals.

The big game of our season and the one which we desired to win above all was the Winchester game on Friday, November 19th at Arlington. There was a great deal of doubt expressed concerning the ability of our "green" team to make even a creditable showing against this veteran Winchester team. This was the best team that Winchester has had in her history, and they had come through their preliminary season with a most brilliant record. However, upon the day of the game a tremendous crowd turned out to show the confidence that they had in the boys. The following was the team that was selected to start. It was practically the same team as faced Milton two weeks before. They, therefore, did not have much of a chance to study each other's methods.

Line up:

Reycroft, r. e.	Hutchinson (Cousens), l. t.
Plaistead, r. t.	Chick, l. e.
Higgins, r. g.	Munch, q. b.
Butbrick, c.	McWeeney, r. h. b.
Cameron (Mauger) l. g.	Buckley, l. h. b.
Peirce, Capt., f. b.	

Winchester secured the ball early in the game and succeeded in pushing Arlington back to her five-yard line. Here Winchester had first down, but lost

COMPLIMENTS OF

GAMESTER

Carpenter and Builder

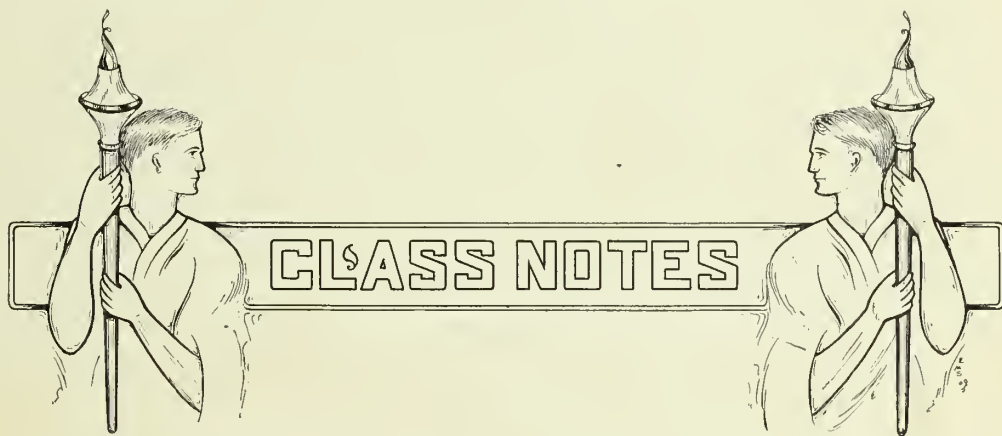
ARLINGTON HARNESS CO.

the ball on downs, being unable to gain. Again they worked the ball to the ten-yard line and lost it on downs. The third time they brought it up the field Arlington was not equal to the occasion and D. Wheatley took it over for a touchdown by a matter of inches. Tuck missed the goal.

Winchester kicked to Arlington and they were apparently about to get a touchdown when something happened. Standing on his 15-yard line Peirce made a forward pass to Buckley on his 30-yard line. Buckley had an apparently clear field. He received the pass and started to run, but just as he did he fumbled the ball. Before he could fall on it Hanson of Winchester picked the ball up and ran the rest of the distance for a touchdown. Tuck again failed

to kick the goal. The half was over shortly. Winchester was greatly taken back to think that they could not run up a larger score as they were certain of a score of gigantic proportions.

Arlington came back strong in the second half and rushed the ball almost the whole length of the field for a touchdown to the surprise of the Winchester crowd. Forward passes and outside kicks were greatly in evidence. Arlington did not once lose the ball. Hutchinson scored the touchdown running from his position in the line. Captain Peirce kicked the goal. Arlington then worked the ball to Winchester's two-yard line to lose it on downs. Later we were able to score a safety, making 8 points in all. Thus the final score was 0-8.



1910

In History: "Why might the freeman have scruples against becoming knights?"

Bright pupil, *sotto voce*: "Because there is no (K)night in heaven."

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ARLINGTON, MASS.

"He wore a *bracelet* round his neck as a symbol of serfdom."

Heard in German: "*Pastorgarten*" translated "pasturage garden."

Sentence by H—: "*Das Haar ist*

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im Winter am langsten." (Hair is longest in winter). Do tell us what kind of hair restorer you use, H—!

Teacher: "Miss M—, are you cold?"

Miss M—: "Only my hands."

A general scuffle is heard from the boys' side of the room.

Frequent occurrence. Teacher: "You must speak louder, Miss ———, I can't understand you."

Pupil: "What? I don't know what you say."

Teacher: "Beg pardon?"

Pupil, despairingly: "Well, I can't hear you!" Sits.

We learned in English that among the ancients the liver, not the heart, was considered the seat of affections; in this connection Miss R— quoted a college professor as saying that if such were now the case, the familiar lines:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,

Give, oh give me back my heart." would have to be rendered:

"Maid of Athens, ere we sever,

Give, oh give me back my liver."

Miss R—: "That is called an anapestic line."

Pupil, in amazement: "*Antiseptic?*"!

Milton applied:

"Hence, loathed Melancholy," — sentiments of 1910.

"Then to the well-trod stage anon," — Town Hall stage, November fifth.

"Come and trip it as you go

On the light fantastic toe." — The dance following the play.

1911

Once more we, as a class, have come together. Now let's work together to make it what it can be — the best class in the School.

1911 greets the new members of the faculty.

The class was very sorry to lose Miss Ames. She was a good friend and teacher to all, and we shall greatly miss her and her pleasantries.

Miss B—, translating Greek: "One man was wounded in the left wing," Angelic creature!

Heard in English: "Why, it *must* have been pleasant if the moon was shining." Please explain.

There may be a "Senior Quartet," but, "Oh! You Junior Trio!"

They say the Juniors are setting a good example to the Freshmen — Yes, to act foolish! But at that they haven't got anything on the Seniors.

Miss H—, translating French: "He decided for the first time in his life to take a bath" — after a pause, — "oh, in the Nile."

CLASS EDITOR'S LAMENT —

Some people can be very funny

We never could be so,

So rally to our assistance;

Tell us anything you know.

1911 always thought the "Sophs" were original, but say! those pins!

Miss R—: "I'll have to change some seats that are not studying."

Yes, there's going to be a social.
Don't get unduly excited, 1910.

Beware of that villian in our midst!
Sh!!

Why are Miss J— and conscience
alike? Because they each speak in a
"still, small voice."

Lives of the Seniors all remind us,
We can make our lives like theirs (?)
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the High School stairs.

A girl in the "A" division of English,
having a very bad cold, evidently tried
to be loyal to A. H. S. by having a very
red nose.

If you see anything funny in any of
these locals, speak to the editors, they'll
explain, perhaps, how they happened to
get there.

1912

OFFICERS

Pres., James Blevins.
V. Pres., Mildred McKay
Sect., Harrie Dadmun
Treas., Stanley Livingstone
Editor, Eleanor Bisbee

NOTES

Evidently 1912 is an active class; the
mere thought of reporting its doings
filled many nominees for the office of
secretary with fear.

Sophomore correspondence:

Dear Helen — I received your most
welcome epitaph.

Ask Mr. B— for his composition on a
hen. It's great.

A sign is needed on the bookcase in
Room II. Miss S— was unable to
find it.

Resolved — That English IIC is *not*
interested in ash-sifting.

Aren't those 1912 class pins great?

"Caesar killed a forest."

He must have first attacked those
branches of the forest that had stopped
shooting because at such times they
probably *leave* their weapons in *trunks*.

40k. (kilograms) translated in Physics
as 40 karats. Did that refer to the
wonderful 1912 pins?

"Football" is the title of a new book
consisting of articles on that subject, to
be issued by English IIC.

Heard in Geometry:

If we suppose that *mp* is perpendicular
to *ab*, along what line shall our proof go?

Inspired pupil: Along the line *mp*.

Mr. Z's shoes! Oh, dear!!

One of the Sophomore boys goes
"swimming in an auto." It has been
suggested that he refers to the gasoline
tank.

In English II A, we learn that a cer-
tain person's hair was "dis-leveled."
Another unfortunate had a "long head"
of yellow hair.

Mr. D— has a new method of pre-
senting apples to "teacher."

1913

Teacher: "What is the velocity of time expressed in?"

Pupil: "Space."

Teacher: "How do you spell fairy?"

Pupil: "Farie, fairie, fary, fairy."

Teacher: "Do you understand this example?"

Pupil: "Yes."

Teacher: "Do the next one."

Pupil: "I can't do this one, yet."

Teacher: "I thought you said you understood it."

Pupil: "I did."

"Subtract nine from twenty-one."

"Two, six, twelve."

Interesting conversation in Algebra Teacher, trying to explain substitution:

"Now, Mr. S—, *add*."

Pupil: "Do you mean subtract?"

Teacher: "No. *A-d-d*, *add*!"

Pupil: "Well, do you mean subtract when you say *add*?"

EXCHANGES

OWING to the temporary discontinuance of our paper, we are no longer favored with exchanges, but we hope that they will now come in with renewed volume and frequency. We will welcome all, — the new as well as the old — during the coming year.

A Sophomore young man in one of Professor J—'s philosophy classes had been arguing along agnostic lines.

"Then," said the professor, "you mean that you can know nothing?"

"Nothing but what I can understand," replied the student.

"That's the same thing," said the professor, making a note in his record-book.

"I wish, Henry," said the editor's wife, "that you'd try not to be so absent minded when we are dining out."

"Eh? What have I done now?"

"Why, when the hostess asked you if you'd have some more pudding you replied that owing to the tremendous

pressure on your space, you were compelled to decline."

A teacher asked one of his pupils if he could translate "our sisters" into French.

"No, sir," stammered the boy.

"Very good, that is correct," said the teacher, kindly.

Some fellows scorn a co-ed
From any place or clime,
But yet, at dances, as we've seen
They take one every time.
— *Tuft's Weekly*.

THE STUDY OF SUE
An ancient Sioux lady named Sue
Stole cash from a trustful m'sieu;
And M'sieu on his knees
To a lawyer begged: "Please
Now for poor M'sieu's sou sue Sioux
Sue!"

When we think of Ireland's woes, our
hearts go pity-Pat!

Teacher: "Which New England state has two capitals?"

Pupil: "New Hampshire"

Teacher: "Indeed? Name them."

Pupil: "Capital N and capital H."

"Isn't that a good joke? It's my own."

"Great Scott! Are you as old as that?"

"There's room at the top," the Senior said as he laid his hand on the sophomore's head.

How dear to our hearts is a steady subscriber,

Who pays in advance at the birth of the year;

Who lays down his money and does it most gladly,

And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum;

How he makes our hearts throb, how he makes our hearts dance!

We outwardly thank him, and inwardly bless him.

The steady subscriber who pays in advance. — Ex.

Exchanges take warning: THE CLARION has Gott to take the lead this year.

A certain man was the proud possessor of two beautiful angora cats which he called Tom and Jerry. A neighbor, happening in one day, was admiring the cats, and asked their names.

"Tom 'n Jerry," answered the owner proudly.

"Tom 'n Jerry!" sniffed the neighbor in scorn. "Why don't you get up to date 'n call 'em Cook 'n' Peary?"

"Gwan! Them ain't no poll cats!" was the answer.

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EDITORIAL

March, and the school year more than half over! What have we done, thus far, to make it worth while? With some of us, this is our last year at any school; are we making the most of it? Doubtless we have all heard people say, regretfully, "Well, I'd like to repeat my four years at High school. I never appreciated my opportunities and I just let things slide." Is this going to be the case with us? Are we going to mourn lost opportunities. The remedy is,—*don't* lose them; hang on to them; make the best of them while you can.

The hardest pull is before us now, these last months always seem the longest and most difficult. Just take a firmer grip on that plough-handle that is talked so much about; don't look back complacently on what you *have* done,—look ahead and plan

something worth while that you're *going* to do!

SENIOR-JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The Juniors reception to the Seniors took place in Cotting Hall, on January sixth. It was originally intended to be a Masquerade, but because of the inconvenience this would cause some members of the two classes, this plan was abandoned, and a straight dance decided upon.

It was a wretched night, but those who braved the storm felt well repaid. The hall was tastefully decorated with crepe paper in the school colors, and the electric bulbs in their red shades, cast a "dim, religious light" over the scene. The dance orders were well planned, bearing an embossed representation of the Junior pin in colors on the cover.

Punch was served throughout the evening, and the groups about the bowl seemed to show that just as the proof of the pie is in the eating, so is the proof of the punch in the drinking. Q. E. D.

The Linwood Orchestra furnished delightfully "snappy" music for the dancing. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening, and the Seniors wish to extend their congratulations to the Juniors on its success.

VAUDEVILLE

On Saturday evening, January twenty-ninth, the Vaudeville for the benefit of the Athletic Association took place. The Town Hall was crowded to the doors with the largest and most enthusiastic audience our local talent has yet brought forth.

The programs were cleverly prepared, and offered a great deal of amusement to the audience.

We regret that lack of space prevents insertion of the program.

It was a great success, which was, as usual, due in a large degree to the stage director, Mr. Partridge. In round numbers the sum of \$110 was cleared to swell the amount in the treasury.

LECTURES

The third lecture, a reading by Marshall Darrach, took place on Friday evening, January seventh, in the High School Hall. The truth of the remark "to know Shakespeare, one must hear Marshall Darrach," was evident to all those who were so fortunate as to hear his rendering of "Macbeth." The pupils of the High school cannot too fully appreciate the advantage it is to attend lectures by such celebrities.

Mr. Herbert W. Gleason gave an illustrated lecture on the Canadian Rockies, on January twenty-first. The slides were unusually good, and Mr. Gleason proved a very interesting speaker, giving many in-

structive side-lights on the grandeur of the mountains. The lecture was of great value for students of Physical Geography and Economics.

On Monday afternoon, January twenty-fourth, Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, the well known orthopedic specialist, gave an interesting talk on "Poise and its Relation to Human Efficiency." In plain, direct words, Dr. Goldthwait imparted to his audience a great deal of valuable information, assuring his hearers that the highest mental and physical development was possible only when the body was habitually poised correctly.

On Friday evening, February fourth, Mr. William J. Long lectured on "Wild Animals and Wild Instincts" to a large and responsive audience. His knowledge and understanding of animal life is very extensive, and he has, moreover, the gift of effectively imparting such knowledge to his hearers. It is always difficult to interest all members of an audience whose ages range as widely as did this, but young and old alike were held spellbound by stories of his personal experience and observation of wild animals.

On Friday morning, February eleventh, Rev. Mr. Hyde, of Brockton, gave a most eloquent lecture to the pupils of the High School, on Lincoln, the "myriad-minded and the mountain-souled." He spoke of this martyr president in a beautiful, touching way that brought tears to the eyes of more than one person present. The pupils were honored by the presence of several members of the G. A. R., who seemed to appreciate the exercises very deeply.

We were delighted to see several of the parents present, and extend to them a cordial invitation to come again.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

CAMDEN BY THE SEA.

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea, one of the mountains; each a mighty Voice."

On a beautiful morning in late June, imagine yourself on a large steamer going toward the mouth of the Penobscot River. It is about half-past five and the sun has just peeped above the horizon on the right. Everything is touched with gold, the clouds, the water, and the ropes and sails of the small boats which pass us.

Now we are approaching Rockland. On the left the summer cottages look like doll-houses set in groves of miniature trees. Now the boat passes between Owl's Head and the Breakwater, a long line of granite to break the force of the winter's stormy, angry waters. Here is obtained our first glimpse of the Camden Mountains. After a short stop in Rockland, we again take up our journey toward Camden.

As we approach, the gray mass against the sky forms itself into the well-known summits of Battie, Megunticook and Bald. The harbor is guarded by a number of small islands which form a half circle around it. On our right as we enter the harbor we see a long neck of land stretching well out into the bay. This is Sherman's Point, a favorite subject of landscape painters. On our left is Negro Island, on which stands the lighthouse. The harbor is filled with sailboats of all sizes; yachts, and even government ships. Our vessel threads its way among all these and we finally gain the wharf.

As we cross the gang-plank we are besieged by a host of carriage drivers with their call of "Carriage, carriage." We leave the wharf and start for the village. The stores are all built along the main street, which runs through the center of the town. The village proper is in a hollow, and in order to reach the residential parts of the town we must climb

hills in every direction. The streets leading from the main street are overhung with tall elms, oaks, maples, and poplars hundreds of years old, which form a green archway over the road. It was said that in no other place on the coast can be found the combination of mountains, lakes and ocean that may be obtained in this little town by the sea.

A short drive brings us to Lake Megunticook, the largest of the many lakes. In order to see the lake to the best advantage, we climb a hill, and, standing on it's summit, we behold the whole lake spread out before us. The deep blue of the sky is reflected in the mirror-like water, and the cliffs and trees along the bank seem to be floating around upside down among the clouds, so clearly are they reflected. In some places the cliffs rise up perpendicular to the water with hardly a crevice to afford foothold to a plant, and are crowned by tall pines and spruces. In one place may be seen what is called the freak tree. It is a lofty pine which grows out of the sheer side of a cliff.

The lake is dotted here and there with thickly wooded islands, both large and small, on which the red chimneys of summer cottages may be seen peeping through the trees. But we must not linger too long in this beautiful place for there are other things to see.

We descend the hill and are soon in a motor boat skimming across the lake. In a short time we are at the turnpike where our horse and carriage are waiting. We drive back a short way toward the village and come to the road which leads to the summit of Battie. The road is not very steep on this side, so we reach the top without causing the horse much fatigue. We go to the top of the tower and are overwhelmed by the beauty of the panorama spread out before us. Below us to the right is the village with its tiny houses and streets, and from this height the people look like ants. Directly in front of us lies the harbor, the bay;

and away in the distance the ocean melts into the horizon. By turning directly around we have the view of the lakes, sheets of silver dotted with emeralds. A short distance away are the farms laid out in perfect squares. Far away over these are the snowy summits of the White Mountains. We decide to descend the mountain by way of the path.

On the way down we add a stone to the many stone piles beside the path. First we tumble, then we slide, and after a while we reach the foot, none the worse for our hurried descent.

Again taking the carriage we drive back to the wharf and about seven o'clock, leave for Boston on the boat. There is a full moon and as we look back on the village and mountains bathed in silvery moonlight, we resolve to carry away this picture to remind us of a happy day spent in Camden by the Sea.

JENNIE N. PRINCE, 1911.

BETTY'S INDIAN.

The blazing log in the open fire-place sputtered and fell apart sending a shower of sparks up the huge chimney, and casting a ruddy glow over the rough board room, now darkening in the winter twilight. The last flicker rested lovingly on the face of the sole occupant of the room, who, from a settle in the chimney corner, was gazing thoughtfully into the flames.

She was a tall, slender girl, with delicate, flower-like features and deep blue eyes shaded by long lashes. A mass of wavy black hair crowned her head, and curled lightly round her brow. Not even a rough home-spun dress could spoil a certain dainty feminine charm that seemed inseparable from its wearer. Only little red hands showed that hers was a life of toil. Her name was Betty Bradford. She had come to this place three years before with her father, who had become the main-stay and leader of the little settlement against the Indians.

As the commotion occasioned by the falling log subsided, she roused herself from her reverie, and, going to the door,

took down the huge bar and peered eagerly out into the darkness. A blast of cold air greeted. "How late father is in returning," she thought. "I hope he will not remain out much longer on such a bitter night."

Just then a black object moving across the wide expanse of snow caught her attention. As it crawled to her feet, Betty discovered that it was an Indian, half exhausted with the cold. Never thinking of fear, without a moment's hesitation, she motioned him to enter.

He went straight to the fire and sat down before it. Betty noticed that his hand was wounded and that his clothing was thin. As he seemed to inhale eagerly the fumes of the savory stew that was bubbling in a kettle on the crane, she offered him some in a wooden bowl. He drank it greedily and appeared somewhat refreshed. Then Betty climbed into the little loft overhead, and returned with a big blanket. As she was about to hand this to the Indian she saw her father standing, musket in hand, in the doorway.

"Elizabeth, what are you doing? Know you not that these accursed creatures are our enemies, the murderers and captors of our friends and neighbors?"

"But, father, he was cold and hungry. Surely it was you who first taught me to say, 'love your enemies.'"

Nathan Bradford slightly relaxed the severity of his countenance. "Perhaps you are right, little daughter," he said. "At any rate, I will not betray him."

He stepped away from the door and the Indian passed quickly out into the night, scanning Nathan's features closely as he passed him.

Several months went by happily enough for Betty, in spite of the daily routine of hard work. But one day she received some news that shut out all the sunshine of her life.

A neighbor brought the tidings of how Nathan had wandered into the woods too far from his companions, and how, on hearing his cries, they had hastened to the spot just in time to see him being borne swiftly into the forest by four of the dreaded Indians. They had pur-

sued, firing in vain; they would never more see their loved friend and trusted counselor.

Again several months had passed, and Betty was seated in her old place in the chimney corner. But what a change! How sad and lonely the months had been! Kind friends had offered to take Betty into their home, but she had refused, preferring to remain in the old house that remembrance made so dear.

Spring had come with its myriad birds and early flowers, but they, calling to Betty, had awakened no glad response in her heart. Her life, she thought, was like the dead ashes on the hearth—all that remained of the once cheerful blaze. She had forgotten in her desolation that there is one who gives "beauty for ashes."

But hark! In the midst of her meditation, a slight noise at the door, hurrying footsteps across the room, a quick withdrawing of the bolt, and one joyous cry—

"Father!"

Though scarce a ghost of himself, yet it was Nathan Bradford who clasped his little daughter in his arms. After he had had food and rest Betty begged him to tell her how he had been so miraculously restored.

"Well, Betty," he said, "it was all owing to your Indian. After I had been seized and carried out of the reach of my companions, I was blindfolded and made to go where my captors led me. We must have been traveling thus for about eight hours (though it seemed an eternity to me) when we reached their camp. Here I was put under guard while the Indians proceeded to hold a council about me.

"Then followed day after day of awful suspense. They did not ill treat me but guarded me carefully—one Indian after another performing this duty at night while the others slept.

"Something told me that they meant to kill me, but I could not understand why they delayed. At last I decided they were awaiting the arrival of some other Indian. This surmise proved correct when, at the end of about two months, I should say, the expected one arrived. Imagine

my surprise, Betty, when I discovered that he was your Indian with the same wounded hand and with your blanket slung across his shoulder. The other Indians talked with him a great deal, but seemed to come to no decision.

"As night drew near I found out that he was to guard me, and this gave me a little hope. This hope proved to be not without foundation for after all the others were silently sleeping he loosened my bonds, and, motioning me to follow him, started swiftly and silently away from the camp.

"Though he set a rapid pace, I followed closely, dreading lest I should lose sight of him in the darkness. We traveled all night, and dawn found us in familiar territory.

"When we reached the outskirts of the wood my guide halted abruptly. I motioned him to proceed with me, but after giving me one long, steadfast glance he turned and hastened away in the direction from which we had come.

I feel certain, little daughter, that I owe my release to his remembrance of your loving kindness."

.....

Betty never saw her Indian again, but in after life he was often in her thoughts. What had become of him? Did he return to be slain by his merciless and angry companions? Many times she hoped that on his way back he had died from exhaustion and the effect of his old wound, and that he had gone to the Great Spirit whose child he was.

ALICE COTTON, 1912.

AFTER THE HAMMER FELL.

A laughing group of students was gathered about a notice posted outside of Bob Cabot's window.

"What in time is Cabby up to now?" inquired Billy Mason, craning his neck to look over the shoulders of those in front. "An auction? What for?"

"Oh, Cabby's a wise guy. He needs some money bad, and doesn't want to borrow, so he's going to have an auc-

tion in his rooms and auction off some of his glad rags," explained Merrill.

"Jove! Me for a dress-suit!" began Dick Holway. "I need one like time, and—"

"Oh you Dick! Same here, I see where there's some tall bidding," broke in Phil Wentworth, with a smile.

"Me for his new pumps! Pretty kippy pieces of furniture, I call 'em."

"I'm going in strong for his snappy overcoat, if he has it up for sale," said Merrill. "Heigho,—here's Cabby himself!" and a shout was raised which spoke well for Bob Cabot's popularity among his friends.

"Well, are you sports coming to my auction sale Thursday?" inquired he, beaming genially on all.

"Sure, we'll be there with tinsel on," answered Holway, speaking for the crowd.

"What is it, Bob? Debts too heavy for you?" inquired Billy Mason. "Why don't you try the pawn-shop? Go to Rubenstein's—Ruby's a jewel for fair,"—looking fondly at two pawn-tickets which he had drawn from his pocket.

"Can't.—Father's on to it and made a kick. Not enough money in it anyway. Yes, I'm hard up for money and this seems to be the easiest thing. I don't get any more money from home until the thirtieth and here it is only the sixth. I guess I can manage to live without so many clothes for a month. I'll try and get some of them back then, paying interest, if you say so."

"How *interesting*," murmured Billy.

"*Pungance*, thy name is Mason," growled Holway. "We shall have to *punish* you *punctiliously*."

"Out with him! Roll him in the snow," roared the others, and then proceeded to suit the action to the words.

Then Wentworth asked, anxiously.—"Are you really going to buy your dress-suit back, Bob? I'm willing to put up a good price for it. I need one bad and—"

"Oh well, it all depends. Of course it may be so worn that it would pay to buy a new one, you know," drawled Bob.

"Wouldn't any one think I was a dead game sport, though!" exclaimed Phil. "Hear

him rave! Tell you what boys, let's make it a point not to let Cabby buy any of his things back until the first of March. That's two months, and I really think that he shouldn't attend so many social functions."

"He sure can't if we have his clothes," laughed Merrill.

"Good idea, Phil,—for you. All right, then,—no glad rags for Cabby for two months!"

"Oh, I say fellows!" pleaded Bob—"That's a nice way to treat your little friend.—Why, I might have a hurry bid somewhere and want some decent clothes more than they're worth."

"What if Janet should invite you somewhere, Caleb?" maliciously inquired Holway.

Bob whistled. Then his face fell. "Things don't seem to lie that way just at present," he said, very gravely for him.

"Oh well, buck up, old man!" cried Billy, clapping him on the back. "These are going to be pretty dead months, I guess, by the looks of things. There'll be nothing doing,—absolutely nothing."

"Let us hope not," came fervently from Bob. Then,—"*advertise* this thing around, will you, boys? Thank heaven, I have got plenty of clothes, at any rate, but perhaps 'twould be wise to save out two common suits, at least."

A few minutes later, the crowd dispersed, full of Bob Cabot's latest money making scheme.

So enthusiastically had the auction been noised about college, that twenty students, or more, had gathered in Bob's room on Thursday afternoon to witness the fun.

Promptly at three o'clock, Bob, enveloped in a long linen duster, and wearing a pair of spectacles, over which he peered in a most ludicrous manner, stepped up on the window seat, struck a gong, and the auction commenced.

He spoke in his deepest, oratorical tones, reeling yard after yard, so to speak, concerning the merits of each garment.

"Here y'are, gents," he roared, holding up a pair of trousers, "the best made

in the city.—Note the crease;—never more will so-called friends stop you on the street and, pointing to your knee, snicker, 'See that hump?' when you are the wearer of this garment. Further, the owner of this pair of trousers has solved the razor problem. Often have I used this crease when my razor has been too dull and stupid to perform its task. And now, gentlemen, how much am I offered for this—this melody in G flat?"

But the excitement was intense when the coveted dress-suit was held up. Dick and Phil pushed forward, each eager to become its possessor.

"A most artistic bit of clothing," Bob earnestly informed his hearers. "One of the best works of art in modern architecture—quite a masterpiece, I may say. Delicately moulded from the broadest broadcloth on the continent, and lined within and without with most exquisite satin. Warranted to fit anyone who can wear it. Come, gentlemen, who can look upon so fair a garment and not be moved to part with his money? Breathes there a man with soul so dead—"

"Twenty dollars," Dick sang out.

"Oh, cruel sir," with a reproachful look over his spectacles, "how could'st mock me thus? Twenty paltry dollars for a suit such as a queen might be proud to—"

"Twenty-five," broke in Phil.

"And three."

"Raise it two."

Dick hesitated and flushed a bit. Then he called "Thirty-three."

"— five," a little less certain.

And now both bidders became very cautious. Neither knew just how much higher the other could go, and each knew that he was nearing his own limit.

Finally, for thirty-nine dollars and thirty cents, the suit was handed down to Dick by Bob, who wept in a tearless, but nevertheless heart-rending manner over the loss of his beloved dress-suit.

It was now nearly five o'clock. As the last article had been disposed of, Bob very unkindly turned the crowd from his rooms, and sat down to count his small fortune. He had barely seated

himself when a note was handed in from his cousin Nan.

"Dear Bob—" he read

"I know you have been anxious to take Janet somewhere for a long time, so here's your chance.—Call for her tonight at seven-thirty, and meet the rest of the crowd on the seven-thirty-five car from the Square. I'm getting up an impromptu theatre party for this evening, and we're going to have a box, so wear your dress-suit.

"As ever,

"Nan."

Then it was that Bob broke his reputation and swore!

WHAT THE TWINS WROTE HOME.

O Mother, dear:

This is the dearest old school! Eileen and I are just in love with it so soon. We have been out all over the grounds exploring and, Mumsie if you could see the gnarled old apple trees, the rambling old stone walls and the elms! It's just like home and we aren't going to be the least bit lonesome.

We met the professors at supper, and had to curb our spirits rather too much for comfort. It's all so very dignified in the dining room, and quiet and gloomy. There is a sure enough English butler, Perkins, who nearly drives me into fits just to look at him. And Eileen choked over her soup when he passed the crackers! It's enough to make anyone choke to see that great arm coming magically in front of one's face and to hear that strenuous breathing (I think Perkins is afflicted with asthma.)

Our German professor is a dear. He's rather short and wears spectacles and smiles at you so queerly from his twinkley grey eyes. He speaks broken English, (very *much* broken) and gets so fussed up trying to express himself that he rumples his curly hair 'til it looks as if a cyclone had struck it! I think he'll be lots of fun. The girls told us that they have discovered a romance between

him and the English teacher, who comes from Texas. Every morning there is a bunch of flowers in her class room and whenever Mr. Hokauss passes her in the hallways, he turns the "fieriest" red, but never says a word. The other teachers seem nice, too, and the Botany one is just a girl straight from college and she acts scared stiff.

We fixed our rooms tonight and they certainly look chic.

My bestest love to all my dear ones,

Your tired but happy

Eleanor.

My Dear Jack:

Well, it's two weeks since we arrived and up to now I've let Eleanor do the family writing for various reasons. I'm very glad you're not within a hundred miles of this place 'cause, with your habit of continuous crushes, you "wouldn't know just presactly whether you were here or there," as Katy says. There is such a bunch of girls! All kinds and descriptions, and you'd have to have hearts made by the wholesale to supply them, I think.

I wish you'd send your guitar—or do you still need it to serenade your fair Alice? Didn't he want to be teased about his little affairs? Never mind, brother mine, you'll be a truly man next October and then—

May be it would do you good to see our German teacher and the little western girl who teaches us English, for if ever two people were in love, those two are, and I'm beginning to think that perhaps the worse you get it, the better it is for you afterward (like the mumps you know). Any way, it's certainly *worth while*.

Must say good night. Eleanor sends love and so do I.

Affectionately,

Eileen.

Dearest Father:

Two solid months since your two terrors departed! How are you surviving the shock? And how is Katy serving your coffee without little me to drop the sugar in?

You're an angel to send us here, Dad,

and we love it. I have to study, which goes just a bit funny with me, but I'm going to know so much when I get home that you'll wish I'd air my knowledge elsewhere.

I told you about Perkins, didn't I? But did I tell you about "Perkins and the puppy?" You must know that that solemn gentleman has a most wholesome hatred for small dogs and so I borrowed one from the boy that brings the express bundles, and tied the canine up in the china closet. It barked some, but finally subsided 'til Perkins came to set the table for tea and then, such a rumpus! A whole bunch of the girls were in the room and they nearly doubled over, laughing at Perkin's efforts to get the animal out. "Most unseemly conduct, young ladies," was all his highness deigned to say. I think he suspects me.

Don't you think, Dad, that it's a whole lot more interesting to live right in a love story than to read about one? That's what we're doing. If you could see Mr. Hokauss and Miss Marlowe I know you'd love them both, only it's getting on my nerves because he takes so *long*. I would have liked to have seen you and Mother when you were like that.

Eileen has got the bluest blues you ever did see, but I don't dare ask any questions, 'cause Avery's class banner has been put back in the trunk!

Won't you be glad when vacation time comes, Daddy?

Love from
"Pat."

Dear Brother:

Glad to hear from you so soon. *No!* most emphatically *no!* I don't want you to say anything whatever to Avery about me. If he wants to know what the trouble is let him ask me and not try to find out in that way. I'll tell you, but no one else, Jackie. He sent me a letter intended for another girl and, well, he called her all sorts of pet names that he used to call me, that's all. I'm not angry, only just sorry and unhappy, and oh, I want to come home so, but I won't give in because of Eleanor. Dear, you've always helped me out and can you find any explanation for that letter? I've tried

to think 'til I'm worn out. Don't you dare say anything to him about this though, but write soon to me.

With love,
Eileen.

My Dear Mother:

It's happened finally. Last night Eleanor and I were watching the moon in our kimonas from the balcony that leads out of our room. You can't imagine how beautiful it was! The apple trees are in blossom now and just filling the sweet June air with their faint fragrance. In the day time it is wonderful, but at night, with the moon flooding the whole orchard with silver light, it's—well,—my idea of Arcady. And down the path from the school came the two that we have been watching all the year. Eleanor and I crept back into the room; it seemed a sacrilege to look at them, but we could hear them singing that old German love song "Ich liebe dich" and the tenderness in the voices! I wanted to cry and laugh too, because it all turned out so beautifully.

I'm coming home, Mother, with a great deal more worldly knowledge than I went away with, but I'm coming home happier to you—and to Avery.

Lovingly,
Eileen.

Dear "My" Brother:

Be sure and meet us at the train! We'll be loaded with budgets and bundles. Oh, but I shall miss this place!

"They" were married last night and I was a flower girl and cried and took the color out of my very best pink dress! Never mind home, Jack, do you hear that? And—well, I guess you'll know it all right by Friday. I'm so thankful that everything is straightened out between Eileen and Avery, but the next time he writes a love letter for a chum to copy he'd better be careful whose envelope he puts it in! She is packing now, systematic creature, while I'll probably wait 'til the last minute and jam everything in at once. I don't think it's fair being twins—I've got all the helter skelter habits and Sis has all the nice, lady-like ones!

Better invest in a skull cap 'cause I'm

liable to pull your hair out when I arrive to pay up for these long months when I haven't had you around to tease!

Good-bye 'til Friday, then—
Eleanor.

VISITING DAY.

(With due apologies to Whittier's.)

Up from the centre full of stores,
Above the wooden, well worn floors,
The High School roof doth rise on high
And stands outlined against the sky.

One morning on their visiting day,
Many a maiden found her way
Across the fields and hills that lie
'Twixt Danvers Town and Arlington High.

Through the door came the visitors' tread.
A single boy marched on ahead;
Bravest of all in his native town
To escort a dozen maidens down.

Under their big hats left and right
They glanced; the scholars met their sight,
"Hear if you must our lessons said,
But spare to criticise," we plead.

The teachers to their doorways stined
When they so many footsteps heard;
"The class which I'm about to teach
Is very smart, come in," said each.

All the morn in class room seats,
They listened to our choicest feats,
And if we did not please them then,
We'll try to when they come again.
R. G. '11.

My paper lies blank, here before me,
And the lamp is burning low,
I ought to be writing a story,
Some tale of humor or woe.
My head has grown dull and so heavy;
My eyes are full of glue.
'Tis twelve o'clock now very nearly—
O dear! What am I to do!

A romance to write is impossible,
And I can't make anything rhyme;
I've stories in mind, all a jumble,
But to write one I haven't the time.
My hand's all a-shake and a wobble,
The pen is as heavy as lead;
As long as I can't write an essay,
I might just as well go to bed.

L. A. B. '13.



Since the last edition of the *Clarion* the attention of the pupils has been turned toward hockey. This school has long been famed for turning out "crack" hockey players, and for its fair play. With but two exceptions, the treatment Arlington received in the games was fair and open; we need not name the exceptions, as the particulars are already only too well known.

The team was so fortunate as to secure the services of Robert C. Clifford, Jr., as its coach. Clifford needs no introduction to most of the readers. He is an excellent all-round athlete and fully qualified to fulfil his new duties.

The first game on the schedule arranged by manager Peirce was with Cambridge Latin, in which Arlington easily won by a score of 8-0. Many men were tried in this game and all showed up well.

The second game, on December 20th, was cancelled by Winchester, because they claimed they did not have ice enough to face an Arlington team.

The third game was with Somerville High, played at Somerville. This game was marred by the continual rough work of Somerville, and the unfairness of the referee. Arlington won by a score of 1-0.

On Christmas day Arlington played two games and won both. In the morning they played Medford Boat Club and won 1-0.

In the afternoon, quite an audience was present to see the annual game with the Alumni. It was freely predicted that the Alumni would stop the winning streak of our boys. Such, however, was not

the case, for by a wonderful display of hockey and speed, the schoolboys were able to win 1-0.

Our next two games were cancelled. They were with Medford and Dorchester. On January first we played Medford a tie game 0-0, where we received unsportsmanlike treatment.

After this game the coach took charge, and the team showed decided "class" from then on. On January 5th, it defeated Milton in a furious game, by a score of 6-0. On January 8th Arlington Boat Club was defeated by a score of 5-2. This was a team picked with the idea of beating the school team. Though they were unsuccessful, they had the satisfaction of being the first team to score on them.

On January 10th Cambridge Latin was beaten 10-0, and on the 12th Lexington was beaten 11-0. The next four games were not played on account of the storm.

On January 24th, Arlington beat Winchester 4-3 in an overtime period. As the papers had claimed that Winchester would get the state championship, this was a severe setback.

On February 1st, Arlington went to Medford to play the Medford team. A month previous, Medford had held Arlington to a tie score in an extremely unsatisfactory game. Just to show them that the first game was an accident, Arlington beat them 13-3.

Arlington was forced to postpone the game with Melrose on February 3rd, on account of the poor condition of the ice.

On February 5th, Arlington defeated

Malden High at Malden, by a score of 5-1. Arlington used all her substitutes during this game.

At this time there were four teams tied for the state championship. They were Newton, Rindge, Melrose, and Arlington. Newton defeated Rindge, leaving the three others tied. Unfortunately, Arlington was forced to play for the state championship on two successive days. The game with Newton came on Tuesday, with Melrose on Thursday, and with Rindge on Friday.

Arlington played Newton "off it's feet" on Tuesday, winning by the score of 4-2.

On Thursday, February 10th, Arlington met Melrose at Arlington, and to the surprise of many, defeated them 4-1. This was the first league game for the Championship of the Interscholastic league and things seemed bright for us. There remained only Rindge to be beaten, and then we would be the champions of the state.

On Friday, Rindge was played at the Harvard Stadium rink, and after an unusually tough game Arlington won by a score of 3-1. Now, having met and defeated all teams having any claim what-

ever, Arlington was champion of the state.

In commentary on the team after the Rindge game, a Boston paper had this to say: "The Arlington High School team, which yesterday won the school championship of the state, is an extraordinary combination. The forwards are extremely fast, aggressive and clean. Their passing and stick work is a revelation, and their team work is beautiful. Their defense is strong, and they have been playing the 'open' game. In fact, every man on the team is strong in his position and an artist of finished product. The team that can compare with it has not yet appeared on the horizon."

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

This year, for the first time in our school, the girls have made a beginning in basket ball. The auditorium has been hired and Miss McIntosh coaches every Monday and Thursday afternoon. Several challenges have been received, but for the present, no games will be scheduled. There are about twenty candidates, and on the whole, a promising turn-out for a team.

GERMAN CLUB NOTES

It is with deep satisfaction that we record the organization of a new German club, the "Mehr Kunde Verein," which took place on January 18th, in Room 8.

The old German club broke up two years ago with the departure of Miss Weeks, its founder, and since that time the school has been without one.

Forty have joined so far and we hope to pull together so well as to make it a grand and glorious success. It will, undoubtedly, be very interesting, and will prove a great help to the German students.

At the organization meeting the following officers were elected: *Präsident*, Herr Schmidt; *Vize Präsident*, Herr Munch; *Sekretar*, Fraulein Barnes;

Schatzmeister, Fraulein Poore; *Beitzer der Dokumente*, Fraulein Crosby.

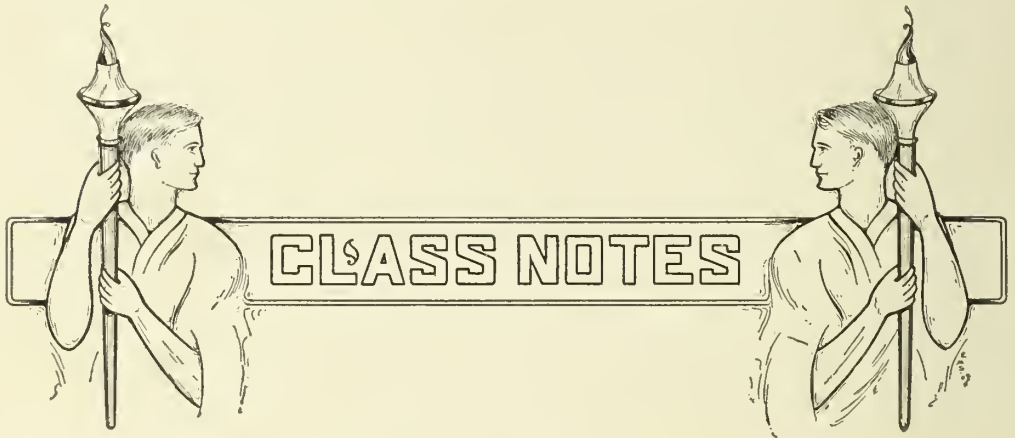
It was voted to hold the meetings on the first Monday evening of each month in the High School hall, to have the dues ten cents per month, and to invite Mr. and Mrs. Scully, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Smith to be present at the meetings.

The first meeting took place on Monday evening, February 7th. After the secretary's report was read, Herr Lamson favored the club with a recitation of "Die Lorelei," which was well rendered. Then followed several anecdotes, by Fraulein Vail, Herr Münch, Herr Kelley and Fraulein Barr and a composition on the life of Freytay by Fraulein Shedd. All were well given, and

we feel that we have made an excellent beginning.

Mrs. Scully very kindly favored the German classes by singing several delightful German songs in the hall on

Friday morning, January 28th. Her kindness was appreciated by everyone, and we wish to extend to her a vote of thanks through these columns.



1910

Question "Why did Mary love Philip of Spain?"

Answer "He had such beautiful eyes?"

Did you know this?

The faculty is a body of teachers paid to help the Seniors run the school.

The Senior German class is waiting expectantly to see their teachers 'double up' as he promised to do.

Thanks to the Juniors, the Senior reception was a class(y) event.

Oh, those (angelic) Juniors! (Don't laugh!)

Miss G— *trying* to read German translation at sight:—"Put the stall in the horse —."

Overheard in the corridor:—"No, it isn't dark down Broadway now."

Sie fiel dem Kaiser zu Tissem translated, "She fell on her feet before the emperor." A contortionist, no doubt.

Sentence in English:—"This line is an 'exameter.'" 'Tis English, bah Jove!

Miss R. "Miss D—, you're acting like a very naughty little girl! Now can anyone think of any more epithets? *Not* for Miss D— however."

Mr. M—, paraphrasing Milton (or trying to):—"An enormous noise filled the unharmonious air." "The limbs came out of their bodies."

WANTED:

A proper translation in French for "Pauvre Diable" et cetera, to spare the blushes of those reciting.

Miss K— informs us that "Burke's mother was English and his father was a minister."

Watch the debate between the Juniors and Seniors about class pins. *Ssic 'em Tige!*

Miss R—, after hearing C—'s fish story read asks: "Is that entirely original?"

Whereupon C— replies with dignity: "No *ma'am!* That's my own experience!"

Mr. S. "Now the sun *sets*, but the hen *sits*. You don't say 'the sun was setting on the eggs, do you?'"

"No, we do not!"

1912

Teacher. "Are you talking, Miss B.?"

Miss B. "I was just starting to."

Gracious! When was she going to stop

For 1911, *only*. 1912 may have the same shaped pins, but it is only to show what *can* be done with that shape by those who *know how*.

Heard in Physics:

Teacher. "How is heat measured?"

Pupil. "By degrees." (Slow but sure.)

Another one. Question, "What is Ice-cream?"

Sotto Voice, "Cold Cream."

Mr. H. "Godfrey put it in his will so his ancestors would suffer."

Teacher. "His ancestors?"

Mr. H. "I mean his wife."

Why did the class smile?

The Sophomores had exciting times on their first days at school.

Mr. W. says, "The teacher showed me an empty desk and told me to sit in it."

Miss B. says, "The teacher put me in the back of the room, as I was the tallest one and the only empty one in it."

In history, two boys were discovered perusing the contents of the latest fashion sheet. Perhaps, like Postum, "there's a reason."

Geometry II C is exceptionally brilliant. They have discovered that halves of a body are equal, but they want to know if two lines have to bisect at the middle point.

Pupil. (reading composition.) "Two other boys and myself -"

Teacher. *Myself* is used when you don't know whether to say *me* or *I*. Suppose you use *I*.

Pupil. I read it again and use *me*?"

Miss C. informs us that the Romans had four "veterinary legions." Shows what kind of horses they had.

Heard in History: "Pompey didn't have much success until he was killed."

Question. "What did Cicero write?"

Answer. "He wrote Cicero."

A double faced remark.

"What is a quaderilateral?"

"Something with four faces."

"The Ancient Mariner was glued to the ship."

Miss W. makes the startling announcement that she is about to be. She is only translating Latin.

English II A announces that Cedric met a "feinale form."

Did they have dressmaker's models in the days of "Ivanhoe?"

The German word *schlafen* (to snore) has been translated *snorted*.

Quite possible

Mr. O. (translating.) "The Helvetians spoke as supplements in tears."

In Geometry. "A polygon is a quadrilateral having three or more sides."

FRESHMEN.

Miss R. What is the past particle of the verb rose?

Miss Y. Raisen.

Miss R. (Reading a composition of Miss W. in class.)

After the dance I went down to the beach to get cooled off. I stayed there eleven weeks.

Miss T. What does the isthmus of Panama connect?

P. South America and Africa.

Miss B. (in an algebra match.) Are you out, Master E.?

Master E. (after a pause.) I am out.

Miss B. What is the product of those two numbers?

Master E. Twelve.

Miss B. You mean thirteen, don't you?

Master E. Yes'm.

EXCHANGES

Owing to the unusually large demand for our January issue, we were unable to send out any exchanges, but will remember all our friends with this number.

Among the exchanges received, The Clarion notes the following:—From Massachusetts, The Argonaut, Mansfield; The Holton, Danvers; The Megaphone, Dean

Academy; The Tuftonian, Tufts College; W. H. S. Recorder, Winchester; The Gazette, Lynn; The Golden Rod, Quincy; The Cambridge Review, Cambridge; The Orange and Black Marlborough; from Maine—E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn; The Par Sem, Northparsonfield, and also the X-Rays, Columbus, Ohio.

Some very good stories, X-Rays and W. H. S. Recorder.

Can't you have more of an exchange column Argonaut?

"All in the name," Quincy H. S. Golden Rod, is an extremely interesting and well written story.

Man may have descended from the monkey, but it is an unquestionable fact that woman springs from a mouse.—*Ex.*

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She—"Did he say anything dovelike about me?"

Her Friend—"Yes, he said you were pigeon-toed."

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.
—*Ex.*

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EDITORIAL

The Hall is now used as a study room for all pupils who care to use it as such. Here the pupils are placed on their honor, no teacher being over them.

Thus far this honor system has worked admirably; those who have abused the privilege are in the minority. The pupils feel the responsibility of their position and act accordingly.

Some time ago, Superintendent Scully required the members of the two upper classes to write for him the names of the three books last read by them. This was done for the purpose of discovering what sort of literature was being read by the young people of to-day. With but few exceptions, the results were highly satisfactory.

While in High School there is an excel-

lent opportunity open to a pupil to improve his reading. The required readings in the English courses are of the best authors, and should rouse the desire for more works by the same authors.

We are very fortunate to have secured the services of Professor Pabst for our French classes on Thursdays. It is the professor's duty to read the French aloud, and then pupils are called on to read the same passage, imitating his pronunciation as nearly as possible. This will undoubtedly prove an excellent training for the pupils, and aid their pronunciation wonderfully.

LECTURES.

The sixth and last lecture of the series supported by the Pratt Fund took place on Friday evening, Feb. 18th. Captain Robert

Bartlett, who accompanied Peary on his expedition, gave a most interesting account of the dash for the pole. The Captain's lecture was given in a glowing, graphic way that held the audience from beginning to end. It proved the more interesting because it was given in Captain Bartlett's own rather rough English, interspersed throughout with naive slang expressions that fairly "brought down the house." The slides that accompanied the lecture were unusually clear, and these, together with the descriptions furnished by the lecturer, probably gave the audience a much better idea of the northern country and its people than any it had hitherto formed.

On Monday morning, April eighteenth, the fifth period was devoted to exercises in the Hall, suitable for the observance of the nineteenth.

Past-Commander Parker favored us with a timely, interesting speech. This was followed by an absorbing account of Paul Revere's immortal ride, by Mr. Scully. It revealed facts not generally known, which added greatly to its interest.

"THE INNER SHRINE."

After several false alarms, we really have succeeded in establishing a regular lunch-room in our building, which we think seriously of calling "The Inner Shrine." Several boys, under the management of Mr. Mauger, are to run this room, and hope to be well patronized.

Good, wholesome food is to be sold, and as a result we hope to see a great change in our pupils,—rosy cheeks, bright eyes,—you know the kind! The pastry or the cookies we have been in the habit of getting down town may be all right under certain conditions, but when we get them day after day, and week after week, they are bound to

have more or less of a bad effect on our—pocket books.

Just try the excellent food that is being offered in our beautifully appointed lunch-room, at popular prices, and you will be an enthusiastic patron.

Aside from the question of saving money, consider the time saved. Formerly it took perhaps five minutes before we reached food—five long minutes, with hunger gnawing at our vitals! Now, in three or four seconds, our wants are supplied by the gentlemanly clerks, and there is the whole long recess before us.

And what is most important of all, the proceeds are going toward the support of the Athletic Association. You're helping the good cause along every time you spend a nickel or dime at that counter, and if you *still* prefer to walk down town to buy your daily sustenance—well, we give you up!

SENIOR SOCIAL.

On Friday evening, April 22nd, the Seniors gave a Social to their friends and the school. The Senior president, Bradley Frost, gave a hearty greeting to those present, and this was followed by a bright little comedy in two acts,—“The Cool Collegians.” The cast was as follows:—

Fred Parks,	-	-	Wm. Scannell.
Harry Meredith,	-	-	Ray Mauger.
Fanny Morrison,	-	-	Retta Murray.
Mrs. Hunton,	-	-	Marjorie Gott.
Mollie Wainwright,	-	-	Blanche Vail.
Muggins,	-	-	Jack Hutchinson.
Kate,	-	-	May Priest.

This was followed by refreshments and the social time, during which the parents and teachers talked over the possibilities of Johnny or Mary.

The Linwood Orchestra furnished the music for the dance which continued until twelve.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ICE.

Jack and Alec Wright were returning by the Tobago River to the "shanty," after working all day in the woods. They had gone about twelve miles away to get spruce or any wood which might be procured; perhaps a little pine or pulp wood.

Jack and Alec were lumber jacks, because they wanted to become mining engineers, and to do this it was necessary to have money. They were not professional "jacks," but men were scarce, and high wages were paid, even for inexperienced help.

They were both country fellows, quite skilful in the art of logging. Alec was especially clever with the axe. He could "lay" a tree within a few inches of where he desired it to fall. In several matches with rival camps he had been the means of bringing victory to their camp.

It was late in February, and very cold, but the ice was sure to break up soon. There were mountains of logs ready to "drive" as soon as the ice went out of the river.

About three miles from the shanty were treacherous rapids. These tended to make the ice at this place more soft than in other places.

Because of these rapids, Jack felt it necessary to go ashore for a way, while Alec still kept in the middle of the river. Soon Jack said:

"Look out, Alec, the ice is getting rotten."

"Oh, no!" said Alec, jumping on it; "it is very strong!"

But his assertion was incorrect. Alec, the reckless, balanced unsteadily on the cake of ice, which broke off; he staggered, then plunged into the cold, icy water, clear out of sight in the dark depths.

He was almost paralyzed by the sudden immersion, but caught hold of a projecting rock, as he came up, and clung with all his might.

Jack promised aid, in his encouraging shouts. But the sight of Alec's blue face drove all his thoughts away. He planned to swim, but, his common sense returning, he knew that he could never do that, for Alec was in the middle of the stream, and, even after he reached him, he probably could not get back to shore safely.

Then, looking around, he noticed the tall dead "stub" of a pine, barkless and almost branchless. Swiftly came to his mind the idea that that was just the thing for a bridge. But he must be very careful, for its fall a few feet above or below Alec would make it useless, and too near a fall would crush him to death under the blow.

Then he thought of William Tell and the apple; how fearless he had to be; how careful his aim. His was a somewhat similar feat, to lay that tree just right.

He wallowed back through the deep snow and began to chop. The action seemed to cool his excited mind considerably, and with every blow he seemed to gain courage and strength. He cut quick and fast. The yellow chips flew in all directions. Then he

stopped, for there was a large notch on one side of the tree. Going to the other side he sighted for the direction in which the trunk should fall, then began chopping again. A slight tremor through the axe handle told him that the trunk was almost ready to fall.

Then it wavered unsteadily. The critical moment had come. Sighting carefully, dropping out a few small chips, he saw the trunk waver still more unsteadily.

Then he went behind it and pushed cautiously, but heavily. The tall trunk wavered, the fibers snapped; it hesitated, bowed, then fell, roaring, through the air. Jack leaped from the butt to avoid the jar of the fall.

A crash, then the splash of the water hid both boy and rock. Alec was unhurt. The tree had fallen within eight inches of the boy's body. It was a perfect bridge, but Jack was almost too nervous to walk out on it.

He took Alec ashore; his wet clothes were frozen, and the boy was almost unconscious. But quickly Jack made a fire from the pine chips and partly undressed Alec. Then he rubbed him hard with snow. Alec became painfully conscious. But it was several hours before they became dry and warm and able to resume the tramp.

It was nightfall before the shanty was reached; but the other fellows, who had begun to grow rather anxious, hailed them with open arms, for Jack and Alec were the most popular boys in the whole camp. You may be sure their story was received with the greatest interest, and three cheers for Jack.

A. H. S., 1910.

THE GARDEN BY THE SEA.

(An Allegory)

The boy and the girl were happy there in the garden, where the fairest flowers blossomed and where the sweet breath of the sea came to them.

They wandered hand in hand among the sand dunes and watched the white-winged gulls playing on the shore and ships sailing swiftly on the sea. The days passed like dreams, dim and unreal, and if once in a while the boy's eyes strayed longingly toward the city in the far distance, it needed only the touch of a small hand on his arm to call him back. Day by day they dreamed among the birds and blossoms at their own sweet will, and night by night they watched the twinkling of the tiny stars on the broad heaven above them. But then there came a time when something evil seemed to lurk near them. More and more often the lad's eyes sought the city and the girl's were sad, and no longer shone with the brightness of other days. Finally, in their wanderings, their steps turned backwards over the white sand and slowly they went out by the gate. The girl's steps lagged and she often turned to look back, but the grayness of the bleak walls hid the glory of their garden, and the beauty of the sea had gone. The boy walked on swiftly, never noticing the small figure behind him, toward the towers of the city in the distance. And then the girl, with one last backward glance, followed him quietly, for that garden by the sea was called Love, and the city rising before them was Life.

G. T., 1911.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

Boderick, the first man up at the bat, pulled on his head guard and grasped his hockey. The pitcher, having seen the quarter-back's signal, passed the puck to the third baseman, who shot to the forward, who was tackled on home plate.

The puck was then put into play, and Smith, the left half-back, made a brilliant run to first base. The ball

was fumbled there, however, and the cover-point got him out at second. The referee, because of this, declared a foul and put him out of the game for a minute and a half.

The "man with the green necktie" made a fine kick-off and the centre-fielder was tackled in back of the goal and put out, which counted us two points as a forward pass.

Our brave cheer-leader, Bruin, assembled us over the pitcher's box and we gave a mighty cheer for the squad. This being the end of the first half our team went to rest. The coxswain spoke to the players then, and told them to use the delayed pass more.

The referee's whistle was soon heard and the team walked to the field. At the line-up this time the line's-man said the catcher was off-side and the play had to start over again. Thus the play went through the forward for ten yards, where the guard had the puck taken away from him and thrown to the short-stop, who was covering right end.

The opponents' first baseman, a tall, slim fellow, named Stout, came up to the bat and brought the puck far up into our territory, where he tripped and fell, and the ball was hit to the left-guard, who got near the forty-yard line before he was tackled by the right-fielder.

Time was then called and we all went home happy, to think we had won such a close contest, with the final score 3—2 in our favor.

W. ENUS.

THE THIRTEENTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

An act of Congress passed July 2, 1909, provided that the President be empowered to appoint a director of, who in turn should appoint supervisors from each state and territory, who should be directly responsible to

him. It being the intention of President Taft to make this census a non-partisan machine, a letter to this effect was sent to each applicant for appointment either as clerk or enumerator, forbidding him to work for any political party.

The task of appointing enumerators was left to the supervisors, who, about January 14, 1910, issued blank application forms to the great host of applicants. The time for filing such applications was limited to January 25, 1910.

On February 5, 1910, a competitive examination was held simultaneously throughout the United States. This examination was in the form of a narrative comprised of facts, which the applicant, if appointed an enumerator, would be called upon to fill out on a schedule containing twenty-six questions to each person. The examination was limited to three hours. In this way the large number of applicants were cut down until the required number was obtained.

After two months of waiting, the appointments were finally made public, on April 2, 1910. Each enumerator appointed was first required to take the oath of office, which was placed on file. He was then supplied with a commission and the badge, a shield, on which was inscribed "United States Census, 1910."

The day appointed for the beginning of the census was April 15, 1910. At this time 70,000 men and women from all over the United States were set at work to ascertain the population and industrial wealth of the country, the population of the entire country being estimated by Director Durand as 90,000,000.

The cost of this census for the enumerating alone will be about \$5,500,000.

The census force in Massachusetts consists of about 2,000 enumerators, 42 inspectors, 50 special enumerators and a supervisor.

The usual schedules to be filled out

for this work are: 1. The population schedule. 2. The general farm schedule. 3. The schedule for domestic animals not on farms and ranches. The population schedule is a large sheet, containing 100 names. There are thirty-three (33) questions in all to each person, some of the most important being in regard to the age of the person, his nativity, occupation and education. Each house is to be personally visited by the enumerator and the statistics taken. Family for census purposes includes all those living in the same house, flat or apartment, whether boarder or servant.

All farms containing three or more acres, or, if less than three but producing \$250 a year, must be recorded on a schedule made out for that purpose.

All questions relating to the census are to be treated as confidential, and will not be, under any circumstances, communicated to the assessors.

The time allowed for this work in places of 5,000 inhabitants or more is two weeks; in other places a month.

JOHN ROBINSON.

THE STROLL.

The Stroll, a shady path in Maine, wanders for miles past shallow coves, old mills, and over falls, like some city person eager for recreation.

On a summer evening, just at twilight, as one passes down this lane, which seems made for lovers, he imagines he is listening at the outer gates of Paradise, and he compares the singing of the birds to that of the angels.

An old canal lies on the side of this path with a lock here and there, which is in its last stages of decay, and now, its real duty over, serves as a quaint relic of olden times.

On the whole, one would not ask

for a more suitable place to meditate on the wonders and beauty of nature.

ROY REED.

THE BLUNDERING OF BOB.

"The time draweth near, Cabby," announced Phil Wentworth with a prodigious sigh. "Sorry it had to happen so, but it can't be helped now. Give her a corking time and have everything go off smooth. I'll never hear the last of it if anything goes the least bit rough. She won't expect too much of you, so —."

"Oh, is that right?" broke in Bob. "Didn't know but what you might have given her a good opinion of me that I'd have to live up to."

"I speak no untruths, young sir, but you'd better get a hustle on; 'twould n't do to be late. Give her my note and the flowers, and tell her—."

"Blotting paper's good when you get that way," observed Bob slyly. "Now, joking aside, Phil, everything 'll go off all right; if anything goes wrong, I'll—I'll—well, I'll let you punch my head *hard*. Yes I will, twice in the same spot! Why, I'll make such a hit on the fair Evie —."

"'Evie!' Don't, for mercy's sake, call her that. You've no business to call her anything but Miss Holmes, anyway."

"True for you, little one. But, as I was saying when you so rudely interrupted, I'd make such a hit on the blushing damsel that I'd cut you entirely out. How wouldst like that? And I can do it, too." And Bob struck a Washington crossing-Mystic Lake pose.

"Here," handing Phil a white cravat, "tie this nice and tight, and don't have it on the bias. I sure couldn't make a hit that way," and Bob knelt before Phil.

"There," said Phil, a moment later, "how does that strike your royal highness?"

Bob arose, carefully pinched back the crease in his trousers over his knees, and surveyed the bow critically in the mirror.

"M-m-yes, that'll go on a pinch," was his verdict. "Yes, on the whole that's pretty good for a sick man. And now, sweetness personified, I'm going to went. Any more messages with which you'd like to burden your long-suffering friend?"

Phil laughed softly. "You remind me of a cow trying to look haughty when you wax sarcastic, Bob," he said. "But you'd better skip now," glancing anxiously at the clock. Give her a whale of a good time,—"

"Don't get started again, *please!* Will you be awake to hear about it? P'raps I'll catch the last car home, and p'raps not. At any rate, I've got my latch key, so I can get in all right. Good night, and don't worry, old man."

The door slammed, and he was gone. Phil sank back in his chair with a worried frown.

He had invited an intimate friend of his sister to a banquet and dance to be given by his fraternity, and at the last minute had sprained his ankle, not badly, but sufficiently to keep him from going.

Phil fairly raved when he realized that he must give up hopes of going, and Bob carefully kept out of his way. However, it was he who finally came to Phil's rescue, for the young lady whom he had invited had contracted a severe cold which would prevent her going.

Bob showed her note to Phil, and then timidly unfolded his scheme:—"You see, I'll have to go stag now, unless some kind friend presents me with a young lady." Pause. No response from Phil. "Evidently my friend hears not the suggestion of his cherubic little friend, I said."

"O-oh!" exclaimed Phil, "I begin to

see what you're driving at now. That would be a pity, better than leaving her for West or Randall to snap up. You're a pretty good sort, after all, Bob."

"I think so, too," Bob grinned, and the two clasped hands warmly.

Miss Holmes was informed of the change, and in reply had written a most delightful little note accepting the new arrangement, and there was a nice little passage expressing her sorrow at his illness that had cheered Phil up wonderfully.

Shortly after two, Phil was not a little startled to hear a rapping at the window. Peering out, with wide-open eyes, he saw Bob motioning to him to raise the window. By means of his cane, he managed to hobble painfully to the window, and raise it.

"Couldn't make my old key work, somehow," replied Bob, to his friend's inquiry, "and I couldn't rouse anyone down stairs, so I just shinned up the spout."

"Everything go?"

"Yep. Everything went off O. K., and Miss Holmes and I had the best time ever. She says she hopes you're taken suddenly ill often. Fact! Yes, I sure am the kiddo with the ladies! No, calm yourself, Phil, she sent some very tender, kind messages to you, and hopes you'll be well enough to come and see her soon. Things went like clock work, and we got talking so garrulously—get that?—that I nearly lost my car. I was just bending down to put her key in the lock when she heard my car coming, and made me run for it. So I handed her the key and ran like mad, with her firing remarks about the bully time she'd had; but I got my car. Bother take the old key, tho'," throwing it disgustedly on the table.

Phil picked it up listlessly. Suddenly he gasped. Bob! Is—is this the key? Is it yours?"

Bob bent over it, and in a flash realized what he had done. "Oh Phil! he groaned.

"Ye ash barrels! I—I gave her *my* key, and I took hers! P'raps she's not in yet! Here, punch my head, Phil, *hard!*"

M. G.

ONE HOUR.

How mild it sounds to say that an hour is a period of time consisting of sixty minutes of sixty seconds each! Indeed, there are hours and hours.

And this is the original theme hour! To me it is the longest and, at the same time, the shortest hour I ever experienced; long, inasmuch as it is so full of feeling, emotion, and tenseness; and short because of the little I am able to accomplish in it.

I gaze distractedly around me. Oh those faces! Such looks of despair and anguish! If some of the pupils who are very apt at this sort of thing are finding it so impossible, what shall I do, who never could write even a passable composition?

I have thought until it seems as though my head would burst—"nature abhors a vacuum!" For days I have hung intent on the words of every human being who has come within earshot of me, and still not an idea has found its way into this empty skull of mine.

Well, I've got to "start something," for the minutes are flying. Shall it be about our rescue from the fire down at Newport last summer, or about the week-end this Easter in New York? I guess the week-end would be more interesting, for I had such a glorious time. But it would take a genius to describe the brilliant places—such theatres, such hotels, such parks and drives. And then we had such a "nice, intelligent, short-sighted chaperone," as one of the boys said; why, one couldn't find

her equal in staid New England in ten years! No, I never could do justice to New York, so it will have to be the fire, although that is such an ordinary subject.

This cautioning us to be original is the limit. A person cannot be original now-a-days. One goes to the ends of the earth to discover "things" only to find that someone has been there before him—another chance lost to be "original!"

Outlines are another thing! If I make one I never can follow it. It looks like some quite unnecessary appendage which has no connection with the theme and which is immediately put into the basket by our worthy censor.

Well, here goes for the fire! There, look at that blot! It is taking me two whole minutes to erase it, and it looks perfectly dreadful and we were warned to write neatly and carefully. It's a good thing there isn't a "Dishonor List" in connection with this scheme, for if there were, I should head it.

Oh, I do wish they wouldn't sigh and groan so! I'm so nervous! Is that detestable word spelled with two "r's" or one? I never know. Two minutes gone looking*that up.

I do wish people would carry a supply of blotters and erasers around with them; somebody is always borrowing mine.

Talk about this writing with one's brain at "white heat;" mine's sky-blue-pink by now!

There goes the first bell and I haven't half finished. If my eyes didn't blink so I could do something! My finish has come. I'll be called back, surely, to write a theme and not "fill paper with mere pen scratches." The second bell! Well, it's done now, such as it is, so here goes!

Oh, but it feels good to have that awful lump go out of my throat and to breathe freely once more!

UNINSPIRED.

Once I tried to write a poem,
 I was sure that I could do it;
 I had always thought it easy,
 That there's really nothing to it.

But I sat there with my pencil,
 And awaited inspiration,
 'Till I feared that writing verses,
 Wasn't quite my true vocation.

And I waited and I waited,
 For that inspiration fair;
 When I found it wasn't coming
 I gave up in blank despair.

Now whenever anybody,
 Can a little poem write,
 He's a *hero* and a *wonder*,
 Everlasting in my sight!

A. L. P. '11.

DREAMLAND.

There comes to me in the twilight hours,
 When the day is at its best,
 A vision fair of a Land of-Dreams
 And a world of peace and rest.

Could I forget this workday world
 To go and be happy there—
 My love and I would walk hand-in-hand
 With none to know or care.

Though the dreamer's world is indeed a
 dream,
 It's call I can't forget;
 Who knows but our dream may come true
 some day,
 And we'll reach our Dreamland yet.

G. T. '11.

HONOR LIST.

The English department has selected for
 Honorable Mention the following papers
 written for the Clarion:

1910.

All Over the 'Phone, Retta A. Murray.
 A Singular Coincidence, Emma Poore.
 A Successful Moose Hunt,
 Mattie Stiles.

1911.

A Day at a Gunning Stand,
 Philip Wood.
 Aviating with Celebrities,
 Elizabeth Verrinton.

1912.

Beth's Burglars,	Margaret Burns.
Aunt Sally,	Alice Burt.
'Tim,	Alice Cotton.
What Will War Become?	
	John Gowen.
The Fatal Sixth,	Shatswell Ober.
Dog Days,	Beryl O'Hara.
That Cat,	Margaret Birch.

1913.

A Week,	John Bailey.
A Trip to Luna,	David Buttrick.
Surf Board Riding	in the Hawaiiin
Islands,	Woods Lowe.
Lifesaving Practice,	H. Patterson.
Spring Walk of the Kindergarten,	
	Katherine Read.





As spring advances one's thoughts usually turn toward baseball. As this school was to be represented again this year on the field, preparations had to be made in the winter for organizing. Early in March, Capt. Hill issued his call for battery candidates and twenty responded. After working these candidates for four days a week until the first of April, the rest of the candidates were called out. About forty more responded, making a total of sixty men out. This shows a fine spirit, especially in a school of this size. It is the intention to carry a large squad this season.

Mr. Coltan, who had such success in coaching the football team, has been engaged to look after the baseball team. With such an able man at the head, one may rest assured that Arlington's representatives will be worthy of the name. From last year's team there are eleven men around which to form the rest of the team. They are Capt. Hill, Chaves, Wood, pitchers; O'Brien, Higgins, catchers; Hutchinson, first base; Scannell, second base; Kelley, short stop; Trainor, third base; and Parris, left field.

The school is this year represented in the Mystic League, and we can only hope for the best. It is something new for us, and time only can tell what our prospects will be.

Two games have been played so far, and both have resulted in Arlington victories.

The first game was won from Lexington, 2-0; the second, from Cambridge Latin, 6-1. Thus the opening has been very auspicious.

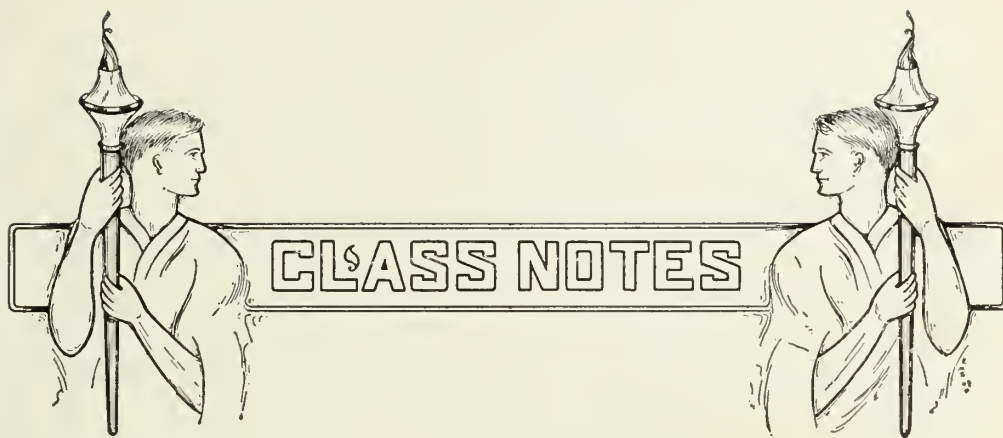
The following now comprise the squad: Pitchers, Capt. Hill, Wood, Chaves, Higgins, Ober, Jardine; catchers, O'Brien, Higgins, Blevins, Buttrick; first base, Hutchinson; second base, Scannell; short stop, Kelley, third base, Trainor; left field, Parris. The other two positions on the outfield will be filled by Buckley, Chick, Mahoney, Plaistead, Percy. The other infielders on the squad are Low, D. Hill, Smith and Bell.

A new thing to be taken up in athletics in this school is track athletics, which is to be taken up soon, altho' nothing of a definite nature has yet been done. It is the intention of the school authorities thus to encourage every student to participate in some kind of outdoor exercise.

Once more Arlington has won the Championship of the Interscholastic Hockey League. The cup is being engraved at present, but will be presented to the school shortly. The team also won the state title, having won fifteen games, and lost one. As a reward, each member is to receive from the league a silver fob.

The Association wishes to thank the Clarion officers for their financial support in time of need.

Mr. Scully and the managers of the baseball team are to be thanked for their long and arduous labor in preparing the baseball field for the games.



1910

French translations:—"All pale but his eyes." What about hair?

"Are you going without your father?"

"No, without doubt!" Joke!

Has anybody here seen Chapman?

We still have a few ladies' men in our class, judging from various observations.

Friday morning, April 22. Puzzle: Find the Seniors.

WANTED:

An interpreter in the French class.

Advice to H—: Beware when giving principal parts of *liessen*. Don't change the *ie* to *ei*.

PAY YOUR CLASS DUES!

We need the money more than you do.

One Senior note book tells about a key that sometimes *warbled weekly* around a keyhole, trying to get to its destination. He must have just returned from a Saturday night choir rehearsal when he wrote that, don't you think?

In French: Miss C—"Who is that honorable gentleman before me?"

We finally decided she must have meant S—!

It pays to be a Yankee in German!

Samuel Johnson is reported to have said once that he thought he had been a little mad all his life. He'd be madder now if he could hear 1910 talking him over.

And speaking of Johnson, wasn't it lucky for Mrs. Johnson ("pretty creature!") that his eyesight was poor?

S—I is looking for some kind friend to give him points on putting on ladies' rubbers. 'Nuf ced!

I want to be an alumnus

And with the alumnae stand;

But there's many a slip like the cup to the lip

'Twixt diploma and my hand.

— is having difficulty in selecting his graduation necktie.

In the Senior play:

S—to M—: "Now we're about the same size and complexion—"

(Unkind laughter from audience.)

Graduation dresses 'most done, girls?

1912

Miss S. (reading Shakespeare.) "I will laugh like a hen."

Better to laugh than to crow.

Roman History.

"Crassus was a young nobility."

"Caesar was given the 'Imperium' to be handed down to his heirs (heirs.)"

"Tiberius ruled successfully for fifteen years; then he lived too long afterwards."

And yet Rome led the world.

Listen ye athletes, who complain of the fare of the training table, to this nugget of wisdom from the German class.

"Many a strong guest has eaten that table."

German II.

The violin player rested her head on the chin of her zither."

A contortionist, no doubt.

Heard in German II.

"When they had went."

English as she is spoke.

English.

"A man doesn't have to be born to like fishing."

No. Only poets are born, not made.

English again.

"Then a lover sighing like a furnace, with a ballad made to his mistress' elbow."

This would make Shakespeare raise his eyebrows.

English once more.

"In an ideal place there will be none sick but the dead."

No show for doctors.

Latin.

"The former remain at home, the latter should be the other way round."

Which will be intelligible only when the hyphen can be made vocal.

Physics.

"Get some ice and cool it."

With electric, or baseball, fans?

Mr. L. (reading Ivanhoe.) "Thou must give way to a farrier (fairer) guest."

Result of too constant use of the "pony."

French II c.

"She dug a tomb and entered it."

Every girl her own undertaker.

Latin.

"The Rhine starts from the Lepontii, who are inhabited by the Alps."

This is the result of reading too many dreams for the Clarion.

1913

T—: "What does ten times minus give?"

P—: "Nothing." Guess again!

In relating an interesting account of Epaminandes, Mr. R. states: "He had a right wing that he could move to subdue the enemy."

He'd better have it patented.

One of our divisions was scared out of a year's growth by Miss R's awful suggestion of making us do theme writing "continuously for two weeks." Harder work than chopping wood.

Miss W— is so wrapped up in algebra, that when reading about Addison she prefers calling it "Addition."

Miss B— after explaining the meaning of consecutive to a pupil: "Now do you understand?"

Pupil, confidently. "Yes'm!"

Miss B—, "Well, give three consecutive months of the year."

Pupil, with a 'you-can't-catch-me' air: "There aren't any!"

Miss T— has some rather remarkable information to contribute toward a new algebra book about quadratic equations. Ask her.

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GERMAN CLUB NOTES

Der Mehr Kunde Verein continues to flourish. The third meeting was held Monday night, April tenth. Anecdotes and papers were read and much appreciated. An half hour was given up to German conversation, and (a) the enormous fine of one cent a word was imposed upon anyone speaking in any other language. This is good practise, and undoubtedly improves one's German vocabulary.

The treasurer's report showed the amount on hand to be \$42.50, which is a very good showing, considering that the club has been in existence but four months. Some of this amount comes from monthly dues, but

the greater part was realized at the entertainment held in the High school hall on March nineteenth.

Mr. Scully very kindly gave his illustrated lecture on the Rhine, which was greatly enjoyed, as were also Mrs. Scully's beautifully rendered German songs. A welcoming address was given in German by Mr. Lamson, which was followed by "Erlkönig" by Miss Binnig. Both were very well given.

A quartet composed of Miss Thomas, Miss Barr, Miss Prescott and Miss McKay, and violin selections by the two last mentioned, very materially added to the success of the evening.

EXCHANGES

Teacher cranky,
Pupils few,
Questions flying,
Zeroes too.
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning,
Always so.—*Ex.*

A very neat paper, "Triangle," (Emma Willard School), but wouldn't a few more jokes improve it?

He (sighing mournfully.) Things get worse and worse, why a fellow can't even accompany a girl on the piano without a chaperon now-a-days.—*Ex.*

Rock-a-bye Seniors
On the tree top,
Keep on studying
And the cradle will rock;
If you get lazy,
And your marks fall,
Down will come Seniors
Diplomas and all.—*Ex.*

Missess. "Did the fishman who stopped here this morning have frogs legs, Norah?"

Norah. "I don't know mum. He wore long pants."—*Ex.*

Old Lady (sniffing.) "What's that odor I smell?"

Farmer. "That's fertilizer."
Old Lady (astonished.) "For the land's sake!"
Farmer. "Yes ma'am."—*Ex.*

We are glad to welcome some new exchanges among us, and we hope for many more. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the X-Rays, Columbus, Ohio; E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Maine; Holten, Danvers, Mass.; Megaphone, Dean Academy; Tuftonian and Tufts Weekly, Tufts College; Golden Rod, Quincy, Mass.; Imp, Brighton, Mass.; Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.; Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; Clarion, West Roxbury, Mass.; Auroran, Mascataine, Iowa; and Lowell H. S. Review, Lowell, Mass.

Geography of a Woman's Life.	
Cape of Good Hope,	Sweet Sixteen
Cape Flattery,	Twenty
Cape Lookout,	Twenty-five
Cape Fear,	Thirty
Cape Farewell,	Forty
	— <i>Ex.</i>

Miss Fraction leaned over and touched Miss Whole Number on the arm. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"—*Ex.*

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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

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EDITORIAL

Looking back over the mile-posts of our lives, graduation will always stand clearly out before us,—that night when we took the upward step on the ladder. For whether we continue our school days or not, it is an upward step.

The question "What Are You Going To Do When You Leave School?" has been asked by ourselves, our friends, our relatives, for a year or more, and some of us are unable to answer it even now. Whatever we do, however, let it be a success. "*Sounds easy!*" someone says. It won't always be easy, 'tis true, but it will be easier if (you) we simply remember that "success comes in cans, and failures in can't's."

High school days! Never to be forgotten, and alas! never to be repeated! What a flood of memories will sweep over

us in the future when we recall them. The pleasant companionship and the intimate relationship that exists between teacher and pupil, which one finds in High school, is not possible in college, where the classes and faculty are much larger.

There'll never be another four years quite like these; never quite such wholesome good times where everybody knows everybody else. For while in High school you may be the "big toad in the puddle," in college you may find, to your chagrin, that if you're considered in the puddle at all, you're very fortunate.

Did you ever notice when the school song is sung at the Senior Social, or at graduation, the deplorable way in which those singing stumble and falter over the words after the first verse? The majority

certainly does not know the words as it should, and with this fact in mind, Miss Heard has suggested that we print the words in this issue, so that everyone may have a chance to learn them. So the next time you have an opportunity, sing these words with the spirit they demand.

A. H. S. SCHOOL SONG.

Words by Edith Fowle, 1900.

Give a cheer now for our High School,
For whose honor never fear
While we lift on high our banner
And for A. H. S. still cheer.

Chorus.

For we're birds of a feather,
All the A. H. S. together,
One in friendship and courage,
'Neath the Red and Gray so dear.

May we always be victorious,
Always fair in every game;
Never will we be vain glorious,
Never tarnish our bright name. *Cho.*

In our work time as our play time
Hand in hand we do our best,
Fitting for the world before us,
So that we may stand life's test. *Cho.*

A. H. S. calls for her students!
Comrades come from far and near!
Three times three—now—all together,
To the welkin send our cheer. *Cho.*

A. H. S. FIELD SONG.

Words by Ward Chick, 1911.

Before their comrades' cheering,
The A. H. S. boys fight,
And they think not of yielding;
They'll conquer by their might.
Out there beneath our colors,
They're fighting with a vim;
Go on and beat the others!
Go on, boys! Win! Win! Win!

Chorus.

Fight on, boys, we are cheering for you,
For we want you to win to-day;

Do your best, we are all behind you,
And you're wearing the Red and Gray.
Tho' the odds may be great against you,
Still fight on and win success;
And we'll raise a song of victory
For "Dear Old A. H. S." (Rah!! Rah!!
Rah!!)

Beneath old Cottings's banner,
Beneath it's flag so dear,
Our boys press ever onward,
Inspired by rousing cheer;
Tho' others all around us
Bid the Red and Gray to yield,
Our boys will win or die first,
And again they'll take the field. *Cho.*

When comes the time for parting,
We'll gather on the steps,
With full hearts overflowing,
And give our A. H. S.
And always when victorious
Our cheer is ringing free:
ARLINGTON FOREVER!!

To the sky, now, three times three! *Cho.*

On Friday, May 27th, Memorial Day was observed in the hall in the fifth period. Past-Commander Parker was the speaker, and he gave an earnest talk concerning the Memorial Days to come,—when there will be no living representatives of the war,—appealing to the rising generation; for the decision of this matter lies with them. It was a plain, straightforward talk, simply given, and yet it was forceful and conducive to deep thought.

A double quartet sung two appropriate songs, and the exercises closed with the singing of "America" by the whole school.

Miss Beckler, of Simmon's College, gave a lecture regarding bacteria in the hall on Friday, May 20th. It was unusually absorbing, and much wholesome advice was given that it would be well to follow.

Graduation Exercises



Arlington High School

Thursday Evening, June 23, 1910,

Town Hall, Arlington

CLASS MOTTO:

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways."—*Kipling*

Program

PRAYER

Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck

GLORIA

From Borde's Mass in F

CHORUS OF SEVENTY

ADDRESS BY CLASS PRESIDENT

Henry Bradley Frost

ESSAY. Kipling, a Free Lance in Literature

Caroline Vickery Everett

HOPE

Charles Vincent

SEMI-CHORUS.

Violins, Ruth Prescott, Ray E. Mauger

RECITATION. The Feet of the Young Men

Kipling

Erma Alice Johnson

ORATION. Kipling, the Patriot

Ray Edward Mauger

ANNIE LAURIE

Arr. by C. B. Rich

Melody by Junior Bases, with Three-part Humming Accompaniment

RECITATION. Wee Willie Winkie

Kipling

Rose Elizabeth Kelley

CLASS PROPHECY

Marjorie Stanwood Gott

SENIOR SONG. (a) Let's Be Laughing

Franz Abt

(b) Kipling's Recessional

Gower

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

To all friends of the Arlington High School here assembled, and especially to the parents and friends of the Class of 1910, I extend in behalf of the class, a most cordial welcome to these graduation exercises.

On such an occasion as this we cannot fail to reflect with deepest gratitude on the many favors which have been conferred upon us throughout our school life, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our earnest thanks to the superintendent, the school board, and the teachers, for their skillful and painstaking aid and instruction.

We trust that you will all be indulgent listeners to our program and that you will feel at the close in some degree repaid for the interest you have shown in assembling here.

In presenting Kipling as the literary subject of the evening, we bring before you one of the best known men of the time. For over twenty years he has enjoyed a wonderful reputation and he may yet be called a young man. His works have been translated into many foreign languages and are alike enjoyed by peasant and noble.

He has received more public honors than any other modern writer, and his fame may be said to have been officially sanctioned by the honorary degrees conferred upon him by McGill University, Oxford, and Cambridge. In 1907 he was awarded the famous Nobel Prize for idealism in literature, an honor never before conferred upon any English-speaking writer. This distinction, alone, places him at the head of modern English writers.

His popularity was completely demonstrated at the time of his illness. At the very height of his ten years' fame he came nearer to death than almost any other person has safely done.

As he lay sick with pneumonia in a New York hotel, cablegrams, telegrams and letters poured in from all over the world. Even the American people, whom he had so harshly ridiculed in his "American Notes" and "From Sea to Sea," were more generally and deeply affected than they have been at the bedside of a dying president. After his recovery he expressed his recognition of the kindness shown him through the columns of the public press, saying in closing, "I must take this means of thanking, as humbly as sincerely, the countless people of good will throughout the world who have put me under a debt I can never hope to repay."

No one line in Kipling's works better expresses his message to the world than this which we have chosen for our class motto, "Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways." No one is better fitted than he to give such a call to action.

If you are familiar with Kipling's poem, "The Sons of Martha," you will say that he himself comes under that head, for in that poem Kipling divides all men into two classes, the sons of Martha, and the sons of Mary. The reference is of course to the biblical characters, Martha and Mary. The sons of Martha are the workers of the world, the sons of Mary the dreamers. The poem ends with the thought that the sons of Mary throw their burden on the Lord—"And the Lord—He puts it on the backs of the sons of Martha." It is just such men as Kipling who delight to take up life's burdens with cheery hardiness and zest; and therefore, the words of our motto come appropriately from his pen. Surely we would look far for a better motto as we break our school ties and go forward to take our places in the world.

What Kipling's future will be no one

can predict. Many are disappointed that so few productions have come forth in recent years. We will wait expectant, however, for future delights and inspiration, for "While there is Kipling there is hope."

BRADLEY FROST.

KIPLING, A FREE-LANCE IN LITERATURE.

For the past decade Rudyard Kipling has represented the popular idea in literature as Sargent has in painting and Roosevelt in politics. Kipling has been called the "man who does not care." Sargent and Roosevelt are also men who do not care; and since the public admires independence of thought and action in the face of precedent or protest if they believe it means fidelity to truth, each of these men is a leader as well as a free-lance in his own field.

In what respects is the Anglo-Indian, Rudyard Kipling, poet and story-teller, with his world-wide reputation, a free-lance in literature? If we look up the biographical facts of his life or examine his works almost at random, we shall find at once his independent and unique qualities.

Never has a man been known in the field of letters who heeded criticism so little. Probably no other writer at some time or other has failed to yield to it. It has been said that George Meredith, who some people think should have had the honor of the Nobel prize instead of Kipling, was swerved entirely from his early course by adverse criticism; and that Thomas Hardy, the only other living novelist of Kipling's rank, was influenced by it to his own great advantage. But Kipling has utterly refused to turn aside in his course or change his ideas or his vocabulary or his plain speaking. When "Kim" appeared, the public were delighted and told Kipling distinctly that it was the kind of thing that they liked, whereupon he undertook the conduct of the British gov-

ernment in bad verse. The "Recessional" was universally and unstintedly praised, but in the jingoism of his Boer War poems he went to the opposite extreme in expression and principle. Is it any wonder that his exasperated admirers say that in the intervals of genius he is merely a pig-headed man? Years ago he gave fair warning that he would not work with an eye to the public and he never has. From the time when he contracted what Holmes used to call "lead-poisoning" at the sight of his work in type, "take it or leave it" has been his attitude. He has no "market nerve" in his writings. However, he doubtless knows more of his faults than any of his critics, and although it is true that he never does what is expected of him, as one enthusiast says, he sometimes does more. At any rate, whether he writes like an inspired prophet or an Absent-Minded Beggar, we may at least be sure that he is sincere, unbiased by public opinion, and following out his own particular bent.

His marvelous versatility is doubtless due to his free-lance tendencies.

His range, both in setting and in choice of theme is astonishing. He has laid scenes in India, South Africa, the United States, the Newfoundland Banks, the East End of London, English country villages, mid-ocean, and the islands of the sea. He has written children's tales, mystery tales, soldier stories, humorous and sporting stories, society dialogues, sailor yarns, beast fables, and studies in native Indian life. In choosing India he chose a land quite untouched by the "literary plough," and his pioneer work in this field alone would insure him fame.

Then, he is so truly universal in his sympathies; "the leader and friend of our common race," he has been called. This feeling of friendship and brotherhood in all his writings is foreshadowed in a little incident with a pretty allegorical significance, which his mother remembers and likes to tell. At Nasik, not far from Bombay, when a

little fellow, he trudged one day over the plowed field with his hand in that of the native husbandman, and called back to her in Hindustan, which was as familiar to him as English, "Good-by, this is my brother." Whether, as in the "Departmental Ditties" and the "Barrack Room Ballads," he has his seamy heroes sing of the life they live, with all their dramatic virtues as well as their dramatic sins; or whether, as in the "Recessional" and the "White Man's Burden," he appeals to our highest and best instincts, we know that he seeks through all the permanent well-being of the world. However realistic his manner may be, his aim is always idealistic.

Crockett, friend of Stevenson and Barrie, and one of the first to recognize Kipling's genius, expresses the idea of his versatility in this way: "He grasps the mechanism of life—and that not only in the Orient. On the seas he 'knew the ropes.' Down in the engineer's grimy inferno who but he had been keeping an eye upon the gauges? Doctors said, 'None but a doctor could have known that.' Military men claim him as a comrade."

Even the children know that Kipling is a free-lance; at least they know, if they are well brought up, that no one else can tell stories like his. Some critics say that the "Jungle Books" and the "Just So Stories" will live as long as Aesop's Fables. His ability to invent plots seems almost exhaustless and his power to put appropriate speech into the mouths of the animals of the jungle is amazing. Nowhere is it so plain that language is a thing over which he has every control.

The vivid picturesqueness of his writings is due to his vocabulary and his figures of speech as well as to his unusual ideas. He never hesitates to coin words when he needs them—

"Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek."

Says one critic, "He invents, like utterance."

Note the directness of the following similes from the "Light That Failed": "The Colonel's face set like the Day of Judgment framed in gray bristles;" and this—"Dick delivered himself of the saga of his own doings, with all the arrogance of a young man speaking to a woman. From the beginning he told the tale, the I—I—I's flashing through the records as telegraph poles fly past the traveler."

Kipling himself says that we write in letters of the alphabet, but psychologically regarded, every printed page is a picture book. So concrete and suggestive are his words, so powerfully is the imagination stimulated that the sense of reality in his tales is often most complete.

There is a story told of two Yale students who once in the course of their travels poined a rapt group about one of India's famous magicians. Wonder after wonder he presented to their amazed eyes. All saw the wonderful apparitions, but no one could tell where they came from or whither they disappeared. One of the students, with true Yankee ingenuity, contrived to use his camera repeatedly, unknown to the others, and rejoiced in the possibility of reproducing the wonderful spectacles so that he could study them at his leisure. When the opportunity came to develop the pictures, the students found to their utter astonishment that all the films were blank. Indian magic or hypnotic influence had presented the sights to their imagination rather than to their eyesight.

Kipling's verbal magic produces some such sense of realism. It is often hard to realize that you have really all the time been seated at your own fireside. Suppose you were reading a portrayal of natural scenery; says one reader, "He fairly spirits you out of doors. You are not reading about a place; you are seated square in it." Take, for instance, this picture of his beloved North-Country drawn by a homesick Afridi horse-thief; "The bloom of the peach orchards is upon

the Valley. There is a pleasant wind among the mulberry-trees, and the streams are bright with snow-water, and the caravans go up and the caravans go down, and a hundred fires sparkle in the gut of the Pass, and tent-peg answers hammer-nose, and pack-horse squeals to pack-horse across the drift smoke of the evening. It is good in the North now: come back with me." Can you not truly see and hear and smell that Northern Valley?

Perhaps the most original work that Mr. Kipling ever did was to make the cockney jargon of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" poetic. The dialect of Burns was entirely suited to poetry; but the language used by Tommy Atkins and the rest is so poor that it has been designated the very refuse of human speech. Yet in "Mandalay" and "Danny Deevee" we find genuine poetry. "To make the common marvelous, as if it were a revelation is a test of genius," said Mr. Lowell. No writer of our century has met this test more unmistakably than Rudyard Kipling.

Is Kipling, the free-lance, a classic? That is not yet known. Perhaps his fate will be the common one described in his own lines:—

"Some of him lived, but the most of him died (Even as you and I!)"

But his future is yet to be reckoned with. Two Kiplings there are at the present time—one interpreted by his friends, the other by his critics.. But both unite in stating that he is the poet laureate of modern energy, daring, and achievement. What he will yet accomplish neither ventures to forecast. It depends, very probably, to borrow a clever suggestion, on how far he is Anglo-Indian, early ripening and early spent; how far true English—like the oak, slow to mature and strengthening with time. If he be like the oaks in his Sussex home and can fall back now in his prime into the steady working stroke of the elder masters of our literature, no expecta-

tion which we can frame will be unreasonable.

CAROLYN EVERETT.

KIPLING, THE PATRIOT.

Picture, if you can, a small room cluttered with papers, the floor besmeared with countless spots of ink. There is a desk in the center of this room likewise cluttered and besmeared. At the desk sits a man in a white flannell suit. The suit is potted from the collar of the shirt to the bottom of the trousers with ink. Every few moments a servant enters only to be waved away by the genius at the desk, who does the waving with an abrupt, jerky movement of his "pen" hand, scattering more ink from his full pen over the attendant, the wall, the floor, and himself. This ink fiend is Kipling. Outside this room there are five men waiting impatiently. One walks up and down, another smokes; all show the light on their faces which is called expectancy. Suddenly the door from the room of ink opens and the attendant emerges with several sheets of paper in his hand. He gives each man who is waiting one of the sheets and simultaneously they bolt for the door as if shot from a gun. We follow the man who received the first manuscript. He enters a telegraph and cable office, pushes the sheet through the window, and says, "Let 'er go, Bill." Bill "lets 'er go," and the words on that paper are on their way to all the large cities on both sides of the ocean. Clearly the matter is of international importance. But what, you ask, is the cause of all this excitement? What is the international event? The answer is—Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem, and all the world is eagerly waiting to read it.

Far be it from me to give you the impression that Kipling's greatest poems were always written in this poem-written-while-you-wait style; but thus my imagination delights to play

about the interesting fact that the patriotic poems of this remarkable man are cabled as international events; and as for the bedaubed flannel suit and the ink slinging by vigorous gesticulation, Kipling's Calcutta editor is responsible for those items.

Some people will say that the patriotism of Tennyson, which delighted to glorify the traditional qualities of Englishmen—great love of personal independence, and prepossession in favor of liberty for others—is more to be sympathized with than is Kipling's patriotism; that Mr. Kipling's patriotism is an imperialistic sentiment, which desires apparently to see every good Englishman engaged in the business of governing someone who is not English. Certain it is, as a critic says, that Kipling "goes in for prophecy and empire building as a horse goes to pasture, and comes back greatly refreshed." He is always ready to come forward as a "Counsellor of the nation" and, in the words of our American humorist, Mr. Dooley, "his pomes is r-right off th' bat, like me conversations with you, me boy. He's a minyitman, a r-ready pote that sleeps like the driver iv truck nine, with his poetic pants in his boots beside his bed an' him r-ready to jump out an' slide down th' minyit th' alarum sounds."

Kipling is, perhaps, better known by his review of the British soldier's life than by any of his other works. His poems and stories show a furious zeal for the British flag, and his microscopic study of the British soldier makes us thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Tommy Atkins and his companions.

When the Duke of Connaught, then military commander of northwestern India, first met Kipling he became very much interested in the man and said, "What are you going to do, Mr. Kipling, now that you are in India again?"

"I would like, sir, to live with the army for a time, and go to the frontier to write up Tommy Atkins," was Kipling's reply.

The Duke thought the matter over and then gave the writer permission to live with the men, sharing their hardships and pleasures, if he so wished. Kipling took advantage of this opportunity at once and the results we see in his realistic as well as patriotic poems of Tommy Atkins.

The best known of Kipling's soldiers is Mulvaney, that good-natured, quick-witted, dare-devil, one-drunk-a-month Irishman. Mulvaney voiced the sentiment of most of the army when he said "The Army's mate and dhrink to me, bekaze I'm wan av the few that can't quit ut. I've put in sivinteen years, an' the pipe clay's in the marrow av me." And he further says of himself, "Av I cud have kept out ov wan big dhrink a month, I wud have been Hon'ry Lift'nint by this time—a nuisance to me betters, a laughin'-stock to me equils, and a curse to meself. Bein' fwat I am, I'm Privit Mulvaney, wid no good-conduc' pay an' a devourin' thirst."

Camp life was far from being a holiday and Kipling endeavors to show us that the soldier at the best times has plenty of hardships and sorrows. In India fever is always to be feared; and "Cholera Camp" is a poem full of rude pathos, with the death-roll of ten a day.

Occasionally there is a crime committed and hanging follows, bringing the inevitable sense of horror and gloom to the camp.

"What makes you look so white, so white? says Files-on-P'rade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color Sergeant said.

"For they're hanging Danny Deever, you can hear the dead march play. The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him to-day."

The loyalty of the soldiers to one another is especially well brought out in the patriotic story called "Only a Subaltern." In this story Bobby Wicks, a young officer engaged to the

captain's daughter, wins his men by his personality, especially Dormer, an unpopular private. When fever struck the camp Bobby's special work was to keep up the spirits of the men; for one thing he organized a song club that gave weekly "sing-songs" to the delight of all the soldiers. One evening, when the rain was falling fast and the mud was a foot and a half deep, word came to Bobby that Dormer was taken sick and desired to see his officer. Dormer was about done for, but when Bobby strode in the blue lips parted and in a ghost of a whisper he said,— "Beg y' pardon, sir, disturbin' of you now, but would you min' 'oldin' my 'and, sir?" Bobby sat on the side of the bed, and the icy cold hand closed on his own like a vice, forcing a lady's ring which was on the little finger deep into the flesh. Hour after hour he sat there in his wet clothes, but the grip did not relax. His right arm was numbed to the elbow but he did not try to pull his hand away. Dawn showed a very white-faced Subaltern sitting on the side of a sick man's cot, but the sick man did not die and from that night his recovery was rapid. Some days later Bobby came down with the fever. The men cursed and prayed in the same breath, but in a few days Bobby was dead. Kipling shows us that such cases of loyalty and patriotism were not uncommon in the British army.

Kipling's greatest patriotic poem, "The Recessional," was written in the year 1897, the year of the Queen's Jubilee. The story of the writing is an interesting one and I quote the author's own words.

"That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the 'Times' a poem on the Jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The 'Times' began to want the poem badly, and sent letter after letter asking for it. I made many more attempts but no further progress. Finally the 'Times'

began sending telegrams. Then I shut myself in a room with the determination to stay there until I had written a Jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked, that was 'Lest we forget.' Round these words 'The Recessional' was written."

This poem came at a time when all England was rejoicing and boasting of their navy and army. "The Recessional" suddenly calmed the rabbling crowd, and brought them back to the realization that they were forgetting the Supreme Being, Who was alone responsible for their country's position. The fourth stanza struck home.

"If, drunk with sight of power, we
loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe—

Such boasting as the Gentiles use

Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

"The Truce of the Bear" was a poem of absolute fearlessness, vividness and force. The Czar had issued a proclamation in behalf of universal disarmament and the "Truce of the Bear" was taken to be a warning against such an action. The motto is: "There is no truce with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a man." The story is of a bear hunt. Adam-zad, the bear, had been stealing Matun's goats and so the owner started out after him with his gun. It was a long chase, but at last Matun found the bear, who reared up on his hind legs so that he looked almost human. Then he put his paws together as if in supplication. Matun was moved with pity and did not fire. The bear slowly tottered toward him still pleading. Nearer and nearer, until suddenly with one blow of the steel clad paw he blinded the compassionate Matun. Then Adam-zad grunted and slowly shuffled off to his den. Thus

in this allegory Kipling gave warning to the world and confirmed what he had previously written in "The Man Who Was," "Let it be distinctly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt," meaning that he is a good fighter, but men should beware when he pretends to be peaceful.

The third important poem of a patriotic nature is "The White Man's Burden." This was written for the American as "The Recessional" was written for the Englishman, and is sometimes called the "American Recessional." It was brought out by the unexpected end of the Spanish-American war, when the United States people had the burden of the Filipinos thrust upon them. Kipling was fitted, if anyone was, to direct the United States, for no man knew the Asiatic character so well as he. The message was that it was the white man's duty to civilize and teach the heathen peoples. In this poem Kipling is said to have out-cared the Czar, for as an advocate of peace the Czar had advised universal disarmament as a means of securing universal peace, while Kipling states his belief that it is the white man's duty to conquer all uncivilized countries and civilize them: then, after all countries have been civilized there will be no causes for war.

There have been for Kipling's patriotic poems and his other writings both criticism and praise. One critic exclaims, "Such verses as occur in Kipling's poem, 'The Destroyers,' seem to gloat over the business of destruction. They come ill from the author of 'The Recessional.' The poem may, however, may be a piece of byplay only."

In the jingoism of his Boer war writings he apparently "forgot all that he had, in 'The Recessional,' prayed God to remember." Certain it is that the ideals are exactly opposite, and the only way that we can account for that is that it is Kipling's nature and impulse.

On the other hand Kipling's books are a moral tonic to their generation; and in this he is true to the great succession of English poets who, from Chaucer down, have been moralists and exhorters to their people. As a patriot he is unmatched, and it has been claimed that no other poet of patriotism has ever so thrilled a great people, or so vitally and directly influenced politics, as has Kipling.

Although Kipling has received a dollar a word for his verse, yet he has refused, as did Burns, to accept a penny for his patriotic poems such as the "Recessional." He has helped the world, he has helped the English people, and he still lives to do more good. This man, who has created a new respect for poetry, who influences the policies of nations and marks time for their marching feet, who had at one time the entire civilized world praying for his recovery, is more than a holder of a high place in literary circles—"He is a patriot in the widest sense of the word, a friend of our common race."

RAY MAUGER.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS

OF 1910.

It was on the huge ocean greyhound "Marsovia" in the year 1920 that I had the extreme good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I lost no time in telling him what a source of interest to me he had been for the past ten years, not only because of his inimitable writings, but also because he had been the subject of the literary part of the program at my graduation from the ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL. He listened with interest to my account of the graduation, nodded approvingly when I told him our class motto, and finally asked, "How has that class turned out?"

"I wish I knew," said I: "I have lost track of them completely. We scattered far and wide after gradua-

tion. This is my first leisure year, and I mean to employ part of it in looking them up."

"Let me help," said Mr. Kipling. "By this time next month I shall be in India, the home of magic, you know. There's an old Hindoo there that I often hold seances with, much as other people consult spiritualists. He's the most marvellous old chap I ever saw, and can foretell things that fairly make your spinal column crinkle up like a marcel wave. I'll tell you; give me a list of the names, and I'll turn it over to Abdhur Kahrab; he can account for every one, if he only will. If I can get him going I'll send a daily bulletin in the shape of a post-card. When all's complete, we'll drink the health of 1910."

The next day the steamer docked, our paths separated, and I looked my last on Rudyard Kipling.

Scarcely had I left the boat when I was accosted by a familiar voice which came from an extremely tall young man. To my utter astonishment, I found myself gazing up at my old French tutor, Bill Scannell.

"Don't you recognize me?" he grinned, genially.

"Why—but you've grown so!" I stammered. "Aren't you standing on stilts?"

"I rather guess not! I have grown, and I'll tell you how; I've invented a neat little contrivance by means of which a person may add from one to twenty inches to his height; the boon of all short people; so simple a child can——"

"Yes, yes, I know," I broke in hastily. "And you added all twenty inches, of course. Why, we'll have to put a brick on your head to stop your growth or you'll be interfering with the aeroplanes."

"A brick!" he burst forth, scornfully, "and haven't I had one on my head all my life?"

You see it was the same old Bill. Going up in the world hadn't changed him in the least.

That evening I went to see a play that was making a decided sensation in London "under the most successful manager the world has ever known," to quote the bill-boards. I was not overwhelmingly surprised when I learned that this world-famed manager was my former classmate, Ray Mauger. I had seen him star as assistant manager in various amateur plays, and was interested to find that he had now reached a position in which he was his own master, and could boss to his heart's content. I was told that the audience got so enthusiastic that they threw not only flowers, but gold coins on the stage. Mauger is not yet satisfied, however; he says that back in the early years of this twentieth century, people used to throw vegetables and sometimes even eggs after a particularly successful performance.

As I left the theatre, loud voices smote my ear, proclaiming stridently: "Free Votes for Women! Free Votes for Women!" Something familiar in the attitude of two of the speakers prompted me to look a second time, when I beheld, to my infinite surprise, Olive Prescott and Viola Michaels—turned suffragettes. Words, for once, failed me! I should as soon have expected it of Emma Poor, who, as I happened to know was spending most of her time crooning lullabies over her twins' cradle in her pretty house on the Hudson.

Four classmates placed in one day! Then it was that I began to wonder if the class of 1910 had adjourned in a body to England. I entered the facts in regard to the four in my note-book, and waited with such patience as I could command for word from India. Never before, I am convinced, were post-cards, even souvenir ones, of such interest to the recipient as those from Rudyard Kipling to me. You will believe that I left the rest of my mornings' mail untouched to read them twenty times—

"Dear Miss Gott," the first one read. "Abdhur Kahrab has promised to lend

his valuable aid. Arthur Peirce turned up first; and I translate the Hindoo for you to the best of my ability.

There was a young man known as 'Dippy.'

Whose clothes were decidedly kippy;
Folks were charmed with his grin,
So he thought he'd begin,
To pose as the god 'Dippikin.'

P. S.—Try a bric-a-brac store for Dippikins; they say they're all the rage. Purchase one for me and I'll smash my old Billikin. I envy a man a smile like that; some men's smile a horse would shy at.

Yours for 1910,

R. K."

"Chapman, George.—Prize winner in Marathon race for six consecutive years—still running.

P. S.—'Rah for Chapman! There's one class-mate who has not 'Halted in his ways.'

R. K."

"I can well believe it," murmured I, "for I remember the cyclones he used to cause rushing up and down the streets of Arlington. I only hope he's not getting too fast."

"Helen M. Purcell, D. D.—('Heavens!' thought I). Dandy Debater. ('Oh!') President Hub Debating Club. Challenges Men's Clubs at home and abroad. 'E'en tho' vanquished, (S)he can argue still.'

P. S.—She may end in the Hall of Fame, but don't introduce me.

R. K."

Thoroughly awed, I exclaimed, "And to think that she began in our economics class."

"Dear Miss Gott; Think I must have met your classmate, Irving Hill. He is carrying on Luther Burbank's wonderful work in California, and has been turning out some wonderful creations. Abdhur Kahrab informs me that Hill was always fond of peaches, and has devoted himself especially to

the rosy, down-cheeked variety in an attempt to soften their stony hearts.

R. K."

Do you wonder that all that night I tossed in restless dreams? And the next day, while walking down one of England's grassy lanes, I had to pinch myself to see if I were not still dreaming. From a vine-covered building which I had been admiring two grave, sweet-faced nuns issued, and came toward me. They were just about to pass when one exclaimed, and plucked at the other's robe. Surprised in turn, I glanced at them and then fairly shrieked:—"Rose Kelly and Eunice Quinn!" Verily things had changed since High School days; two of our merriest girls had become "pensive nuns, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure."

From them I learned that Madge McCoy is a school teacher in the superb new High School building at Arlington, where the pupils think a great deal of her because on several occasions she came to school with a contagious disease, and as a result in each case, the school was closed for a week.

When I returned to my lodging, some more postals were awaiting me, which I perused with the keenest enjoyment. The first reads:—

"Anna Barnes is happy at last, as mistress of an enormous cattery in Missouri. She has at least six hundred pet felines and they are as fine and husky looking a set of cats as one could wish to see.

R. K."

There was my chance to say "I always knew it!" and I said it.

"Retta Murray is teaching in an exclusive boarding school in Washington, D. C. Her subjects are Hysterics, Laconics, and Applied Coquettricks. It is said that her original demonstration in her subjects excite great attention.

R. K."

"Francis Cronin and Helen O'Keefe are expert book-keepers. They draw daily crowds to watch them balance their books by juggling figures.

R. K."

"Elizabeth Keefe is an artist's assistant in a studio in Paris. She shows decided talent along artistic lines; at least, she always draws her salary in a thoroughly prompt and efficient manner, and it is said that when she dresses in effective Parisian gowns, she also serves to draw a crowd.

R. K."

When a letter came, I wondered what to expect.

"It would have taken three postals to write all the bloomin' titles dangling after Bradley Frost's name. It seems that he actually found four composition errors in an article by one of Harvard's most learned professors, which fact so impressed that noble institution that it immediately presented Frost with the title LL. D. Such is the value of prestige that Yale, not to be outdone by her rival, added Ph. D. Oxford became excited and added Litt. D., without in the least knowing why, whereupon Cambridge annexed to the list D. D. Frost complained that his fountain pen ran dry every time he affixed his degrees, but endeavored to write something worthy of his title, and of his newly acquired reputation. The result was a most amazin' poem which rivals those of the great Alfred Austin himself.

R. K."

"P. S.—Take a day off and read it.

R. K."

N. B.—Data concerning Minnie Rosen has just come in. She started her career as a stenographer, but being of a musical temperament she struck too many chords on her typewriter. Also she wore an organdie dress to work, with a fluted ruffle, and an accordion plaited skirt, which so smote upon her employer's ear-drums that he sharply informed her that he didn't care for clothes (close) harmony, and flatly asked her why she didn't devote her life to music. Minnie is now a music teacher of note, and stands high in the social scale.

R. K."

The next day I went for a day's trip to Windsor Castle. As I left the train the boy in charge of the news-stand

entered with his books and was shouting to a customer, above the din of the station, "Ed Higgin's latest!—'How to Take a Joke'—only three and two." I passed him a pound note told him to keep the change, and opened that book. It contained much valuable advice, "gleaned from experience," as the preface had it. One article, called "The Jokes I Didn't Take" I found to my surprise comprised half the book.

It was hard to put my mind on sight-seeing after that, and I returned somewhat eagerly to my hotel and the third instalment of post-cards.

"Jack Hutchinson—Abdhur can't pronounce his middle name—is a minister in the flourishing village of Bingville, where his parishioners enjoy his sermons and his poems mightily. Bingville used to be a temperance town, but last week's 'Bugle' said that the Reverend Mr. Hutchinson always preaches to a full house.

R. K."

"May Power and Marion Balser are running a lunch room in the Arlington High. They call their attractive cafe the Sahara Desert because of the sandwich-es there.

R. K."

"The Girl Who Can't Laugh at the New York Hippodrome is of A. H. S 1910. Humorists and clowns from all over the world have tried in vain for the thousand dollar reward to the person who can make her even smile. She looks only bored at their efforts. Her name is Helen Stearns.

R. K."

I fell in a long, long faint after reading that postal. Of course Abdhur knew what he was talking about, but——"

"Gladys Richardson edits a column in the Ladies' Home Journal under the title of "The Girl from Cuttyhunk." Here is a sample of her style:—

'A girl who values herself highly should never give herself away.'

'If a bride marries the groom, she doesn't get the best man.'

'The girl with a poor complexion should go to the ball games and sit on the bleachers.'

R. K."

"A hair-dressing establishment on Fifth Avenue, patronized by the Four Hundred, is run by Mildred Pattee and Ruth Prescott. They know all the latest points in coiffure, but demand that no rats shall be worn, which is certainly 'ruff on rats.'"

"E. Blanche Vail is starring in the thrilling tragedy 'Why She Slapped Him.' It is called the most sensational drama since 'One of the Eight,' and is having a long, successful run up and down Cape Cod. R. K."

"May Priest has organized a Woman's Industrial Union in the Barbadoes, for furthering diligence among the natives. Her admirable example of industry has proved such a stimulus to this indolent people that they bid fair to become one of our most progressive races. R. K."

"Another case of change of heart," quoth I.

After returning from a short trip to France, I found that so many postals had accumulated that I had to take a day off to peruse them.

It seems that Edna and Mattie have gone into partnership, for listen to this:—

"Easter—Stiles, only modiste establishment in the Azores. R. K."

"Poor inhabitants! Then they must have to wear Easter styles all the year round."

"The Misses Everett have bought the Marie-Corelli house at Stratford-on-Avon and have a private school of twenty girls. Mothers like their daughters to go there because they are not only instructed on every point in Shakespeare from 'When shall we three meet again?' to 'This was the noblest Roman of them all,' but they take such good care of the girls, especially in regard to rubbers and umbrellas. R. K."

"Marguerite Shedd is court singer in the Empire of China. The Emperor can't quite decide whether he is more enamoured of her tiny feet or her large voice."

"John Buckley is installed in the Ar-

lington City Hall, as mayor. The only drawback to his complete success is that, because of modesty or laziness, he refuses to give his speeches in person, and has a phonograph for the purpose. R. K."

"Helen Crosby, Simmons 1914. Since that date she has been a lady of leisure, but Abdhur says she is about to put her knowledge of household economics to practical use, and that she is reviewing that part of her course which teaches how to plan for two. R. K."

"This hunting down of your classmates is certainly proving interesting. I met two of them today. A party of tourists in charge of Mrs. Emma —, Globe-trotter, nee Gustafsan, and Miss Emily Roden called to ask for my autograph. They recognized my new secretary, Miss Ethel Storey, and then the facts came out. I didn't tell them what you and I are doing, but I entertained them to the best of my ability and sent my servant to escort them to the Mission Station at Madras, where they wished to visit Miss Erma Johnson, who is a much beloved medical missionary there."

A day later I received my last postal from Rudyard Kipling.

"Abdhur has shut up like a clam. I can get nothing more from him. It must be that you have seen the others, or that you will see them in the near future. If this is the case, remember I should be most interested to know. Certainly you have a fine set of classmates; I flatter myself that that motto had something to do with their unusual success. So here's to 1910!

RUDYARD KIPLING."

My homeward trip was enlivened by an interesting little group that sat at the same table.—three children with their charming mother. For a while I knew the tots only as Raymond, Sue and Polly. When I learned that their family name was Whitten, I inquired with interest for their father, and was told that he was engaged in some busi-

ness of a Sherlock Holmes nature in New York City.

The second day after landing, I made a point of hunting up Walter Kelley, who was at the head of a large electrical concern at 153 West 139th Street. I walked bravely up to a pompous individual behind the desk and inquired, "Has anybody here seen Kelley?" His Highness looked both amazed and insulted; "If you refer to MR. Kelley," he said, "he is the guest of the mayor for over Sunday."

With a haughtiness equalling his

own, I answered, "Indeed? Pray tell him that Miss Marjorie Gott called," and swept out.

My task was now complete. I felt that my efforts in hunting up the whereabouts of my classmates had been well repaid. It is worth any amount of trouble to be again in touch with those with whom the happiest, most care-free days of one's life are spent, and I mean never again to lose so completely all knowledge of friends who were once so dear.

MARJORIE GOTT.



APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

W. Scannell.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

V. Michaels.

"She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh."

H. Stearns.

"His very foot has music in it
As he comes up the stairs."

A. Peirce.

"I have an exposition of sleep come on me."

G. Chapman.

"He'll eat you out of house and home."

G. Chapman.

"So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long."

J. Hutchinson.

"High-erected thoughts sealed in a heart of courtesy."

J. Everett.

"He was the mildest manner of man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

R. Whitten.

"A still, small voice."

O. Prescott.

"And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra."

B. Frost.

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;

"'Twas only when he was off he was acting."

R. Mauger.

"Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor."

R. Murray.

"His bright smile haunts me still."

I. Hill.

"We feel a Power in our midst."

M. Power.

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still for ever, fare thee well."

Sentiments of 1910.



THE STAGE TO-DAY.

The Follies of 1910,

Jack Hutchinson and Bill Scannell.

The Man from Home, Raymond Whitten.

The Man of the Hour, Ray Mauger.

The Noble Spaniard, Arthur Peirce.

Little Nemo, George Chapman.

The Three Twins,

Glayds Richardson, Marjorie Gott and

Anna Barnes.

The Man Who Stood Still, John Buckley.



The forms of out door athletics have taken a sudden change for the better, supported by the faculty. The various teachers have shown a decided interest in the affairs and have helped a great deal. This year the school is represented in a league and at the present time is leading and the prospects of gaining the championship are favorable. There seems to be nothing to stop us from securing it. At the present time our standing in the league is four games won and one lost, while Woburn, the next in line, has won two and lost two. In order to tie us, we must lose all the rest of our league games and they must win all of theirs.

In all this year the team has played 21 games and has won 16 of these. This is by far the best record of any Arlington team of recent years. The scores have been in the winning games against Lexington 2-0 and 5-2; Cambridge Latin 6-1; Wendell Academy 6-0; Stoneham 6-2 and 4-3 (14 innings); Alumni 14-5; Rock Ridge Hall 5-0 and 8-2; Wellesley 7-3; Winchester 5-0 and 6-2; Milton H. S. 7-3; Reading H. S. 6-1; Woburn 8-2; Gloucester 3-2. The games lost have been to Middlesex school 3-8; R. M. T. S. 2-7; Waltham 2-10; Natick 0-1 (10 innings); Woburn 0-6. The members of the team have done exceedingly well and much credit is due them and especially to Coach Colton and Capt. Hill.

Track athletics have been started and the results were so gratifying that it was decided to hold a class meet. This was held on Friday, May 13, and won by the class of 1911 from 1910 by three points.

It was then decided to hold a meet for all school children in the town. The entries were divided into two classes, those under 15 years and those older. The townspeople contributed the money for the prizes. These were a silver fob for first place and a bronze one for second. The trial heats in the Junior events were run off on Thursday and the Senior events on Saturday, June 4. The Senior events were 100-yd. dash, 220-yd. dash, 440-yd. run, mile run, shot put, high jump and broad jump. The trials were run off on Saturday morning and four men qualified in each event. These then were sent in the finals in the afternoon.

There was an extremely large crowd about the track where the final heat in the 100-yd. dash was started. This was won by Buckley, who scored three firsts during the afternoon, Donald Hill being next high scorer with a first and second. The crowd increased as the afternoon went by until there was no more room left along the whole length of the track or on the bankings. Summary;

100-yd. dash: Buckley '10 scratch, 1st.

W. G. Reycroft '13, 4 yds., 2nd. 10 3-5 s.

220-yd. dash: Buckley '10, scratch, 1st.

Scannell '10, 6 yds., 2nd. 25 s.

440-yd. run: Hooper '14, 6 yds., 1st.

Osgood '12, 2 yds., 2nd. Time 54 2-5 s.

Mile run: Goldsmith '14, 40 yds., 1st.

Bell '11, scratch, 2nd. 5m-6s.

High jump: Colbert '12, 4 in., 1st.

D. Hill '11, 3 in., 2nd. Height 5, 10 1-2.

Broad jump: D. Hill '11, 1st.

Trainer '12, 2nd. Distance 18 ft., 3 in.

Shot put: Buckley '20, 1st.

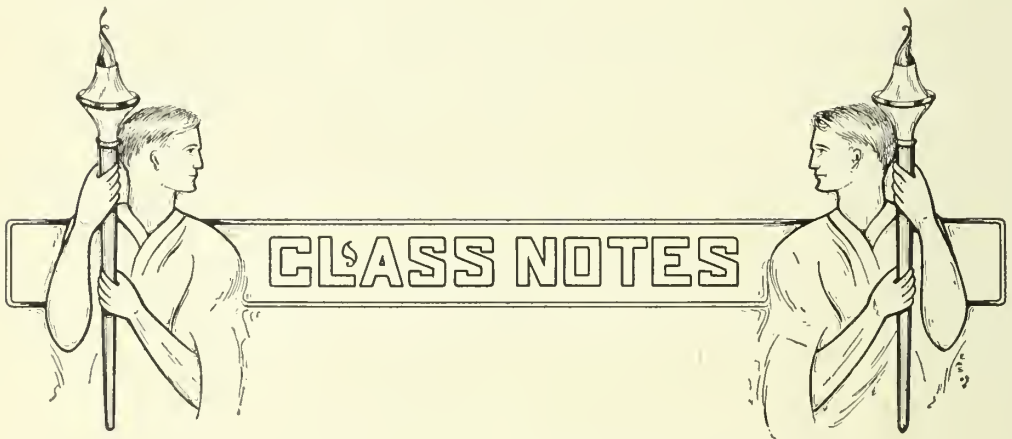
Hutchinson '10, 2 ft., 2nd. 37 ft., 4 in.

The afternoon's sport closed with a league game between Arlington and Woburn, which Woburn won 6-0. This was Arlington's first defeat in the league and naturally Woburn felt very much elated.

The success of the field day is due almost entirely to Mr. Scully and to Mr. Colton. Their work was of a very hard

and tiresome nature and the people do not realize how much the success of the field day is due to them.

On Friday, June 3, the hockey cup was presented to the school. Both Mr. Scully and Mr. Mitchell congratulated the school and the team. Mr. Mitchell then presented the individual members of the team with silver watch fobs.



1910

H—, (despairingly). "A thousand things rush about in my head."

Have you tried everything?

In History: "Marlborough was granted a *dowry* of several thousand pounds."

In German: "She is looking for her betrothed bridegroom." What relationship might that be?

Heard in History: "And when he realized that he was dead—."

"Edward had external and internal troubles." Poor thing; what were the latter? We didn't realize that nervous dyspepsia was invented then!

One of our Wits to Another: "Say, what does 'Not transferable' on a ticket mean?"

"Why, it means that you can't use it unless you use it yourself. See?"

"Thanks."

"Where are you going?"

"To pieces. Coming?"

Bless that comet for providing excuses in the English class.

Miss B—r (translating German.) "Tell enters and walks over the scenery."

Why, Wilhelm, what an acrobat you must have been!

Same person, in French. "She rose and brushed off the knees of her skirt." Now, do you believe that? Neither do we.

In economics. Question: "To what point would you call shoes capital?"

Answer: "When they're on their last legs."

Miss C—y (looking ruefully at her efforts at scansion.) "Oh, dear! I *scun* that line all wrong."

O U Proofs!

He. "You certainly are the limit!"
Moving his chair closer. "And I'm a variable approaching the limit."

Heard in corridor. The girls:

"Mine has rows of insertion and then—"

"Bastiste. Mama says she thinks—"

"Oh, no, short sleeves. I don't—"

"Yes, I've got an overskirt, all trimmed—"

"I *hate* to have my picture tak—"

"Doesn't he make you have a broad grin—"

"Suede; got 'em yesterday."

Chorus: "Oh, let's see your proofs!!"

The boys.

"Got your suits all pressed? Same here."

Good bye, everybody. We hope we haven't given any of our teachers nervous prostration.

Juniors, "it's up to you," in the words of the poet.

1911

Theories.

Hypothesis: a metallic box at bottom of a pool.

To prove: — that a pebble thrown therein will resound when striking box.

All demonstrations of the above will be thankfully received by Miss K—g.

Heard in English History.

"He was the grandson of a king's sister."

It's nice to be definite.

In English. Miss S—, about to read: "Shall I begin 'With a mournful voice?' " Heaven forbid!

What has dampened the spirits of Latin III? It can't be that Mr. L—is contemplating corporal punishment in place of his latest approved methods.

Who is the girl in Division A who tried to bribe her teacher before the French examination. Diplomatic!

Perhaps Miss J—n has had experience. It seems so by the way in which she translated in French. "She rushed at him with the dishpan."

Talk about delicacy! S— takes the cake — or the ring.

We hereby wish to inform Miss L— that every Augustus is not an Emperor, and one to demand such a deep obeisance.

One morning we were told that Miss T—y was trying to get into a drawer downstairs. But will wonders ever cease? Soon after, we were informed that she had finally succeeded in getting in.

The young men of to-day think that they originated the fashion of pressing

their pants, for about four thousand years ago, Phaeton "pressed his suit" before he started to drive his father's chariot. Sporty young man.

Don't some of the boys sound as though they were hiccupping when they scan iambic pentameter? *Scandalous!*

We'd enjoy those original poems better if we might know the name of the authoress. Don't be over modest.

For first class work of the promptest and most efficient kind in the transportation of books from the book-room to the lower floor, call in the Junior boys. M—h and C—k do excellent team work. They brought down the Deserted Village in half an hour.

M—h locked in book-room. Miss R—to the rescue. Great excitement.

Read C—k's love stories. Sweetest things!

There seems to be a great deal of trouble with the difference in meaning between "teach" and "learn." Get busy, Juniors; remember we're Seniors next year and must *learn* the others how to do things right.

Miss R—to Mr. H—in Room I: "Are you downstairs?"

1912

We believe that the Romans were advanced in civilization, but listen to this!

Pupil. "Constantius kept the Christians from teaching rhetoric."

Teacher. "How did that harm them?"

"Well, it kept them from teaching good English."

All important questions debated by 1912. Rates reasonable.

In response to the teacher's desire for direct statements, we get the following in German II.

Miss B. (quoting rule.) "The direct follows the indirect unless the indirect follows the direct."

Heard in German.

"He often remained a step behind that he might look into her eyes."

Rubber!

English II C.

Teacher. "What was Daniel Webster's peculiarity?"

Mr. L. (inspired, at last.) "He wrote a dictionary."

Latin II A.

Teacher. "What do you think of Caesar's cutting up a German tribe, like that?"

Mr. H. "I don't think he was very nice." Sympathetic, at least.

Miss M. "Do you think the other translation would be impossible?"

Pupil. "No, but I got this one into my head and it's hard to get it out."

Latin II B.

Pupil (translating.) "The piles (of Caesar's bridge) were let down by machines." Unanimous suggestion — "Sewing machines."

Translation in German II.

"With head bowed and arms crossed, she stepped over the door."

Good suggestion for an indoor track meet.

Not every Geometry class can claim a "Samson" in its ranks.

German II.

Mr. C. (translating.) "When she looked up he saw that she was full of tears."

Latin II B. Translations.

"Our men led the rebellion into winter-quarters." Cold-storage, perhaps.

"They threw down their anchors and began to fill up."

"He brought the commands of Caesar to them in the shape of an envoy."

1913

In English.

Miss M— "And now, Miss C— you may give a description of the albatross in the ancient mariner."

Miss C— "He had wings."

Miss M— "Master O. H., Describe the people whom Rip Van Winkle saw in the amphitheater."

Master H— "Why — er — one of them had a nose."

Miss M— "Master Allan, give the meaning of the conjunction 'and.'"

Master Allan (hesitating.) "Well — er — it means — something coming."

GERMAN CLUB NOTES.

On Friday evening, May 13, *der Mehr Kunde Verein* gave its first social and dance in the High School Hall. The hall was decorated with red, black and white, the colors of the German flag, which was hung over the stage. Linwood Orchestra furnished the music for the dancing, and refreshments were served at intermission. The committee having the evening in charge were Harlan Reycroft, chairman, Anna Barnes, Grace Barr, Mildred McKay and Philip Wood. It was a very enjoyable evening for those present.

Monday evening, June 13th, the last meeting of the Club for this year, took place. Anecdotes and papers were given as usual by members, and after the treasurer's report was read and other business concluded, the meeting was adjourned.

The out-going class wishes success to the *Mehr Kunde Verein* in the following years, for although still remaining members of the club, nevertheless, what the club is and will be, rests now with the classes which follow.

EXCHANGES.

The Clarion thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: The Register, Burlington, Vt.; E. L. H. S. Oracle; The Dean Megaphone; The Tuf-tanian and Tufts Weekly; The Æjis, Beverly, Mass.; and The Argonaut, Mansfield, Mass.

Some excellent stories, Central High Review; your paper is very well prepared.

Where is your exchange column, Par-Sem?

"Papillon" is an unusual story and one to be greatly commended, H. S. Gazette (Lynn).

Sunday School Teacher. "Joe, give me a quotation from the Bible."

Joe. "And Judas went and hanged himself."

Teacher. "Good, give another."

Joe. "Go thou and do likewise."

Senior: High School life at best is passing.

Gliding swiftly by;

Let us do our best to honor

The dear old Arlington High.

Spinster. "I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Bright Nephew. "Perhaps he did, but you haven't found him yet."

"Could any one, love, between us come?"

He asked in accents tender.

"Well," spoke the young brother under the sofa,

"He'd have to be awfully slender."

We attract hearts by qualities we display,
and hold them by qualities we possess.

He. "Do you like codfish balls?"

She. "I never attended one."

Domestic advice.

To remove paint—sit on it before dry.

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EDITORIAL

Welcome back everybody, teachers and classmates, new and old! Vacation times are happy, with their care free days, yet doesn't it seem good to get back again and begin to be busy to some real end? There's such a feeling of good-fellowship that seems to come in a rush after the two months during which we've all been scattered here and there. Class spirit is strong; yet higher than that comes school loyalty, which represents desire and pride in maintaining the standard of our High School. May that be your aim always.

We wish you all good luck and good cheer for 1910 and '11. It's now the beginning of another year! Another time to make new resolutions! Yes, but are you doing it, every one of you?

For you, Seniors, it is the last chance. Make good; make the record of your last

High School year the best of all; have it untarnished, worth while; be faithful, true to what your own mind, heart, and soul dictate; be yourselves, your own individual selves, from start to finish.

And you, Undergraduates, make the most of your opportunities; don't criticise your classmates; let the other fellow go his own gait unmolested; lend him an occasional hand if by so doing you can help, but don't hinder; remember you're only a drop in the bucket, yet a necessary one; don't expect the affairs of the whole school to hinge on your welfare; make friends and keep them; and live the year loyally.

In behalf of the school we wish to extend a welcome to Mr. Cross and Miss Flewelling who come to us this year as new teachers. Mr. Cross teaches Book-keeping, Commer-

cial Law, Commercial Arithmetic, United States History and Penmanship. He came here from Lowell High School, and is particularly well fitted for his work by a year of practical business experience in addition to two years at the Institute of Technology and two years at Harvard University. Miss Flewelling is a graduate of Boston University, and before coming to Arlington taught in the Plymouth High School. Her subjects are Chemistry, Zoology, and Physical Geography.

On Friday morning, Oct. 7th, the entire High School had the good fortune to hear Mr. and Mrs. Waldron give a lecture on glass blowing, made especially interesting by various experiments. The subject certainly seemed to appeal to everybody, and we feel greatly indebted to Mr. Scully and the Science Club, under whose auspices it was given, for such an enjoyable and instructive hour.

On Wednesday morning, November 2nd, the members of the High School assembled in the Hall to hear the reading of "Julius Caesar," by Raymond Herman Geist, of Columbia College. To say that everyone thoroughly enjoyed the presentation would be expressing it far too mildly. Mr. Geist was attired in Roman dress, and his impersonations were so excellent that even those who had never read the play could easily understand the plot and settings. Mr. Scully arranged the reading particularly for the members of the Junior Class who have just been studying "Julius Caesar."

A record of all replies received from the Alumni will be carefully kept, although it may not be possible to give space to all in this column. Thus inquiries regarding former members of A. H. S. will be gladly answered on receipt of a self-addressed envelope from the inquirer.

1910.

Ray Mauger is with the Associate Comedy Co. in New York.

Misses Caroline and Judith Everett and Miss Helen Stearns are attending Radcliffe College.

Miss Helen Crosby has entered Simmons College.

Jack Hutchinson and Edward Higgins are in the class of 1914 at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Frances Cronin has an excellent position as stenographer for the York & Whitney Co., Produce Commission Merchants, Boston.

Bradley Frost is in the class of 1914 at Dartmouth College.

Edna Easter is in the class of 1914 at Boston University.

Erma Johnson is in the class of 1914 at Radcliffe College, specializing in languages preparatory to teaching.

Muriel Brandenburg, '09, is with the John Hancock Life Insurance Co. in Boston.

Prescott Bigelow, '09, is a student at the Lowell Textile School in Lowell.

Dorothy Wyman, '09, is in the class of 1913 at Wellesley College.

Kenneth Churchill, '08, is in the class of 1912 at Bowdoin College and a member of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

Ernest Weston, '08, is taking a course in mechanics, preparatory to entering the automobile business.

Arthur Trowbridge, '02, is with Lockwood, Greene & Co., Boston, in the textile mill Machinery Installation Department.

Ethel Ober, '09, is assistant sewing teacher in the Arlington Public Schools.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

O-CHICUA-SAN.

O-Chiqua-San came mincingly up the garden path, a path overhung with wisteria vines; great masses of the lovely purple blossoms brushed her face as she passed, and well they might, for it was a lovely face that they touched; two merry brown eyes blinked roguishly from it; there was a retrouse rose and full red lips, and the rounded cheeks were flushed now prettily. She was humming as she walked some dainty Japanese air, elusive, yet with a vague hint of sadness. But O-Chiqua-San was not unhappy—most decidedly not. For did not the golden sun shine warmly down on her, and the deep blue sky smile tenderly, and had she not on her very prettiest kimona, and was she not going to tea with her very dearest friend, Yuwa Kiota? So it was not to be wondered that the light came and went in the soft brown eyes, and that the wild rose color flushed her cheeks. And it was no wonder that the Lieutenant Yotsua, home for the first time in eight years from service, rubbed his eyes and looked again, believing that it was just a fairy vision that came dancing toward him. As his shadow fell across the path, O-Chiqua-San looked up startled, and seeing the Lieutenant's gray eyes looking whimsically at her, stammered, "What wish you, soldier?" Then fearing that she had been bold, turned hastily and fled back down the path.

* * * * *

August twilight over all Japan! The fragrance of the honeysuckles drifting through the warm air: a few faint stars glimmering dimly in the sky yet blue. Twilight as it always is, full of deep shadows and redolent with faraway fragrances. O-Chiqua-San surveyed it all breathlessly from the veranda of her father's house, and thought long-

ingly of her school days just ended and the dreary monotony of the life that was to come. Her father sat there beside her, silent, as was his custom, and she stole a half-fearful glance at his stern features. Just now he had told her of the man she was to marry in a month—a man whom she had never seen and never would see till the wedding. Rebellious and angry, she had demurred, but there had been no relenting; it was her father's right to command her thus, and to that inevitable power she must mutely bow her head. Once she would not have cared, but now it was different: for had she not learned, in the many golden days spent in her father's garden, to love the young lieutenant and to dream happy thoughts of the time after the great war should end? O-Chiqua-San felt the bitter sobs rising in her throat and turned in sudden anger toward her father. But how could she explain? What was there to explain? What did her father know of that curious thing that the English teachers had told her was love? How could he understand, he who showed always the greatest respect and deference toward her mother, but never tenderness? Through the vague shadows a tiny spark, like a firefly, glowed steadily. It was the lieutenant's cigar, and somehow the light seemed to enter into her very heart and comfort its weary throbbing.

* * * * *

Lieutenant Yotsua was going away and O-Chiqua-San was going too. Far, far away in that foreign country of America they could find happiness together. Let the army claim him as a deserter; let the people brand her as an unbeliever; out there, under the blue skies and in the green flowery meadows, love awaited them and claimed them for her own.

O-Chiqua-San crept timidly from her father's house, down the wisteria lane, and out to the narrow path that ran along by the sea. Great breakers dashed their cold spray over her as she hurried on; the kind face of the moon vanished in dark foreboding clouds; and out there in the calm waters of the harbor shone the light of the steamship Wasona, sailing for America at daybreak. The sullen murmuring of a rising wind came to her ears, but louder than the wind something within her cried out; the spirit of her father was strong in her heart; over and over again sounded, *Honorable Father and Mother*. Suddenly she fell on her knees with wild sobbing, praying incoherently, "O Buddha, I have sinned much. I have defied the laws of my people and thee. I am unworthy. Make me, oh make me pure again!"

And out in the gloomy night, down by the sea, a soldier waited till gray dawn fell on Japan—waited for her who came not.

HER STUDY HOUR.

The clock in the hall struck half-past one, and hardly had the echo died away when the front door burst open and a hungry schoolgirl entered. She flung down an armful of books, ripped off her gloves and sweater, and with what remaining strength she had betook herself to the kitchen. A minute later she entered the dining room with a steaming plate of food, which she eyed with the greatest satisfaction. After a good twenty minutes she emerged from the dining room, gathered up the hateful stack of text-books and trudged up stairs.

As she passed her mother's room door a gentle, well-modulated voice called from within "Mary, have you much studying this afternoon?"

"O, packs, mother! I don't know how I can ever wade through it all!"

Then followed a lively discourse by

Mary, chiefly based on the injustice and inconsideration of teachers in general. Mother listened patiently; she had heard all this before and was getting used to it.

At last Mary passed on to her own room, dumped the books, and glared gloomily around, until her eye fell on a letter on her desk. With a pounce of delight she seized it and tore it open. She had recently made a rule never to let an answer wait over night, so of course she had to sit down and answer it at once. Perhaps if she had made the same rule concerning her lessons it would have been better for her.

At length, in an improved humor, she picked up her algebra and set to work. Then—

"Mary, will you answer the door bell, dear?"

"Surely, anything for a change," answered the person addressed with a relieved air.

That done, she again entered the room, just in time to see her pet pussy skilfully flip a sparkling goldfish from the globe on the table and dart under the bed with his prize. With a shriek she promptly followed, and then ensued a sharp struggle, from which she emerged victorious with the fish, minus his head. "Well, since you've kept the best part of him, you might as well have the rest," and she tossed poor goldies' tail to the angry cat.

Nursing her badly scratched hand she looked around for some solace for her affliction. She spied a new magazine, and, selecting an interesting story, curled up on the sofa, and was soon lost to the world. After a brief hour in storyland her brother called from without:

"Hi, Mary, toss down my football, will you?"

She seached long and diligently for that article, but at last appeared at the window. "I can't find it; if you want your old ball come up and get it. Don't expect me to wait on you."

"Mary, I don't like to hear you

speak in such a tone," reproved mother. "Well, you don't understand, mother. I am simply rushed to death over my lessons, and I hate to be interrupted," and with the air of a martyr she opened her French grammar. To be sure she spent five whole minutes in finding the place, but was really deep in her work when an automobile tooted under the window.

Slam went the book and she sprang to her feet. "Mother! here's John come to take me out. Mayn't I go? Oh, please say yes."

"But your lessons," feebly remonstrated mother.

"Oh, I can easily finish them this evening. All review Latin; no chem., and a little French. Oh, I can get that down in no time." How quickly the lessons diminished and her ability for doing them increased!

Of course she went; of course John simply had to be asked to tea; of course he stayed late, and, as a sequel, of course she said that night, when he had at last departed, "Mother, get me up awfully early in the morning. My lessons, you know. Two tests tomorrow."

And mother did know, and had known right along.

Margaret Birch, '12.

CHANGES ON CAPE COD.

Perhaps no district in New England has undergone so many changes as Cape Cod, the "right arm of Massachusetts."

Sixty years ago Cape Cod was an entirely different kind of place. The isolation from the mainland natural for a long cape, shaped as it was, was increased by the almost total absence of roads fit for travel.

This isolation by land from civilization turned all the interests of the people toward the sea. All commerce, and, indeed, all intercourse of any kind, was by water. Every harbor or inlet, both on the main shore and on the

many tidal rivers, had its wharves, where vessels, usually owned by the villagers themselves, came with everything necessary for the people. The fishing industry was then at its height, and every man or boy who was able took his dory out every day. A great many salt works were erected along the shores, and salt was distilled from the sea-water. The ambitions of the young men also turned toward the sea. There were very few whose greatest ambition was not to be master of a ship. The people might be said to have lived wholly from the sea.

The first thing which began to make a change on Cape Cod was the decline of the shipping industry, which was broken up by the Civil War. Then, fish became gradually scarcer. The coming of the railroad drew Cape Cod into closer communication with the mainland, and led the way for many changes, among them the coming of the summer residents. The building of the state roads, the most recent change, has brought the automobiles, and completed the transformation of Cape Cod.

Travelling on the roads of Cape Cod today, instead of being a long and wearisome grind through shifting heaps of sand, is better than in almost any other place in the state.

The change in Cape Cod's industries is remarkable. The shipping industry has almost died out, and there are no traces of the old wharves, except at a few important places. The few fishermen live—or rather exist—in miserable huts along the shore, and earn barely enough to keep alive. Of the salt works only a few rotted stumps remain. Nowadays, the great source of income is from the summer boarders. At the beginning of the two months' vacation season prices jump to double their former rate, and stay at that point all the season. This income, with that from the cranberry crop, is enough to support the natives for the rest of the year.

To an outsider, it really seems as if the character of the people has changed too, from a simple but social and hospitable people to a kind who remain shut up in their little white houses like oysters. However, to one who knows them well, they are still the same pleasant, kind and generous people that they were in former years.

At present it seems to be the general ambition of the young people, as it is in most country communities, to go to the city as soon as they can get enough money to pay their fares. This tendency toward the city is swiftly drawing away most of the original inhabitants, and soon there will be few real natives of Cape Cod.

People say that Cape Cod is not what it used to be, but there is a charm about its little villages with their white houses, its long, sandy beaches, its creeks and streams, and its slowly drifting tidal rivers, with their coves and inlets, which does not soon wear off. Whoever has spent a summer there will always have a kindly feeling in his heart for old Cape Cod.

Walter Horton, '12.

BIRDS OF THE AIR.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all new inventions is the aeroplane, flying through the air with its bird-like gracefulness.

The first opportunity we have ever had to witness these machines at home was given us early in September at Atlantic, about six miles from Boston, where ten or a dozen fine "ships" might be seen gliding through the air. One sitting on the grand-stand, seeing a big framework being led out from the hangars, the great engine started, the air pilot and possibly one or two passengers jump in, the ropes let loose, and whiz! the machine rise right up into the air, sail around for hours at a time, first going near the earth, and then soaring up amongst the clouds, only to come gradually down to earth

by long swoops, landing as lightly as a little sparrow and rolling along until it came to a stop within twenty feet of where it started from, its passengers stepping out without the slightest indications of having rushed through the air, would hold his breath, not having dreamed that such a thing could really be true, and hardly believing his eyes. To stand on the grand-stand and watch that daring English aviator start off in his little Bleriot monoplane, circle the field three times, and then strike off straight into the east for Boston Light, a distance of eight miles, until his darning needle faded from sight, and then to strain one's eyes in the gathering twilight until one saw at last a faint speck, gradually increasing in size, and heard the faint buzzing of the engine, gradually growing louder, and then to see it turn around the field, go over the same thing again, only to land on the field with the aviator feeling better than when he started off, is an experience beyond words to describe. To think of the chances of his ship's foundering, endangering his life, is enough to make one hold his breath.

What would our great-grandfathers and their grandfathers think if they should suddenly come back and realize these dreams of their age!

C. A. H., '12.

A SCENE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

I was seated on Riverside Drive trying to read a book. The afternoon was pleasant, and as I bathed in the sunlight I could not keep my mind on the story, but ever my eyes would wander to the glorious scene before me.

The lofty Palisades, with their topmost trees sweeping the sky, stood guard over the Hudson. Like sentinels they stood, silently, with their eyes fixed on the majestic river at their feet. The water was dotted with craft, mostly private yachts, whose white

sails spread out to the breeze. The wind was slowly rising, and, as the sun sank toward the west, I could see the water ripple under the touch of the breeze.

It was an exquisite sunset. As Phoebus in his golden chariot rode to rest behind the beautiful hills, the azure dome became tinted with the harmonious colors of the rainbow.

There seemed to be a flag in the sky, a flag that embraced the emblems of all nations. And as the heaven tints were reflected in the water, the snow-white sails of the boats reposed on the broad river like the stars on the broad field of blue, in our own national banner.

Mabel MacDonald, 1913.

THE RED LETTER DAYS OF OLD SPECKLE.

November 1.

Was put in a new house and coop under the barn today. Laid a big egg and had an awful fight with that egotistical Plymouth Rock pullet. I cut her comb all to pieces. This afternoon I flew over the garden fence and Jack caught me and ducked my head in a pail of water. Ugh! but it was cold and wet.

November 8.

Got up early and laid an egg before breakfast; then I had a warm meal mash. Jack says that there was a frost last night. The ground feels pretty cold this morning, if that is what he means.

November 11.

Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! I have laid an egg every day this week and Jack says that I am the best layer there ever was or ever will be. Got into the garden today and started to eat the biggest ripe tomato I could find. Jack chased me back into the coop before I

had half finished it. Mean thing! Went up into the hay in the barn loft and made me a new nest. I like it better than the old one in the house.

November 14.

I have laid five eggs in my new nest and no one has found it yet. Had another tomato today. No one caught me at this one. M-m-m! but it was good. I gave that Plymouth Rock a good hard pecking for trying to lay an egg in my nest.

November 17.

Jack found my nest today after I had laid eight eggs in it. Guess I made too much noise cackling over it. Took a walk into the flower garden. Gracious! the worms are fat and juicy in there. Lots of nice big bumblebees and fat butterflies too.

November 20.

Made a nest in Charlie's (he's the family horse) manger and Charlie has found it and eaten every egg I lay. Boo! Hoo! Jack was around today, so I had to stay in that old coop all day. Don't see what good coops are anyway!

November 22.

Oh joy! Jack has told me to come to dinner Thanksgiving Day. It made me feel so good that I laid the first egg I have laid since the 20th. And Jack laughed too, so I'll wager that there's going to be a fine time and lots of good things to eat like tomatoes, big fat worms, nice cake, cookies, and bumblebee pie, besides bran mash, wheat and cracked corn. I am not going to write any more until the day after Thanksgiving.

November 25.

? ? ?

Finis.

John K. Fleming, '13.

A-POUTING AT THE "OLD POND HOLE."

When the crickets begin to sing, when the sun's last rays fade from the sky and the tinkle of cow bells is stilled, then in a lonely, out-of-the-way little cove (known as the "Old Brickyard Pond Hole") of the Nashaway horn-pouts in abundance begin to bite; also mosquitoes, as father, who is experienced in such matters, remarks.

On a late August afternoon with leaping hearts and dancing steps, two young aspirants of the piscatorial art trudged merrily down the long dusty hill, under the leadership of an equally enthusiastic father and his boyhood chum. From the green intervale below the river sparkles and dimples in the red-gold rays of the lowering sun, beckoning and urging us on. It is but a matter of minutes before the foot of the hill is gained and the bridge crossed. Then quickly from its shadow underneath the little skiff is unmoored and, caught by the gentle current, we go gliding noiselessly over the polished surface of an endless winding mirror. For in the clear deep waters all the beauties of the sunset are pictured and made tenfold as glorious.

In contrast to the brilliance of the clouds the trees and bushes lend their darker and soberer tones to the reflections. Here dark pines thrust bold outlines against tints of rose and gold; here the radiance of the sky is tempered by the feathery green shadows of weeping willows; and there graceful young birches lean far out over the water as though vainly gloating over the fair reflections of their glistening white trunks and silvery leaves; and here again bright crimsons and yellows are broken by a fallen tree, its mossy, decaying trunk thrusting itself far across the stream. But while we are all lost in silent admiration the sun quickly, silently slips down behind the distant mountain. The heavens lose their

crimson flush and cold, bright yellow gradually spreads over the west. A few lingering touches of gold illuminate the fast disappearing clouds, but the reflections are lost in black and purple shadows.

It is high time now that we put the unused oars into service, for we must hasten on. So, with a few quick, strong strokes, we round a bend and see, rising straight ahead, a wall of stern black pines standing out in sharp relief against the yellow sky. To the right the river makes a sharp curve, then flows quietly on. To the left it backwaters into the lonely little nook, the "Old Brickyard Pond Hole."

Slowly and painstakingly we thread our way in between the weeds and snags which guard the entrance. How still and black the water is. Weeds reach long slimy grasping fingers to the surface as though eager to catch and hold some victim in their clutches. On one side the water's edge is overshadowed by the black pines; on the other it dwindles away and is lost among the rushes. Far across their desolate expanse a long-abandoned brick-kiln rears its gaunt silhouette against the twilight sky.

Stealthily, in order not to disturb the fish, we lower anchor and drop the well-baited lines, then sit back to await our fortunes. The fading colors of the west are now hidden by the barrier of pine trees and all is quiet—that short, strange silence which sometimes comes when the day has just departed and all nature, hushed, seems to wait for the coming of night. Then a little sighing breeze springs up from nowhere, rustling sadly through the marsh grass, while the tall cat-o'-nine-tails bow their heads solemnly before it. The spell is broken and we know night is here. From the brake a frog pipes a hoarse song, while all frogland joins in the refrain—a weird mixture of minor keys. To overtop all a cricket puts in his shrill obligato from the pine bank,

at first with a brave attempt at gait, but soon trailing off into a thin, woe-ful strain.

Meanwhile, where are those horn-pouts? Not one of us has been blessed even by a nibble and I am lamenting our ill-luck, when—

"O! O-o-o! It's biting—some-thing's biting!" I scream, holding on to my line with both hands, but not venturing to draw it in.

"What? A mosquito?" coolly in-quires my exasperating dad.

"A horn-pout! A horn-pout!" I shout, becoming slightly confused in my excitement, but, gathering my senses together enough, begin to pull the line in, with more energy than skill. And when, after a struggle, that small creature is "landed" in the bot-tom of the boat, I am ready to execute a war dance, though there are better places for such things than a small rowboat in the middle of a pond. Evi-dently this has been the turning point of our luck, for immediately afterwards father pulls in a fine one, all the time making a great show of indifference, but really as much excited as I, under-neath. In turn the other two pull in their lines, with results that make us feel no longer downcast.

While our collection is thus increas-ing the moon has risen high and its sil-very reflection lies glimmering on the quiet water. A mist has slowly been creeping in over the marsh, envelop-ing all in its ghostly shroud of white. The frogs have ceased croaking and only the melancholy cry of a whip-poor-will is occasionally wafted to our ears. After our first stroke of good luck there comes a lull, and while we wait in silence the moon is moving ever steadily on its course. Now it hangs just above the tall pines, then slowly, almost imperceptibly, it sinks till it rests on their tops, lingering there a moment to give us warning, then drops from sight, leaving only the faint glimmer of the stars to light our homeward way. For home we must

go. The pouts have retired to their watery beds, where fat and wriggling worms no longer tempt them, and naught but bats and owls keep vigil. So, between the treacherous guards of this gloomy hole we pass out onto the dark, mysterious river. Its cold, damp breath comes full in our faces as we turn up-stream, and, shivering, we shrink farther into our sweaters. On we creep through the darkness and the mist, past dim, uncertain banks, past black, unfamiliar shapes. At intervals, along the water's edge, burn bluish phosphorescent lights like the glowing eyes of animals in the dark. Still we press on past more horrible black shapes and shadows and strange de-luding reflections cast by the banks under the lantern's ray. At last the feeble outline of the old bridge rising before us in the flickering light is dis-cerned and hailed with joy. Then, once again, with the firm dry earth be-neath us, we start laboriously up the steep hill, not quite as gleefully as we came down, for we all are somewhat stiff from our long cramped postures, but very content with the prospect be-fore us of warm dry beds and a "ga-lumptious" pout chowder for the mor-row.

Louise Bateman, 13.

BLACK FEATHER.

Fort Whipple, Montana, among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1887, was not a beautiful place; neither was it a place of safety, the very reason of my being there showing it to be so, for I and my troop of infantry had been sent to Whipple early in November to help subdue the uprising of the Blackfoot Indians, many of whom were in that region.

On the morning of the day after my arrival some of us stood talking with Col. F——, in charge of the Indians at the fort. We knew him to be a hard man, disliked by his junior officers

and hated by the Blackfeet. Pointing out a little group of them digging a trench at the foot of the slope, he remarked that they were the worst creatures to get to work at anything that he had ever seen. "But," he said, "I guess that I've got 'em in hand now. I don't believe they'll try any tricks while I'm here."

However, from the sullen look of the Indians, we very much doubted if Col. F—— had indeed succeeded in wholly taming these creatures of the wild. Even while we looked, one young brave threw down his shovel, picked up his gayly-hued blanket from the ground, and prepared to walk away. The colonel, muttering explosively, hurried down the hill after him. We watched him apprehensively, not knowing what the Indian's savage temper might lead him to do. The parley at the foot of the hill waxed hot, when, without a moment's warning, there was a flash, a report, and the colonel fell dead upon the sands, while the Indian, more fleet of foot than a white man can ever hope to be, sped to the corral, caught a pony, and was away like the wind.

We had stood watching as if petrified, but when he had gone there was wild excitement. Nobody knew what to do, until the Chief of Scouts, Al Seiber, as he was called by the Indians, appeared. In an hour a posse for the search was ready, consisting of myself, the other junior officers of A Troop and Al Seiber; and we pressed into the fastnesses of the hills. Although there were a hundred ways that Black Feather, the young fugitive that we were pursuing, might have taken, yet Al Seiber never seemed at a loss as to which was the right path.

A long day we searched, and at night made camp under a bluff, only to renew the hunt the next day. At the altitude where we were, the air was stinging cold, and now and then flurries of snow hid the pass from us. On the morning of the third day we were

almost discouraged and ready to give up, when we came suddenly up to the object of our search, sitting on the ground, nearly unconscious from hunger and exhaustion, for his horse had given out and he had been obliged to continue on foot. He made little resistance when we made him prisoner, indeed we almost wished that he had made more, for we were not particularly jubilant over the capture.

All that day we travelled toward the fort, but night found us a number of miles from there, and we were obliged to make camp in the pass. The clouds were heavy with snow when the sun went down, but we were not prepared for the blizzard that overtook us that night. Consternation reigned in the morning; even Mr. Leighton, the Al Seiber of the Indians, was non-plussed. The pass was entirely blocked and we were without provisions.

Then Black Feather, who had hitherto seemed in a sort of stupor, signified to us that he would take the lead, and take it he did, and, with the unerring instinct of the Indian, the young Blackfoot led us along the perilous pass. All went well for a while and our spirits rose, when Al Seiber slipped on a treacherous bit of ice, threw up his arms and fell heavily with a groan. We tried to raise him, but, strong men that we were, it was almost impossible, much more so to try to carry him. Then again Black Feather stepped forward without a word, raised the man, and, signifying to us to help, he moved along at the head of the little procession.

It seemed ages to us before we reached the post, exhausted and almost frozen. Black Feather did not falter, however, though in a much worse condition than we were. He carried Al Seiber to his quarters and laid him on the bed, saved by an Indian's faithful love.

Then Black Feather drew his splendid stature up to its fullest height and said, in the musical Indian tongue:

"I gave death to him whom I hate
in revenge for the death of my father
at his hand." Then he glanced toward
Al Seiber and his face softened—"but
for Al Seiber, whom I love, I give my
life," and he fell forward lifeless.

Laura Robinson, '14.

TRANQUILLITAS.

The broad expanse of ocean now lies
still,
Save for the constant lap along the
shore,
Where all the shifting foam-sails dip
and fill;
And overhead the moon, in majesty,
Her silver light pours down on all
around—
A fitting symbol of Eternity.

TEMPESTAS.

'Gainst jagged cliffs the fierce waves
dash,
In the night,
To ease the awful dark and ship-
wreck's clash.
Oh, for light!
Alice M. Cotton, 1912.

"OUR CHEER IS RINGING FREE."

There came a cheer across the field,
That banished all our fear,—
A rousing cheer of nine long rahs,
Which echoed far and near.

Along the whole side-line it rolled,
And swelled with one accord,
Then to the courts, and on, still on,
Across the water broad.

A passing train did answer back
A whistle long and shrill,
As if it, too, had seen the pass,
And felt its hot heart thrill.

Then "Ar—ling—ton" we heard them
yell.

And hats flew in the air,
Their "boom—click—boom" and "sis
—boom—bah"

Showed something up for fair.

They slapped each other on the back,
And danced like madmen round;
The noise they made, though turbu-
lent,

Was yet a joyful sound.

And from the girls arose sweet strains,
The Field Song, loud and clear:—
The Red and Gray forever more!
Fight on: for you we cheer!

Now why these sounds to stir the
heart,

And gladden mind and soul?
Our team has made the one touch-
down,

And Buttrick's kicked the goal!

H. W. L., '11.

HALLOWE'EN COMPANIONS.

Hallowe'en, but once a year,
Comes with all her pals so queer.

The crabbed witch, with pointed nose,
Whose cheeks are not much like the
rose,
Rides on her broom-stick through the
air;
And with her cat makes quite a pair.

And from the shadows springs a ghost,
Not many dimples can she boast;
Her shroud, so full and leaden white,
Moves ghastly in the black, black
night.

Then Jack o' Lantern, merry chap,
Is out tonight without a cap;
For Hallowe'en is scarce complete
Unless his jolly grin we meet.

And last, not least, the Man in the
Moon,
Comes out this time, though not too
soon.

His silver light down here we need
The witch's fateful words to read.

But all the revellers haste away,
 When first they see the break of day.
 Another year we'll find them met
 On pranks and charms and fortunes
 set. G. A. B., '11.

The class of 1912 had hardly recovered from the shock of the loss of its beloved president, James C. Blevins, who passed away in the early summer, when it was again saddened by the death of another classmate, Oscar W. Zamore, on October 9, 1910.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

The following themes, written for this number of the "Clarion," have been selected by the instructors in English for Honorable Mention:

1911.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts,
 Dorothy Black
 A Hallowe'en. Edith Estabrooke
 The Morning After. . . Harlan Raycroft
 King Autumn and His Domain
 Philip Wood
 Matthew Toothacher's Ghost
 Elizabeth Yerrington

1912.

The Visit of Halley's Comet in 1984.
 Bertram Dallin
 The Fairies of Old. Annie McGrath
 At the Aviation Meet. . . Eleanor Russell
 The Reversible Falls of St. John
 Blanche Whelpley

1913.

The Man Who Forgot. Eva Alsen
 Sales Girl No. 44. Mary Donnelly
 Hunting the Swordfish. . . Roger Hadley

1914.

A Country Lane. Marion Bushee
 Tommy's Bath. . . Katherine Eberhardt
 The Making of Rubber Raincoats
 Gaylord Goldsmith
 The Return of the "Boys"
 Elton Mansell
 Buying a Wild Horse in the West,
 Lorenzo Rimbach
 The Passing of the U. S. Fleet
 through the Golden Gate
 Olive Wheaton
 A June Morning. Alma Whelpley

EXCHANGE JOKES.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before; no sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, beating as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek, then silence, another shriek, and all silence save for a guttural murmur which seemed to well up from her inmost soul. She left the place. . . . She would lay another egg to-morrow.

JACK SANFORD, 1912.



The new constitution which was adopted by the Athletic Association at the beginning of the school year has made a radical change in the management of athletics in the High School and by it the faculty for the first time gains a controlling influence in their government. Under the new constitution every pupil in the school, whether boy or girl, becomes a member of the Association upon the payment of the membership fee of seventy-five cents a year, or ten cents a month. This membership embraces the privilege of attending, free of charge, every contest held under the auspices of the Association.

The officers of the Association are the same, except that a board of nine directors replaces the former athletic committee of three. This board is composed of three members of the faculty, three undergraduates of the school, and three members of the alumni. At the first meeting on October 17, the following officers were elected:

President : Lawrence Münch, '11.

Vice-pres. : Harrie Dadmun, '12.

Secretary : Harriet Bartlett, '11.

Treasurer : A. H. Smith of the faculty.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Faculty,—Prin. F. C. Mitchell, Supt. J. F. Scully, Sub-master A. H. Smith.

Undergraduates,—Harlan Reycroft, '11, Henry Trainor, '12, Louis Ross, '13.

Alumni,—Robert C. Clifford, '08, Arthur B. Pierce '10, S. Trafford Hicks, '06.

The collectors for the various classes are :

1911,—Lawrence Münch, Harriet Holt.

1912,—Abbott Smith, Rachel Tuttle.

1913,—Charles Parris, Harriet Bullard.

1914,—Harold Kimball, Ida Tierney.

FOOTBALL.

Upon the resignation of Capt.-elect Fred O'Brien of the football team, who left school to enter Dean Academy, a meeting of the players was held on Sept. 12, and Harlan Reycroft, '11, right end on last year's team, was elected to fill the vacancy. Immediately after his election, Capt. Reycroft issued a call for candidates and about forty responded. Henry Conroy, an old football player and a member of the Harvard 2d squad, was appointed coach and succeeded in developing a powerful organization.

Manager Robinson arranged a practice game with Belmont High on Sept. 28. Arlington outplayed their opponents from start to finish, winning by the score of 23 to 0. On the following Saturday the team played a scoreless tie with Wayland High. Both teams were evenly matched and the game furnished many exciting moments.

On October 8, Wellesley High was defeated, 18 to 0. Arlington's remarkable forward passes bewildered their opponents, who had expected an easy victory. Trainor

and H. Reycroft played a fine game and McWeeney's 38 yd. run for a touchdown through the whole Wellesley team, was a feature.

On the morning of Columbus Day the team played another no-score game, this time with Cambridge Latin. Although outweighed almost 20 pounds to a man, the home team put up a plucky game. At one time they held Cambridge for downs with the ball less than one foot from the goal line and on the next play Hind made one of the most sensational plays of the day when he punted from behind his goal line to mid-field.

On October 15, Arlington defeated Woburn High, 11 to 0. The first touchdown was made when George Lowe blocked Hubbard's place kick on Arlington's 20 yd. line and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. The second was the result of a forward pass, Münch to Trainor.

On October 22, Arlington sustained its first defeat and incidentally was scored on for the first time, Everett turning the trick, 16 to 0. The strength of the Everett backfield and the weakness of the Arlington line was the cause of the defeat.

On October 29, Milton High was defeated 6 to 0. Woods Low, who had been out of the game for a month, signalized his return by kicking a neat goal from placement from the 40 yard line. Charles Parris contributed the other score by dropping a goal from the 25 yd. line, two minutes before the close of the game.

On November 2, Arlington and Dedham High played a 5 to 5 tie. The game was marred by frequent wrangles over the rules. Wendell Reycroft scored for Arlington in the second period, and Kappaun for Dedham in the third. Woods Low again injured his shoulder and was forced to retire from the game.

The general line-up of the teams in most of the games has been: Trainor lc, Cousins, (W. Lowe) lt, G. Lowe, (Plaisted) lg, Buttrick c, Dadmun, (Hooper) rg, Arthur Smith rt, H. Reycroft, (Kelley) re, Münch (Bell) qb, Ross, (W. Reycroft) lhb, McWeeney, (Parris) rhb, Hind (McWeeney) fb. Of the substitutes, Currier, Colbert, Campbell, Abbot Smith, Tuttle, Hutchinson, Jardine and Rouse have shown up well.

BASEBALL.

Henry Trainor, '12, who played third base on the team which last year won the championship of the Mystic League, has been elected captain of the baseball team for next spring, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Fred O'Brien. Trainor put up a hard fight for the batting cup last year against Capt. Hill, and it remained for the final game to decide the winner. He is well fitted to make a successful captain.

HOCKEY.

Freest Osgood, '12, last year rated as one of the fastest school-boy forwards in the state, has been chosen to fill Ward Chick's place as captain of the hockey team.

A. H. S. A. A.

Treasurer's Report for Period Ending October 31, 1910.

Receipts.

Rec'd from Collectors for dues.....	\$120.25
" " Outside Sources.....	53.56
" " Wayland Game. :	6.70
" " Wellesley "	5.20
" " C. L. S. "	12.50
" " Everett "	12.50
" " Milton "	12.00

Total Receipts.....\$222.76

Expenditures.

For Marking Field (2).....	\$5.00
" Goal Posts and Lime.....	3.88
" Drugs and Supplies.....	1.00
" One Football.....	1.00
" Receipt Books.....	1.00
" One Ball Cord.....	.07
" Postage.....	6.50
" Stationery, Printing.....	13.50
" Belmont Game.....	1.50
" Wayland "	10.00
" Wellesley "	13.10
" C. L. S. "	5.00
" Woburn "70
" Cambridge "	1.70
" Milton "	7.50

Total Expenditures.....\$71.45

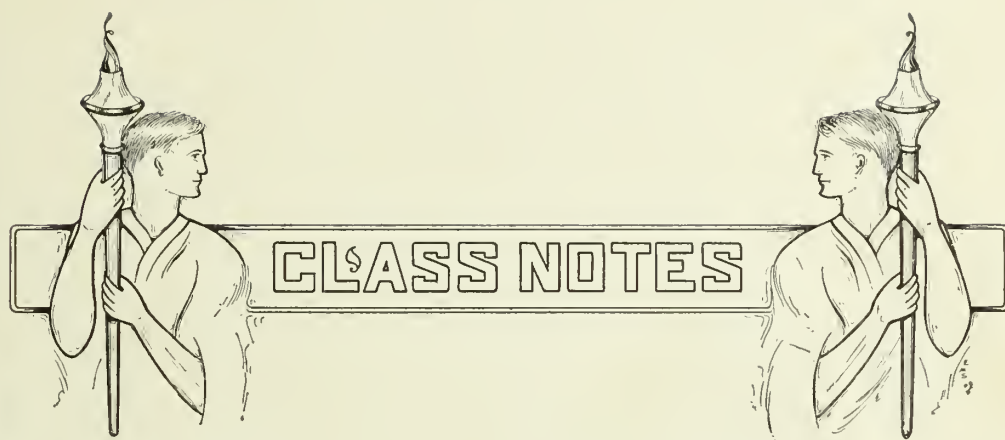
Bal. on Hand.....\$151.31

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I have examined the above report and find it correct.

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.



Class of 1911.

The officers of the class are:—President, Harlan Reycroft; Vice President; Harriet Holt; Secretary, Blanche King, Treasurer, Roger Bell.

Wanted. A member of History IV whose vocabulary is not being enlarged daily.

Brilliancy, thy name is Freshman algebra.

Pay up your Class Dues.

Per order,

R. W. Bell, Treasurer.

Query: What was the face value of Helen of Troy!

History IV. Miss Y— will do well to pull the map down farther when locating Cnossus.

Mr. S— says that Miss T— has no knows (nose). Nobody knows but we think Miss T— knows that she has a knows (nose).

A heart rending sob creaks the silence,

Nobody turns his head,

Somebody snickers unfeelingly

“It’s Miss B— sneezing,” she said.

Class of 1912.

Chemistry.

Teacher. “What does a blacksmith do?”

Unanimous reply, “Bellows.”

English History.

One of Alfred’s military reforms:—“He

left part of the army at home and part in training, so that the fields and the army could be cultivated at the same time.” The thought of such strenuous reforms makes it no wonder that Mr. D. should say that Alfred the Great retired to the woods for his “health.”

Chemistry.

Mr. S. announces that oxygen aids indigestion.

But air contains oxygen, so moral—Don’t breathe.

In Latin III we hear of two “impending kings.”

Extract from the Junior dictionary:—

“The portcullis is the wall around a castle.”

English III.

Mr. K. “Lynette was proud of Gareth, even though he was a kitchen knife.” Cutting remark.

Latin III.

Miss B. repeatedly pronounces “cuncta.”

Sotto Voice remark, “You sound like a frog.”

English History.

“Augustine saw some young men ‘for sale’ in the Roman Forum.”

Apply to Thomas Cook & Son for the cheapest rates to Rome.

In the Botanical Laboratory.

Teacher. “We’ll have it quiet, please.”

Clever Scholar. “You can hear the clock tick.”

Come down to the Botanical Laboratory during a Chemistry exam and see the wall of books around each examination paper.

Pupil translating French, about a dance, "An outdoor staircase."

Master E. "Could it be translated fire escape?"

Wonder if he was thinking of dances at the Town Hall.

English.

Pupil. He died pining for it and still she would not let him go.

How strange!

Resolved:—That geographies ought to be provided for the Freshman history classes.

Class of 1913.

Miss M. in English. "Miss C., who was the Knight?"

Miss C., in her usual ladylike voice, "Ivanhoe."

Miss M., exasperated. "You don't know! Well, why don't you know?"

Teacher. "Master C., tell what you know of the Pilgrim fathers."

Master C. "They came from Scandinavian and went to Denmark.

We learned in English that the Lady Rowena was a bundle of mire, also that Cedric had a two-legged sword.

Class of 1914.

Our class at a recent meeting elected the following officers:

President,—Paul Kanaly.

Vice-President,—George Salt.

Treasurer,—Edward Mead.

Secretary,—Olive Wheaton.

Class Dues ten cents per month; please pay promptly.

In General History.

Miss T. "Can you locate North America on the map?"

Miss K. "Yes." (Pointing to Spain.)

In Physical Geography.

Miss F. "What else do they raise on the desert besides dates?"

Master R. "Ivory."

Miss F. "What people inhabit the desert?"

Master Y. "No Maids." (No mads.)

CLUB NOTES

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

The Club came together for the first time on December 13, 1909. It was open to all who were especially interested and willing to do their part. Between twenty and thirty students met this first time and made plans for the ensuing year. It was decided that the club should meet every two weeks, and that a different presiding officer should be elected for each meeting, but a permanent secretary was elected to keep the records for the year. A board of directors, which consisted of the principal and two students, was elected. This board prepared the program for each meeting, which usually consisted of three or more

interesting experiments to be demonstrated and explained before the club. Original experiments, however, were by all means the most acceptable to the members. Of these were two, which, as far as any one has been able to find out, have never been demonstrated in a like manner before. The first of these was a well conceived experiment on the relative proportion between the flow and the length of the arms of a siphon, performed by Horatio W. Lamson. The second was an experiment on centrifugal force in which the apparatus, as well as the demonstration, was original. In fact it is the simplest apparatus which, as yet, has been invented for the collecting of

data on centrifugal force. This experiment has been written up with drawings, description and data and published in "School Science and Mathematics," a scientific magazine of great merit. The Taylor, Bisbee Co. feels very much flattered over its success. This year's outlook is even brighter than that of last year, but the Club wants and needs all those who are truly interested in science. Don't miss the chance.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

The German Club, "Der Mehr Kunde Verein," has resumed its meetings under the direction of Mr. Smith. There have been two meetings thus far. At the first meeting, which was held the latter part of September, the different officers for the coming year were appointed as follows:—Mr. Smith, president, Mr. Münch, vice-president, Miss Danforth, secretary, and

Mr. Lamson, treasurer. Besides these officers, an advisory board was elected to assist Mr. Smith. Those appointed were Miss Barr, Miss Bining and Mr. Wood. After the elections, plans for the coming year were considered. It was decided to elect a temporary chairman to preside over each meeting after the business had been carried on, and to have the meetings of the club the second Tuesday of each month.

The second meeting was held the second Thursday of October, in the Physical Laboratory. After the business had been discussed, Mr. Münch took the office of acting chairman to preside over the meeting. Those taking part were Miss Thomas, who gave the life of Freitag, and Mr. Wood, who gave a sketch of "Lohengrin;" both being well given. Following this Miss Bisbee gave a most interesting account of German life and customs, which all enjoyed hearing. The meeting closed by carrying on a conversation in German.

EXCHANGES

Friend. In what course does your son graduate?

Father. *In the course of* time, from the books of things.

The Secret.

She. "I don't see how the Freshmen keep their little caps on their heads."

It. "*Vacuum pressure.*"

Polite Pedestrian (at crowded crossing). "Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet."
"Oh that's all right, it's what I use them for myself."

Prof. "What did Homer write."

Fresh. "The Idiot and the Oddity."

We know that pears plus apples doesn't equal apple-pears, but *why shouldn't* it equal p(e)ared apples.

Teacher. "After what did Virgil model his Aeneid?"

Bright Pupil. "Longfellow's 'Evangeline.'"

"The Imp," Brighton High School, contains two very good stories, but *why not have* an exchange column?

"The Greylock Echo," of Adams, has a fine exchange column. The Alumni column is good, but stops at 1883 and does not commence again *until* 1908. The cover design is very neat.

In "The Holton," Danvers High School, the class history is very cleverly written.

The stories of "The Aegis," Beverly High School, are fine, especially the one entitled "Out for Practice," but they are scattered. The exchange column is very good.

The alumni column of "The Dean Megaphone" is an excellent one, but it is in two different places.

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(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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EDITORIAL

"Time and tide wait for no man"—neither does Christmas. "Humph," you say, "as if anybody wanted it to." But how often one hears such bemoanings and bewailings as, "Oh dear, I haven't a thing ready and I haven't the faintest idea what to give Aunt Mary! I do wish Christmas was another month off." Do we hear a contemptuous snicker from our masculine readers? Well then, how about this boys: "Oh what's the use of bothering. Mother'll get those things and I can work Sis to buy the rest—easy! if you know how!" And the Christmas Spirit that ought to be in it all is sadly missing.

And what does it all amount to anyway, this Christmas Spirit? Just simply a de-

sire to bring happiness into the lives of all whom you may reach in this way, just to be glad for the mere fact of living, just to feel that you have made the day a little brighter for someone else, just to laugh a little more heartily, live a little more thankfully and love a little more tenderly.

So may we say to you all—Merry Christmas and a joyful Yule Tide.

"I pray the prayer that the Easterns do.

May the Peace of Allah abide with you."

On Friday night, November 18th, the teachers, with the assistance of the members of the Senior class, gave a reception to the parents of the High School pupils in the High School Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell,

the teachers of the High School and the School Committee received their guests in groups about the hall, making the evening an informal and cordial one. Punch and crackers were served during the evening. Music was furnished by the High School Orchestra, with piano solos by Harrie Dadmun and Marian Young, and a violin solo by Forrest Osgood. A like reception has never before been attempted, and its evident success gives promise for future events of a similar nature. There were about two hundred present.

On Tuesday, November 22nd, during the 6th period, Reverend Mr. Maseck read an excellent lecture, accompanied by stereopticon views, on "The True Sportsman." The name speaks for itself, and it is needless to say that the subject held the interest of all.

The High School members were greatly privileged Friday evening, December 2nd, in hearing Mr. Frederick Poole talk on Pekin, China, and in seeing the very interesting and remarkable pictures which he had succeeded in obtaining in that country. Mr. Poole is a very easy speaker and has the faculty of coating merely instructive facts with a touch of humor which attracts the listener readily. He brought with him Mr. Woo, who played on various Chinese instruments and sang in both Chinese and English to the interest and delight of all present.

Mrs. Meade, who addressed the members of the School last year on "Patriotism," spoke about "Peace and War" to us this year on Friday, December 9th, during the last period. To cover such a vast subject in so short a time requires no little condensing of material and Mrs. Meade comes to the point in such a way as to leave no doubt in the mind of the listener concerning her grasp of and interest in her subject.

"The Colonel's Maid," a three act drama, was presented under the auspices of the Athletic Association, at the Town Hall, on the evening of November 30. The cast:—

Colonel Robert Rudd,	-	Horatio Lamson, '11
Colonel Richard Byrd,		Harrie Dadmun, '12
Marjorie Byrd,	- -	Gertrude Thomas '11
Bob Rudd,	- -	Lawrence Münch, '11
Mrs. J. John Carroll,	-	Eleanor Hatch, '12
Julia Carroll,	- - -	Blanche King, '11
Ned Graydon,	- - -	Louis Ross, '13
Mr. James Baskom,	-	Wendell Reycroft, '13
Ching Ah-Ling,	- -	Forrest Osgood, '12

The play was under the direction of William O. Partridge, Jr., and was presented before a large and appreciative audience. The plot of the play is built around the efforts of a crusty o'd colonel, his son, and a Chinese cook to keep house. These attempts gave rise to many amusing complications. After the play dancing was enjoyed until midnight. The committee in charge consisted of Forrest Osgood, chairman; Horatio Lamson, treasurer; Harrie Dadmun, Blanche King, Harriet Holt.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A Tragedy of 1785.

The valley of the Nashua is a beautiful region to-day, but it was even more beautiful in the year 1785. The river flowed for miles through an unbroken forest, and reflected, mirror-like, the wild glory of the pines and oaks upon its banks. Here and there appeared wide stretches of smiling meadows, breaking the monotony of the forest regions.

Gaining in strength the river flowed on peacefully until it reached the rapids at Groton. Here in a clearing, had been built a rough, wooden structure, a mill, both for sawing logs and grinding grain brought by neighboring settlers. For years it had been standing there, a fore-runner of modern industry, and only by means of its adjoining dam had the lazy river been stopped in its useless career and forced to work.

On a warm afternoon in early summer, the miller stood idly by his saw. Before him the water sparkled and shimmered in the golden light, and all about birds sang sweetly. But the miller neither saw nor heard. His eyes were fixed on the landscape in the hazy distance, and his arms hung listlessly by his side. He was thinking of the Revolution which was barely over, of the awful scenes of blood-shed that he had witnessed, of homes that had been made desolate and hearts sorrowful, and he was thankful that peace was to reign once more in the land.

His thoughts went farther back to the days of his youth, the days when Indians were so numerous in that region. Then the very name "Indian" would send a shiver through his frame and even now his blood ran cold as he thought of the skirmish in which he

had killed an Indian chief, and of the dark words of revenge uttered by Powchewa, the young son of the dead Indian. He remembered the look of fierce hatred that had darkened the boy's face as he vowed that he would never rest until his father's death had been avenged. He thought of the ghastly scar on the cheek of the young savage, which made the face more wicked. That scar was branded on his memory as idelibly as on the face of Powchewa.

At this point in his reflections he was interrupted by the arrival of his little grandson, the chief delight of the man in his declining years. The little fellow was greatly excited. Before the miller had a chance to greet him he exclaimed:

"Oh grandpa! I was in the store this morning and an Indian, a real Indian, came in and brought something. I stayed and watched him, and he was awful tall and he had a big scar on his cheek."

"What! an Indian? What did you say about a scar on his cheek?"

"Why he had a big mark from his eye to his lip 'cause I saw it. I'm glad you made me this bow and arrow. Now I can shoot him if he dares come round here. Won't you make me some more arrows to-day, grandpa, please?"

The grandfather made no reply, but a gleam of understanding shone in his eyes, and he nodded his head slowly, muttering, "A scar from his eye to his lip,—it must be he." He stood still a few moments, a puzzled expression on his face. Suddenly he started up and began to work busily, apparently forgetting his little visitor.

The little fellow stayed a while, but finding nothing to do, and seeing that his grandpa would make no arrows for

him, he started for home, leaving the miller working diligently.

Within a short time the old man had made a reproduction of himself. It was a figure clothed in an old suit, with a slouch hat drawn low over his eyes.

Setting the figure where it could be easily seen from outside the mill, he stepped forward, eyeing it with satisfaction.

Darkness was now approaching, and with rapid movements he lit the torches, set the machinery in motion, and, taking his trusty rifle from its nail, examined it carefully, loaded it, and withdrew into the darkness behind a pile of logs.

An hour passed slowly. The watcher heard only the water dashing and foaming over its rocky bed, and the great wheel turning slowly, as if loth to work over-time.

Suddenly a rifle shot broke the silence of the night, and a ball pierced the figure in the mill.

There was a crackling in the bushes and the Indian rose cautiously to see the effect of his shot. That movement was his last. That old settler's musket rang out with a loud report, and the Indian fell, mortally wounded.

He had been outwitted. The old chief's death would never be avenged.

Alice M. Burt, '12.

The True Christmas Spirit.

Christmas is the time of the year when everyone ought to be happy, cheerful, and unselfish. Yet the conditions of many people are such that they are most unhappy at this time. This is especially true of the poor. So it seems that we all ought to take a personal interest in promoting the general happiness. Are you doing your part and sharing your happiness with others less fortunate?

Listen! Just around your corner lives a little tot who believes implicitly in Santa Claus. Her parents are desperately poor. Every day she passes a shop window in which is a lovely doll. She presses her dirty little face against the window pane and looks in at it lovingly. It has such wonderful golden hair, the bluest of blue eyes, and such rosy cheeks! She thinks she would be satisfied if she could but fold it tightly in her arms for a moment. Santa won't forget, but he has so many to provide with presents he may not reach her. If she could only have that doll! Take the money that you were going to spend in an expensive gift for Mrs. — just because she is going to give you one equally useless and expensive, and make this little one happy. The joy you will feel in her happiness you will cherish as a priceless gift.

Then there's that little tired mother who lives across the street. Her husband has been ill for months. She tries to be brave and tells the little ones Santa isn't coming this year. They laugh knowingly, thinking that she is teasing them, so great is their faith in Santa. Don't let them be disappointed, surprise them, and fill their stockings; send some of Ted's old books and Eva's cast-aside games. It will take so little to make them happy and you will be amply rewarded in the mother's grateful thanks.

Then send a postal to the old lady who lives in that mansion of loneliness. She is rich but an invalid, and of what use to her is wealth now? If you could but see how her old wrinkled face will light up with smiles to think that someone has remembered her, you indeed would be repaid.

To everyone extend the kindness of a bright, cheerful smile so that they will welcome your presence. These are only a few of the little things that you can do to bring joy and gladness to others.

E. D., 1911.

Lost.

It was one of those mild, deceptive days in late November when Indian summer calls one out of doors. The lake at the foot of the hill looked very inviting. I just knew there was a big fish under that ledge.

I thought of getting her to go; no sooner thought of than done. I found her at home and we set out, with poles, lines, bait, and all, for the boat. She seemed delighted as we ran down the hill to the boat. As for me, I always have a good time with her.

The boat got out,
And out got we,
Truly, a merry pair.

We reached our destination. It was just off one of those under water ledges where the land shelves off almost at once to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. She was not of the kind that have to have their hook baited, but I baited it, just the same. We fished but we did not catch anything.

Suddenly, we both noticed a peculiar bank of fog coming on like solid ranks of soldiers.

"I suppose we ought to go ashore," she said.

We were so near that I replied, "What's the rush, we can get there all right."

But as it came on, so mysterious, so silent, I was struck with a fear that we would not reach shore any too quickly. I commenced to pull up the anchor when I saw my pole making for the middle of the lake. All else was forgotten. I jumped and caught it as it was going over the side. My catch-to-catch shot out of the water, shaking itself like a bull dog, a full five-pounder. The excitement and the sudden closing in of the fog caused Mr. Fish and me to part company.

There was no time for regrets. The realization that we had to hunt for land was forced upon us. Where was it; was it here? was it there? I followed her direction, thinking that even if it was not correct, we ought to

strike land shortly, on a lake not over a half-mile in extent. Don't you believe it! It seemed as though we were in another world; the feeling of unreality was oppressive; there was a weight on my chest; this mantling blanket shut out the air. After rowing for three long hours by the watch, we had absolutely nothing to show for it, except the blisters on my hands. At last I stopped—we were "lost!" Hardly had I spoken when the fog vanished as though it had been brushed away by the wand of an enchanter. We were not five feet from where we started, a cold, wet, miserable pair.

"Do you think you can find shore now?" she said, in a sweet, distant voice.

We managed to get ashore some way, I do not remember how; and we toiled up that interminable hill to her house without speaking.

"Good Night," she said. There was in her voice that indescribable quality that told me that I was lost, lost in a fog that never would lift.

John W. Gowen, '11.

Sunrise and Sunset.

All nature is at rest. A mantle of deep calm enfolds the earth and muffles its songs and sighs. Slowly, but perceptibly, there creeps over the eastern horizon, a faint, dim glow which, as the silent minutes advance, increases in lustrous splendor, assumes a clear, roseate hue, and becomes blended in the clear transparent sky. Shafts of warm, golden light dart here and there and light up the dark shadows. Suddenly the King of Day, radiant and glorious in his robes of gold, arises from over the shadowy tree-tops and touches the sleeping earth. In a moment everything is astir. The birds awaken and burst into song, the barnyard fowls set up an incessant calling, the trees seem to stir, as if awakening. A new day has begun.

The light grows dim. The western sky is illuminated with streaks of rosy light which play among the scattering clouds. The cattle return from the pastures slowly, haltingly, as if loath to depart from the joys of so splendid and happy a day. The birds, in wild, sweet notes, call their good-nights to one another over the murmur of the trees, and then settle themselves in peace and quiet. A bee hums drowsily as he returns late from his long day's wandering. The sun, a huge, red ball of fire, dips below the distant hills and leaves in its wake a bright crimson glow. Twilight creeps over the land, chasing away the last gleams of light. Silence pervades the earth. The day is done.

Grace Donnelly, 1911.

A Fish Story.

I.

Tommy went a-fishing
Just the other day,
But I guess he won't again
In this peculiar way.

II.

First, he found some worms
And put them in a box;
Then he went upstairs
And changed his little socks.

III.

"Tommy dear," cried mother,
"When will you be back?"
"Who of you are going?"
Said Tommy, "Me and Jack."

IV.

"Oh, Tommy dear," cried mother,
"Now look me in the eye,
"How often must I tell you
"To say: 'It's Jack and I?'"

V.

Now Jack was Tommy's bow-wow.
A naughty dog was he,
For every time he saw a cat,
He'd chase her up a tree.

VI.

Then they trudged along the road
(Tommy and his dog)
Until they reached the riverside,
Where they espied a log.

VII.

Tommy stood upon it,
And then threw in his line—
It circled to the bottom
But caught upon a vine.

VIII.

Now Tommy didn't know this,
But thought he had a bite,
And so he gave the rod a jerk,
And pulled with all his might.

IX.

What happened ther to Tommy,
I'm sure I do not know,
But he appeared upon the bank
Soaked through from head to toe.

X.

It was a sorry looking child
Who waited at the door,
Wondering if he possessed
A less moist pinafore.

XI.

His mother heard the footsteps,
And said, "Who can it be?"
"Well," said Tommy meekly,
"I guess its Jack and me."

E. S. H., '12.

Le Fin.

A thrill of horror filled her which seemed to tingle her very tips. Along the edge of the precipice almost at her feet ran a line of flickering flames which burnt with a dazzling light in the pitchy blackness of the night. Up from the chasm far below swelled a mighty resounding roar almost drowning the pounding of her heart. Back of her she heard murmuring voices which seemed to urge her on, and yet she could not move. It was her last moment. Too frightened even to shudder, she stood there, silent and motionless. As she stared forth into

the darkness the smiling faces of all her friends seemed to pass before her blurred vision. Oh, that she could be out of this terror and could smile in return! All other dangers were passed and now she must meet this awful end like a true heroine. Approaching footsteps warned her that the much-dreamed of time had come. Well she knew that masculine stride! He had come to rescue her from this peril and yet she dreaded going to him. Summoning all her remaining courage, she turned silently round, stretched her beautiful arms towards him, and raised her large violet eyes in a mute appeal. Her face, although besmeared with grime, was yet a vision of living beauty. A sudden blaze of fire appeared in the heavens. She stood thus while one second of torturing agony passed slowly, then she sprang forward as if to rush into his arms. A piercing metallic shriek rent the air, and then—the curtain fell.

H. W. L., '11.

The Freshman's "Girl."

"Hey, you Kid! where are you going?" sang out a crowd of Sophomores known as the "Bunch," forming a barricade for an oncoming pair of flying legs.

"Say, Kid, run in form," advised one, as the kid in question pulled up panting.

"I say, fellows, shut up and let a man go; I've got to meet my girl; she's coming on this train," and as a shrill whistle sounded, the "Freshy," with an impish smile to the astonished group, forced his way through and reached the station just as the train pulled in.

"Well, what do you know about that!"

"Talk about the nerve of these Freshmen!"

"A girl for the Hop his first Christ-

mas, and we haven't one of us got one!"

A whispered consultation there on the street with arms around each others' necks as if ready to give a cheer, and the conspiracy was formed. Then, with many a laugh and slapping of knees, the "Bunch" dispersed.

Later in the same day a meeting of the conspirators was called and the report of Whit Macon was heard.

"She's a peach! I wonder where that Kid got her. She's staying at Miss Deerborn's,—some friend, I believe,—and taking her meals at the Chapter House. In fact, I sat at their table this noon, and she's a dream. Her name is Miss Marion; queer name, but it suits her all right. Everything is working fine. I have all his collars in my room and the fellows in his end seemed to be very willing to promise not to lend him any; best of all he's got a soft shirt on now."

"He always has been especially fresh and now is our chance to pull him down a peg; a Freshman has no right to have a crush," exclaimed one, remembering his Freshman year of servitude to upper class-men.

"Say it's the best yet, but don't forget us if there are any dances left," laughed another.

"Well, will you look at 'F'at!' and all, sticking their heads out the window, were met with a laugh, as happy Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, showing their girls the campus, pelted them with snow balls and asked them where their girls were. To their surprise the response came at once with a shout, "She's here!"—this from the "Bunch," who had never been known to have a girl at anything.

That evening Whit Macon strolled into East Corner Dormitory: passing an open door he saw a Freshman wildly hunting for something. Everything was upturned, but evidently his search was in vain. Taking pity on the Kid in his distress, Whit stopped and asked him what the row was.

"Can't find a blame collar, and my

girl is waiting for me; what in thunder are you all dressed up for?"

"Oh, I'm going to drop into the hall. I have a few dances engaged; I'll stay until the feed comes on and then beat it. Do you suppose you could wear one of my collars? Here's my key, you can run over to the house and get one if you want to."

"Say, on the level, do you mean it? But I'll be late as the dickens and Mar—Miss Marion will be crazy."

"I haven't a thing to do; I'll call round for her and take her down to Memorial Hall if you want me to."

"Say, you're a brick! here's her dance-order. You can take my dances and I'll be along soon." With that the Freshman, grabbing a hat, dashed out of the room but not in time to cover an unmistakeable snicker.

Whit, with a satisfied smile on his face, walked over to the mirror, straightened his tie, and evidently gratified with what he saw, hurried out of the room and was soon walking across the brilliantly lighted campus. From every window lights gleamed casting a dazzling glow over the snow. To-night was the last night of the first semester; to-morrow all would leave to spend their Christmas vacation at home or with friends. To-night was the Christmas Hop and Whit was to take a girl and the "Kid's" girl at that.

The evening advanced; the "Bunch" were having a great time, but the Freshman did not arrive to claim his girl. Miss Marion wondered where he could be, but she was a true sport, and her eyes danced with fun.

At half-past eleven came intermission and still no Kid arrived with the spread tickets. Whit, borrowing from the "Bunch," collected enough money to buy two tickets, and soon Miss Marion and he were wending their way to a quiet spot which Whit knew of, where, in fact, he had expected to eat as much as he pleased with the rest of the fellows. As they neared the secluded spot, Whit saw his companions enjoying themselves and he was just

wondering whether it were better to have a girl or to have all one wanted to eat, when he saw Kid sitting in his, Whit's own private place, with Whit's pet necktie on, and Whit's silk handkerchief to match sticking out of his pocket; feeding his face as fast as he could, and with two orders of everything before him.

With indignation written all over his face, Whit advanced and spoke a few words to that Freshman which it would not be well to record; to which the Kid managed to reply, grinning from ear to ear, "The laugh's on you, she's my sister!"

B.E.K., '11.

The Facts Concerning a World's Record.

It was the early afternoon of May 31, 1902, and the second and last day of the annual Intercollegiate Games. The spacious grandstands and bleachers of Berkely Oval, New York, where the games were being held, were by no means taxed to their capacity on that afternoon, for the crowd was far from being large. But what there was of it had come early for they all realized that what would be in all probability the greatest race of the day, the one hundred yard dash, was to open the day's programme. They knew that the quintet of contestants who would await the starter's pistol in that eventful race were some of the greatest sprinters the civilized world had ever known. They knew that Duffy, Schick, Moulton, Westney, and Cadogan were capable of running a race that would be well worth seeing. On the day before Duffy had twice equalled the world's record of 9.45 seconds for the century dash and it was little wonder that the crowd was almost breathless with expectancy as the runners took their places at the starting line. Schick of Harvard, the greatest sprinter ever turned out at that univer-

sity had the pole. Next to him was Westney of Pennsylvania, and Moulton of Yale had the middle lane. Next to Moulton in the fourth lane was a fair-haired boy, Duffy by name, the Georgetown College boy who had set the whole country ringing with his marvelous speed, and who was destined before many minutes to add one more laurel to his crown and to have the honor of running in the fastest time ever made by mortal man. On the outside was Cadoga of California, a dark horse who had fought his way through the preliminaries and into the finals. It was, in truth, a remarkable collection, every member of which was worthy of the honor of running in that memorable race.

The starter had given his last directions and now the five athletes were crouched over the line, every nerve expectant for the crack of the starting pistol. At last it came and with one bound the runners left their marks and were off. Schick and Duffy had both made good starts, but that of the former had been the better and at the end of the first twenty-five yards he was leading, but by an almost imperceptible distance. The second quarter of the race was run in magnificent form by both leaders but the superiority of the Georgetown boy was fast being shown. At the half-way mark they were running neck and neck and it seemed to be anybody's race. The crowd had risen en masse to its feet and every eye was fixed upon the end of the course, for they expected a great finish. But they were all unprepared for what was to take place. When Duffy realized that he had covered

half the distance and was showing himself to be, at least, the equal of his rival, new determination seemed to come to him. The speed which had characterized the first half of the race was as nothing to that with which the boy with the big white "G" now shot to the front. In one stride he had gained two feet on Schick and he increased this lead so that with but twenty-five yards to go he was almost four feet ahead, and still he was gaining! He left the lanes but ten yards from the finish and with another magnificent display of his speed he burst the tape a full two yards in front of Schick, the second man. The crowd, which had grown strangely silent during the last quarter of the race, now gave vent to a mighty roar of acclamation for the winner,—they knew that they had seen the race of all races.

The astounded timers consulted their watches and could scarcely believe the evidence of their own senses,—three of the four watches registered nine and three fifths seconds, and the fourth, nine and two fifths. The judges then took careful note of the wind,—there was hardly a breeze stirring to help the runners. As a last precaution the course was measured and it was found to be one hundred yards and one inch long. They hesitated no longer for there was no further room for doubt. It was officially announced that Arthur F. Duffy had won the one hundred yard dash in nine and three fifths seconds, a new world's record. He had accomplished what no other had been able to perform and had won the fastest race ever run.

Carens, '11.



FOOTBALL.

The last two games of the preliminary football season were both won by Arlington, and by such scores as left no doubt in any mind as to the better team. On November 8, Stoneham High was defeated 20 to 0, but the score does not show how much the visitors were outclassed. Arlington's exemplification of the forward pass in this game brought forth the following comment in a Boston paper of the next day: "The Arlington High School football team has the forward pass down better than any other team in this vicinity. It is a sure ground gainer."

On November 11, Walpole High met defeat, 16 to 0. This game was especially interesting to the Arlington team, for Walpole was coached by Henry Colton, who last year was coach of the Arlington football and baseball teams. The game was tiresome from the spectator's standpoint, however, on account of the many delays because of injuries, and of the fact that the last part was played in darkness so that those on the sidelines did not know what was going on in the game.

After the Walpole game there remained just one week to the big game of the year, that with Winchester. The team was equipped with a full set of new signals and an attempt was

made to manufacture an entirely new team in the brief time of one week. The boys fell to the work with such vigor, however, that it was soon mastered, and in the few days preceding the game displayed such power against the second team that the school began to have rosy-hued visions of victory. The team realized, however, that they were to try to defeat the best team that Winchester had had for a decade, and they were by no means overconfident.

The game was played at Winchester, Saturday November 19. It required five special cars to carry the Arlington supporters to the scene of the game. The game started promptly at 2.20. Arlington lined up as follows:

Trainor le, Plaisted lt, G. Lowe lg, Buttrick c, Hind rg, A. Smith rt, H. Reyeroft re, Munch qb, Ross lb, W. Reyeroft rhb, McWeeney fb.

FIRST HALF.

Buttrick kicked off to Tuck and the latter after two line plunges was forced to punt. The game then developed into a punting duel between Hind and Tuck with the honors about even. The ball remained near the center of the field throughout the whole period. Shortly before the end of the quarter Tuck made a run of about forty yards bringing the ball to his own 30-yard line. On the next play he essayed a field goal but he kicked

the ball into his own line and Smith of Arlington recovered it just as the period closed. Score: Arlington 0, Winchester 0.

The second quarter was as uneventful as the first. The ball seesawed back and forth between the two 25-yard lines, neither team having any advantage over the other. Tuck broke away once or twice for runs of 15 or 20 yards, but the secondary defence of the Arlington team usually took care of him. Arlington's defence was a surprise to Winchester who had expected to score at will against the light Arlington line. The half ended with the ball in Arlington's possession on their own 35-yard line. Score: Arlington 0, Winchester 0.

SECOND HALF.

Tuck kicked off to A. Smith who ran the ball in to the 32-yard line. On the first play Münch tried a forward pass, but Donavan of Winchester broke through, blocked the pass, and picking it up ran 30 yards for the first score of the game. Tuck missed an easy goal. Score: Arlington 0, Winchester 5. Buttrick kicked off to Small who made a sensational run-back through a broken field to his 50-yard line. The first touchdown seemed to have taken the heart out of the Arlington team for Small, who had been brought behind the line, and Tuck tore through again and again for long gains. When the period ended Winchester had possession of the ball on Arlington's 20 yard line. Score: Arlington 0, Winchester 5.

At the beginning of the last quarter, Winchester, refreshed by the three minutes' intermission, required just three plays to carry the ball over the line. Tuck made first down with a 10-yard plunge through the line. Small then went through center for eight more yards and on the next play Tuck went over for the second touchdown. Tuck kicked the goal. Score: Arlington 0, Winchester 11. Tuck kicked to Trainor and the latter by clever dodg-

ing advanced the ball to the 40-yard line. After an exchange of punts Arlington secured the ball on their own 35-yard line. Bell, who had replaced Münch at quarterback, gave the signal for a forward pass. The Arlington backs carried out the play and were waiting to receive it but Bell threw the ball straight into the waiting arms of Hilton of Winchester who with no one to stop him ran 40 yards for a touchdown. Tuck kicked the goal. Score: Arlington 0, Winchester 17.

This ended the scoring for the day, Winchester contenting themselves with trying to prevent Arlington from scoring. The game ended with the ball in Winchester's possession on their own 40-yard line. Final score: Arlington 0, Winchester 17.

Arlington played its last game of the season at Lowell on Thanksgiving morning and was defeated 15 to 0. Cawley of Lowell scored after seven minutes of play and Donavan kicked the goal. Shortly after this Leggett of Lowell caught a punt on his 25-yard line and ran through the whole Arlington team for a touchdown. Leggett completed Lowell's scoring by kicking a goal from the field from the 15-yard line.

The following players were awarded "A's" and sweaters for participation in the Winchester game: Capt. H. Reycroft, Trainor, Plaisted, G. Lowe, Buttrick, Hind, A. Smith, Münch, Ross, W. Reycroft, McWeeney, Kelly, Cousens, Dadmun, Parris, Hooper, Bell, W. Lowe, and Manager Robinson.

HOCKEY.

The outlook for a good hockey team is not so bright as it has been in former years, for but two veterans of the team which last year won the championship of the state are now in school. These are Capt. Osgood, one of the fastest schoolboy forwards in Greater Boston, and Buttrick, last year's all-interscholastic goal. The

first practice was held on Hill's Pond, December 5. The following candidates reported:

Capt. Osgood, Ross, Cousens, Paris, Percy, Jardine, Kelly, Rouse, R. Bell, Ilsley, Wilder, Hadley, Kanaly, Hardy, H. Reycroft, Abbot Smith, Ar-

thur Smith, McLean, Wunderlich, Landall and Lyons, forwards; G. Lowe, Colbert, W. Reycroft and Whitman, cover point; P. Plaisted, Dadmun, Hutchinson, Kimball and Bower, point; and Buttrick and Scully, goal.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Report of the Treasurer from November 1st to December 6th, inc.

Receipts.	
Balance on hand Nov. 1, 1910.....	\$151.31
Received from dues.....	1.45
Received from outside sources....	9.50
Received from Dedham game....	2.80
" " Stoneham game...	2.30
" " Walpole game.....	3.80
" " Lowell game.....	72.63
<hr/>	
Total Receipts	\$243.79
Balance on hand Dec. 6, 1910	\$126.59

Expenditures.	
For marking field.....	\$1.00
" Printing and stationery.....	2.50
" Postage	2.50
" Telephone30
" Dr. Chamberlin	3.00
" Dedham game.....	11.00
" Stoneham game.....	7.60
" Walpole game.....	15.50
" Winchester game	2.90
" Lowell game	19.90
" Football coach	50.00
" Hockey manager.....	.50
" Posters for play.....	.50
<hr/>	
Total Expenditures	\$117.20

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I have examined the above report and find it correct.

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.

ALUMNI NOTES

Emma Poore, 1910, is in Simmon's College.

Mildred Pattee, 1910, has an excellent position with the John Hancock Life Insurance Co., in Boston.

Jean E. Dennett, 1906, is taking a course in Agriculture at the New Hampshire College.

Esther Wyman, 1906, is a member of the class of 1911 at Smith College.

Mabel Coolidge, 1905, graduated "Cum Laude" from Radcliffe in the class of 1910 and is now teaching in the Newtonville Classical High School.

Howard Viets, 1905, is in the employ of the Newton Trust Company, Newton, Mass., endeavoring to obtain a thorough knowledge of the banking business.

Josephine Frost, 1904, is now Librarian in the Division of Engineering of Harvard University.

Katharine Yerrinton, 1903, is teaching music and also studying to perfect herself as a pianist.

George Gray, 1903, is employed in the Electrical Standardizing Laboratory of the Telluride Power Co., in Utah.

J. C. Gray, 1903, Harvard 1908, is in his third year as teacher of science and athletic director at Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

Last August Mr. Gray was married to Miss Odilee G. Burnham of Saco.

M. M. MacLean, 1902, formerly chemist of the Postum Cereal Co., is now Chemical Engineer of Water Purification and Softening, Dodge Manufacturing Co., Wishawaka, Indiana.

Nellie Sweeney, 1902, is teaching in the Crosby School of this town.

Helen H. Bridgham, 1902, is now Mrs. Plumer Wheeler, residing in Kansas City, Kansas.

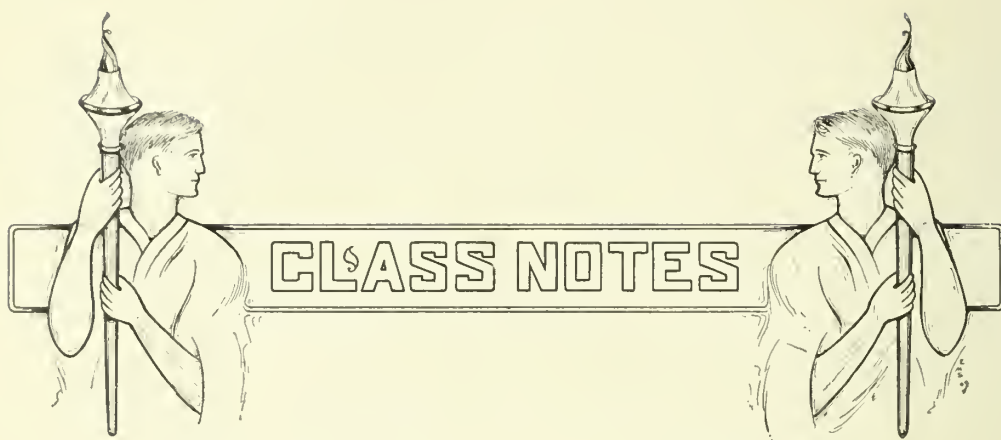
Leon E. Smith, 1902, is in the Motor Department of the General Electric Company, which has its headquarters in Lynn.

Margaret Champney, 1901, is the Principal's assistant in the Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass. Miss Champney is the successor in this position of Pearl Perkins, 1900, who is now Mrs. James S. Shaw, residing in Quincy, Florida.

Warren L. Russell, 1900, who served as editor of the Clarion on two different occasions, is now teaching Latin in the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Theresa Hardy, 1900, is now Mrs. John H. Sawyer, and is still residing in Arlington.

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the deaths of two members of the Alumni, Margaret V. Doyle, 1904, and John A. Plumer, 1899.

**Class of 1911.**

I know something I shan't tell:
Some Seniors, Juniors, and peanut shells,
Along comes the principal
Scatters shells and bunch.
Wonder what designs he had on that lunch?

Miss Y. translating Latin.

"He checks his foot with his voice—"
A well trained foot. Don't you think?

We should like to suggest that the Seniors would do well to stop throwing their eyes at people, and as for pricking up their ears—is this animal instinct?

Wanted:—Some good suggestions for odorless lunches to be eaten by the boys during Mr. Cross' American History period.

C-r-n-s goes home at recess—"Nuff Sed."

French IV misses Mr. W—d, he was such a good example of sight translation.

Miss G— translating German.

"Sich umwendend Schmock." Turning to Schmock (smoke.) The days of magic are evidently not over yet.

Milton never said, "Farewell, Lycidas," with more sincerity than English IV B.

We wonder if Washington knew that he was in a class by himself.

Nervo, you're a wonder.

"The man who haveth good peanuts, and giveth his neighbor none,
Shall not have any of my peanuts, when his peanuts are gone."

—Motto of History IV.

Class of 1912.

Heard in German.

Teacher (calling on Miss S. to translate.)
"The cat was lying on the bench."

Miss S. "I did not understand."

Teacher (repeating.) "Miss G. was lying on the bench."

Heard in English.

"Brutus came to be more calmer than Cassius." Information is desired to know how calm that is.

Lapsa Lingua.

Mr. S. "And in Cicero's play of Macbeth—" We have heard of many people being credited with writing Shakespeare's plays and here we have the authentic information of a teacher that Cicero is one of them.

English III.

Miss R. "Would you go sight-seeing in Sullivan Square at a rush hour?"

Mr. K. "Well you could see sights." Which goes to prove that the Junior class has not lost all its bright scholars.

You ought to have heard the drum-corps concert in Room I the fourth period of Dec. 5. It was grand.

We think it would be a good idea to have guide-books printed containing location and descriptions of the statuary about the building, for the benefit of 1914—and others.

Latin III.

Mr. P. (translating.) "These three

saucers (sources) of grain supplies—" And he expected that to supply an army!

Chemistry.

Miss F. fears that the class will think that HO is water. That depends on the cook.

We hear in Latin III of the color, size and "figure" of a *Bison*. What next?

Our teacher informs us that the words "compound" and "mixture" are interchangeable. Be sure to read the compounds in this number of the Clarion.

Chemistry.

Teacher (holding up a tin receptacle.) "This is a liter."

Brilliant pupil. "It's a leaker."

A member of the Junior English class has given us the following sad details of Great Caesar's death:—"Caesar died by being assassinated and also by one of his best friends."

Chemistry.

A new discovery for science. "Chlorine unites readily with alimony."

Eng. Hist.

Miss S. informs us that the ancient church organization included both Regulars and "Circulars" (Seculars.)

Eng. Hist. again.

Miss C. goes to the map.

Miss T. "Now Miss C. find the Wash." Quite correct but somewhat misleading.

Class of 1913.

Latin II.

They threw all the women who were too old to fight into one place.

Mr. M. If a hole should be bored through the centre of the earth and a ball dropped, where would it stop?

Pupil. It would keep vibrating towards the centre.

Pause, Mr. H. Could *you* bore a hole through the centre of the earth?

Mr. M. No, I couldn't but perhaps someone else could.

Mr. C. What kind of wood is used most?

Miss C. Lumber.

Class of 1914.

Freshman Notice.

The Class dues have been changed from ten to five cents per month. The names of all pupils will be posted, who, by the middle of December, have not paid their dues for the first three months. On the middle of each following month the names of pupils will be posted who have not paid for the previous month.

Per order,

Edward Mead.

The Freshmen voted at the last meeting to have Class Pins this year.

Latin I.

Pater putat malum filio accidisse.

Master S. (translating.) "The father thinks bad to have happened to his son."

Miss R. "Transpose it."

Master S. "The father thinks his son to have gone to the bad."

Greek History.

Miss T. "Does your book say so-and-so?"

Master S. "Yes."

Miss T. "Do you think it should be so?"

Master S. "Yes."

Miss T. "You don't think it should be so, do you?"

Master S. "No."

(General Laughter.)

English I.

Pupil (correcting sentence.) The last time I saw him he wore a white waist-coat and the air of a nobleman.

What kind of a man was he?

CLUB NOTES

THE GERMAN CLUB.

Since the first issue of *The Clarion* the *Mehr Kunde Verein* has had two very interesting meetings. Those who participated at the first meeting were Mr. Cameron, who gave a sketch of Wagner's Tanhauser, and Miss Binnig, who told of some incidents of German army life. Both articles were well given and very instructive. At the last meeting Miss Winn spoke on the Rhine Castles and Mr. Sandford gave a sketch of the opera, "Nibelungenlied." These also were enjoyed very much. The latter part of the evening was spent in speaking German, as usual. The club has recently subscribed for a magazine, "Aus Nah und Fern." It is written entirely in German, containing articles on all common topics, and is altogether very instructive.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science Club has had two evening meetings so far, both of which were exceedingly interesting. The program of the first meeting included the following:—

Glacial Action in Arlington, Robbins '13; Electrolysis of Water, Dallin '12, and Horton '12; Experiment to prove that a candle burns gas, T. Bell '11; last, but far from being least, Description of the Centri-

fugal Force Apparatus, by Messrs. Taylor, and Bisbee, the inventors. Although we had seen this piece of apparatus before, we were all glad to have a chance to examine it more closely and to hear more of its wonders, since an account of it was considered worthy to be published in one of America's leading scientific papers.

The program of the second meeting was as follows:—Explanation of various meteorological instruments, by Young '14; The commercial value and life of sponges and coral, by Gowen '11; an experiment on the "Jolly Balance" by T. Bell '11; and Lamson's original on the "Rate of Flow of a Siphon." This last, although it has not as yet been published in a scientific paper, is an experiment well worthy of note.

We are greatly pleased with the interest shown by all the High school pupils in our Club, and are especially grateful to its originator, our principal, for proposing a way by which we may increase our ingenuity and knowledge in such a pleasant and social manner.

The Club extends a hearty invitation to all those who are interested in any of the sciences to be present at its meetings.

JACK SANFORD, '12.

Secretary.

EXCHANGES

1st Freshie. "Why is there water in the watermelon?"

2nd Freshie. "I don't know. Why?"

1st Freshie. "Because it is planted in the Spring."—*Ex.*

Jonsey. "What's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?"

Clinton. "First you put your left arm around her waist and gently take her left hand, then—"

J. "Come out of it! She's my sister."

C. "Aw! Push her off the dock."—*Ex.*

"Ha, I'll fool the bloodhounds yet,"

cried the fugitive, hoarsely, and slipping on a pair of rubbers, he erased his tracks.—*Ex.*

Teacher. "What letter is next to the letter H?"

Freshman. "Dunno, ma'am."

Teacher. "What have I on both sides of my nose?"

Freshman. "Freckles, ma'am."—*Ex.*

A fishy old fisher named Fisher
Fished from the edge of a fissure;

A cod with a grin,

Pulled the fisherman in,
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.
—*Ex.*

"*The Clarion*," West Roxbury High school, contains two fine stories but lacks a table of contents.

In "*The Recorder*," Winchester High, there is only one story and that rather short. The athletic column is very good.

"*The Oracle*," Auburn, Maine, has a fine literary department. The class notes would look better if they were under a separate heading.

The stories in "*The Register*," Burlington, Vermont, are excellent. Three are especially good:—"An Adventure in Smuggling," "A Revolutionary Sandwich," and "A Deer Tragedy."

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

The following themes, written for this number of the "CLARION," have been selected by the instructors in English for Honorable Mention:—

1911

Shadows and Sunlight Rena Gray
A Suburban Tragedy. Edwin Perry
Twilight Philip Wood

1912

A Cause for Rejoicing . . . Daniel Cameron
The Gift Alice Cotton
Bill Noyes' Engine . . . John D. Eberhardt
In Fair Weather and Foul . . . Walter Horton
An Indian Legend Abel E. Landall
The Possibilities of the Aeroplane
Shatswell Ober
Betty's Dilemma Edith N. Winn

1913

A Norwegian Peasant's Christmas
Eva Alsen
How, Indeed? Katherine E. Read

1914

What the Moon Saw on Christmas Eve
Aline Devereaux
A Season's Pets Pauline Garman
Glimpses of Ponta Delgada
Edwin A. Mead
A Colonial Dance Laura Robinson
A Christmas House Party . . . Annie Ross
Confetti with Cream. Elizabeth Thibodeau
A House Party Rosamond Wood
Miss Jenny's Errand . . . Bertha Yerrinton

Crowded out by lack of space in this issue of the "CLARION":—

A Tragedy in Four Acts
Eleanor Bisbee, '12
A Group Perspective A. Chaves, '13

Strayed from Literary Department.

APOLLO'S GIFT.

Yea, truly hath the Sun-God
Bestowed a noble gift
In granting, when he leaves us,
The sunset, golden-rift.

At each adjoining column
Of hues of delicate tint,
The golden intersections
Are like one wondrous mint!

The sky is streaked with crimson,
White clouds glide gently by,—
In splendor, the deep purple
Envelops all the sky.

I wonder if there ever
Were two scenes just alike?
Or is there some new splendor
To grace each dreamy night?

Yea, truly hath the Sun-God
Bestowed a wondrous gift!
Oh, should we not, in thankfulness,
His praises high uplift?

MARION EVELYN BUSHEE, '14.

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EDITORIAL

Originality is evidently fast becoming realized the keynote to success. What a strange world our Pilgrim ancestors would see if they could mingle with the people of the 20th Century. "Originality do you call it, that has made this variance in custom, in habits, this advancement in invention, this difference in the unwritten laws of society, in the understood laws of business, this bustling, hustling, money making world!" they would say. "Such things would never have done in our day." Perhaps not, for the conditions of the 17th Century varied as widely from those of to-day as the tales of some of our North Pole explorers. Yet the Pilgrim Fathers "originated" for their race the right to

worship as they saw fit, and later the Colonists "originated" among English speaking people a government without a king and with common representation. Originality has been the foundation of civilization, the frame work of human progress,—it holds success within its grasp.

Another of the Friday afternoon lectures was given by Mr. Kimball on "Thrift," Jan. 13th, and in the short period of time allowed the speaker covered considerable ground on the importance of cultivating the quality of thrift in the minds of young America of to-day. Good advice, all of it, and well worthy of closer attention.

Mr. Edwin H. Forbes lectured interesting-

ly on "The High Heavens," Friday evening, January 13th. In view of the fact that such a talk would naturally be beyond the comprehension of students not familiar with astronomy, Mr. Forbes deserves no small amount of credit for the clear and concise way in which he dealt with the subject.

Marshal Darrach came to us again on Friday evening, January 20th, and, as always, delighted his audience with a Shakespearian reading. This year it was "The Tempest," and if possible Mr. Darrach won more popularity than ever before. His interpretations were wonderful, his portrayal of the humorous characters appealed to all and particularly to the younger members of the audience; the intonations of his voice in so many difficult and different characters were remarkably enlightening and called forth appreciative applause at frequent intervals during the evening. We are very fortunate in being able to procure so excellent a reader as Mr. Darrach, who, since his last appearance in Arlington, has been traveling in China, India, and Egypt.

Mr. Frederick Poole gave a very interesting lecture on modern China, Friday evening, the third of February. We enjoy Mr. Poole's lectures very much, not only because of the instruction we receive concerning a very remarkable country, but also because of his easy and delightful delivery. We hope to hear Mr. Poole again in the near future.

Rev. Mr. Masseck, with the aid of stereopticon pictures, presented to the High school a very definite idea as to "The Qualities of a True Gentleman," on Friday afternoon,

Feb. 10th. We sincerely trust that the lecture, though a worthy one, was not occasioned by necessity.

Monday morning, Feb. 13th, in honor of Lincoln Day, the members of the High school assembled in the hall for exercises. Mr. Mitchell introduced Commander Barnes. Rev. Mr. Weed. Past-Commanders Clark and Knowles; Sr.-V. Com. Smith, Jr.-V. Com. Sterling, who addressed the school in turn on different phases in Lincoln's character and work; a subject never tiring and forever new to patriotic hearts.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Viola Michaels, 1910, has had an excellent position as book-keeper at C. J. Sloan's grocery, Arlington Heights, since her graduation last June.

Mary Elizabeth Colman, 1900, is now Mrs. Robert W. Pond, residing in Arlington.

John M. Taylor, 1907, is taking the two years, apprentice course for college graduates at the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. of East Pittsburg, Pa., in order to get the practical shop-work necessary for a successful mechanical engineer.

Esther Bailey, 1885, is the teacher of German in Newton High school.

Henrietta E. Hardy, 1885, is teaching Latin and German (and some years, French) in the "Commonwealth Avenue School" for young ladies.

Angeline Adams, 1895, is now Mrs. Eben A. Thacher residing in Arlington.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

BY ELEANOR BISBEE, A. H. S., '12.

Dramatis Personae:—One Father, One Mother, Two Daughters (High School age). Numerous School Girls.

Place:—Except in Scene II of Act IV, which is in the School Hall, the scene is laid in any modern home in Arlington.

Time:—The latter part of November 1910.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Nov. 22, 1910.

The Dining Room. Mother and two Daughters seated at table. School-books on couch, right. The daughters look gloomy.

Mother—Has anything gone wrong at school today? Why do you look so gloomy?

Ds. (together) — "Clarion themes" again.

Mother—Again? Why I thought you just wrote them?

First D.—Yes, but that number was late and now we have to begin again.

Second D.—And I used up all my good ideas in the last one and can't think of a thing this time.

First D.—Your "ideas" weren't "good" enough to be printed.

Second D.—Well, neither were yours.

Mother—When must you have them ready?

Second D.—A week from tomorrow.

Mother—Then I should think you would hardly have to begin worrying yet. Perhaps it would be better to wait two or three days and see if you don't get some inspiration.

Ds. (hopefully)—We might do that.

CURTAIN

Scene II—Evening of the same day.

The Library. Father in Morris chair reading paper. Mother sitting at desk.

Mother—The girls have "Clarion" Theme writing next week.

Father—Again?

Mother—Well, it is pretty soon, but no one is especially to blame for that. However, I wish the girls wouldn't worry so over it.

Father—What do they worry about?

Mother—Oh, they can't seem to write anything that's accepted.

Father—What of it? Probably three hundred others are equally disappointed.

Mother—That is true, but still there is no reason why we shouldn't try to help them. If they could get their subjects they would have more time to think out how to develop them.

Father—What subjects would you suggest?

Mother—Oh, I can't seem to think of any. Perhaps you could do better.

Father—I'll see.

CURTAIN

ACT II.

Scene I.—November 22, 1910.

The Sewing-room. The girls and their mother sewing.

First D. (desperately)—I haven't thought of a thing for that Clarion theme.

Second D. (equally desperately)—Neither have I. I wish some one would give us some subjects.

Mother—I was talking the matter over with your father and he has mentioned some subjects.

Ds. (together)—Oh, what are they?

Mother—One of you might tell about our clam-bake on the beach last summer.

Ds.—Oh, everyone writes about that sort of thing.

Mother—Then, how about the time you went haying up in the country?

Second D.—I might use that—but no, it would be too long.

First D.—Oh, you could do it all right. That's easy.

Second D.—Then why don't you do it yourself?

First D.—Oh, I can't remember it very well, but you—

Mother (interrupting in time)—Well, why not describe the "Haunted House?"

Ds. (together)—Oh, we can't write a description.

Mother—Then why not write a story?

Ds. (together)—That's worse yet.

First D.—It's awfully hard to get a plot.

Mother—You could write a school story.

Second D.—But there's no chance there for originality.

Mother—Oh!

First D.—And then, lots of others write those.

Mother (cautiously)—Then, why can't you—

Ds. (together)—Well, we're not clever.

Mother—Then you might write an animal story.

First D.—But that takes such a lot of knowledge.

Mother—But can't you find out about—

Ds. (together)—Not in so short a time.

First D.—Anyway, it would only be copying out facts.

Mother—Oh! (patiently) Then couldn't you write about a little girl's party?

Ds. (together)—Oh, that's sissy.

Mother—Then why don't you write a love story? That's not sissy.

Ds. (together)—Why, we simply couldn't!

Mother (subsiding)—Perhaps one of you might write some sort of a treatise.

Second D.—That's the worst yet.

Mother (despairingly)—Then what would you like to write, my dears?

First D.—Oh, anything!

Second D.—We don't care what it is, if someone will only give us some suggestions.

Mother—Oh!

CURTAIN

ACT III.

Scene I.—November 29, 1910.

The Library. The two daughters studying at the table.

First D. (shoving her books aside)—I just can't study. I can't think of anything but that old "Clarion" Theme for tomorrow.

Second D.—Neither can I. I've sat here and thought and thought for the past three-quarters of an hour and I don't know yet what I'm going to write.

First D. (dubiously)—They always want poetry, but I never have been able to get even the second line of a stanza.

Second D.—I might write a poem if I could only think what to write about.

First D.—Anyway, I'd lots rather write a funny story, but I've worried so much about the old thing that I don't feel a bit "funny" any more.

Second D.—That new girl in the Sophomore class wrote a perfectly wonderful description last time. I wish I could do that sort of thing.

First D.—So do I, or I wish I were as clever as the Senior who wrote that funny poem.

Second D.—Well, I don't care. I'm just going to write anything, although (wistfully) I would give a good deal to have it printed.

First D.—So'm I.

(They sit chewing pencils and staring out of the window. Enter Father).

Father—Hello, girls, you look positively tragic.

Ds. (together)—Well, we are.

First D.—We're trying to find subjects for our "Clarion" Themes.

Father—What, still struggling with that?

First D.—Yes, can't you suggest something?

Father—Well, let me see. First, what kinds of things do you want to write; description, poems, stories or—

First D. (interrupting)—O, anything—that is, almost anything except poetry.

Second D.—Or description.

First D.—Or a play.

Second D.—Or a love story.

First D.—Or a school story, either.

Second D.—We don't want any little kid's stories.

First D.—Anyway, we can't write anything containing conversation.

Second D.—Yes, it's too hard to make that sound natural.

Father (timidly) — Couldn't you write some sort of a dream, perhaps?

Ds. (together)—Gracious, no!

Father—Oh!

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

Scene I.—November 30, 1910.

School Hall before school. The two girls, front, talking together. Other girls at back of stage.

First D. (calling)—Oh, Grace! What did you write for your "Clarion" Theme?

Grace (carelessly) — Oh, I don't know.

Second D.—Yes, you do too. Tell us. What was it?

Grace—Oh, nothing. What are you going to write?

Second D.—We don't know yet.

(The girls crowd around and a regular babel of questions about "Clarion Themes" ensues. The first bell rings. Girls gradually scatter).

First D. (speaking above noise, with desperate decision)—I'm going to write about the way we went coasting down that hill covered with pine needles.

Second D.—If you take that, I'll write about that shipwreck we saw two years ago.

First D.—Well, I do think they might give us more time to think it over.

Chorus of girls—So do I.

(Second Bell rings).

CURTAIN

Scene II.—Three weeks later.

The Dining Room. Mother seated at table. As the curtain rises the girls enter with books and the "Clarion." The girls look tired and doleful.

Mother — Well, girls, has the "Clarion" come out, at last?

First D. (in a disgusted tone)—Yes, and I didn't even get on the honor list.

Second D.—Neither did I.

(They throw their books on the couch as the curtain falls).

THE END.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

(A true story).

It was at the time when the Great Northern Railroad was pushing its slow way through Montana that a little party of us were surveying the land around a river, endeavoring to find the best place for the track to cross. It was bitterly cold and now and then sharp, stinging flurries of hail and snow cut our faces. The bare plain we were traversing seemed to me, the only tenderfoot in the party, to be an endless, desolate wilderness, and, when darkness overtook us the very suggestion of making camp in that place filled me with horror.

But, horror or delight, our little cavalcade was stopped, the tent was erected, and the cook soon had a fire built and supper in the making. These cheerful sights soon restored my spirits and the other men, hardy plainsmen, had already got out their pipes and were smoking contentedly. As soon as our supper was eaten we began to make preparations for bed, for it was

decidedly too cool to sit up, but I found to my complete astonishment my companions were intending to sleep in a most uncivilized way, as it seemed to me, upon blankets laid flat upon the ground and with a heavy canvas for a covering. Did they expect me to sleep in that way? Why, I should freeze! Most assuredly, I should sleep in the tent, so in to the tent I went, although my companions assured me that I should be much more likely to freeze inside the tent than I should out of it.

I passed a most uncomfortable night. I was very cold and one of my ears was slowly freezing. It was snowing and I thought of my poor deluded companions outside in that snowy waste, but I was too miserable myself to waste much sympathy on them. Just before dawn, I slept for a short time and when I awoke I found the sun rising over the eastern mountains in brilliant majesty, showing a world as white and sparkling as two feet of newly-fallen snow could make it. This much I saw from the door of my tent; hobbling out, stiff from the cold, I discovered that this new world was also an absolutely empty one, not a sound anywhere or a single moving thing. Where were my unfortunate fellow-surveyors? There was not a footprint anywhere to show that they had arisen, and at last after fruitless search and vain shouts which echoed mournfully back to me, I gave them up as lost, frozen in that pitiless snow. How wise I had been to insist upon sleeping in the tent! Absorbed in my gloomy thoughts, eyes on the ground, I was wandering back toward the tent, when I noticed five little holes in the snow like miniature chimneys from which little spurts of vapor arose now and then, floated lazily upward and disappeared. My mournful thoughts were checked at once, and picking up a shovel, I began to excavate, and I discovered—my dear, deluded companions! Not frozen, oh no! warm and comfortable, and as they rubbed my

frozen ear in snow and I caught the covert smiles passed around among them, I decided that the next time we camped in the snow I would try making a chimney myself.

Laura Robinson, '14.

AN EVENING SAIL.

The sun was hanging low over the western hills, but the air still retained all the warmth of the summer afternoon when we left the little wharf and sailed out onto the surface of the bay. A light breeze was blowing and our little boat went dipping and slipping over the sparkling waves. The water swished and rustled, a foaming white mass, under the prow and the wide, rolling wake behind glittered in the golden sunbeams.

Slowly the sun dropped down behind the trees and instantly the whole sky was filled with radiant light. Broad ribbons of crimson shot up from the western horizon and were reflected, a delicate rose-color on the white clouds opposite. Every ripple on the shining surface beneath reflected a point of flame. A pageant of living color filled the whole arch of the heavens. Gradually the crimson faded. The piled up gray clouds were like "dark castles against the pure golden background. Long lines of vivid orange lay across the horizon and here and there the first pale stars appeared.

Now the light faded. The gray dusk deepened and enveloped the whole landscape. We sailed along in the pale starlight, surrounded, it seemed, by the soft gray curtain that parted before us as we went along.

And then from the distant edge of the water the moon rose. First a narrow edge pushing its way between the sky and sea, and then, travelling swiftly upward, it burst free from the clouds, flooding our little ship with golden light and sending a glittering

pathway from horizon to shore. Slowly now, and majestically it mounted into the heavens and before its splendor the stars melted away and were gone.

The breeze had dropped now and we turned toward home, moving almost imperceptibly toward the distant shore. It was still. The waves slipped noiselessly by each other. The faint wind made no sound in the sails, and on and on we went in the golden light.

We entered the harbor and slid up to the wharf. An anchor chain grated harshly and the spell was broken. Laughing and talking we tumbled out, secured our craft and scrambled up the path. Then, turning for one last glance at the radiant glory, we entered the house.

Katherine E. Read, 1913.

MRS. MUNCA'S LETTER.

Mrs. Munca was the mother of ten small children. She and her husband, with the children, lived in an apartment which they could ill afford. They were quite poor, but nevertheless Mrs. Munca felt herself rich enough to invest in a postage stamp which she was going to put on the letter of a friend. Below you will find the contents of this letter.

Arlington, Mass., Jan. 1, 1911.

Dear Chunky:—We are in awful distress. Mr. Munca cannot find enough for the children and me to eat. He has to go out of the building every night to get food as there is only chalk to eat in this old school building. It is awfully cold here, too. This morning I heard the janitor say that it was only twelve above zero. I don't know whether it was that temperature in the room or out doors. I chewed up a whole book for a comforter for the children and then they were not warm; you know that they are only two days old and they have not yet got any hair.

I suppose that you have heard about our new apartment; anyway I will tell you all about it. We are now living in an old piano in one of the school rooms. It makes a good place all day, except when there is noise in it. If you run across the ropes, which are inside it, when the noise is going on, you feel as if some one were tickling your feet. We get on quite comfortably, though, for all of that.

You know my husband is very helpful. He goes out every night as I said before to a house nearby. There is a cat over there and I just sit on pins and needles until he gets back for fear that he will never return. Mr. Munca says that there is no danger as the cat is quite fat and lazy.

My husband does not like our home in the least and we are planning to move to another room, where there is a couch. I guess that there we shall find it much warmer and less noisy.

My goodness! but the style of hair dressing changes so often that I positively cannot keep up with it. I see that now it is the style to let a little tuft of hair grow at the end of the tail. I don't think it looks well; it begins to look too much like a lion.

Why, pretty soon they will grow a mane about the neck and people will be taking mice for lions.

Well, I must be going now as the babies are all awake, so

Good by,

Munca.

Albert Wunderlich, 1913.

A FOUL CRIME.

The sunset had faded into twilight, the twilight deepened into darkness, all nature slept. The birds had sought their nests, no breeze stirred the trees, even the towering mountains in their white night-caps seemed to have fallen asleep at their posts, only the stars twinkled and winked in the darkness.

No, something else was stirring;

from one of the two houses which stood side by side in the valley came a man, a man with a look of determination in his eyes, a knife in his hand. He saw not the beauty of the evening, his thoughts were fixed on more sordid things, even on murder.

Bending his steps toward the door of the neighboring house, he stealthily lifted the latch, fearful lest he should wake the inmates and entered. But by some unlucky move he made a noise, and his intended victim, thus rudely awakened, filled the air with his shrieks as he struggled helplessly in the murderer's grasp. Only for a brief moment, however, for by one quick stroke his throat was cut, his cries stilled forever—the rooster was no more.

H. W. B., 1913.

VI.

When Tom appeared at tea that night
The same Tom? Quite indeed.
His father noticed not a change
Of previous words of heed.

VII.

Then pa took Tom, mid wails and
cries;
It won't be best hereafter
For Tommy to appear again
In such a great disaster.

VIII.

"My boy, if you don't straighten out,
And I don't see improvement,
Why you and I will form a league
Called 'Tom and Pa's New Move-
ment.'"

Marion E. Young, 1913.

NAUGHTY TOMMY.

I.

Now Tommy was a naughty boy
As you will plainly see;
He never had clean hands and face,
When he appeared for tea.

II.

It bothered mother very much,
And she would always say:
"Go straight upstairs and do clean up,
Don't stay around that way."

III.

And father with a sterner voice
Would say most every night:
"My son, there'll be a scene here soon
If you're not fixed up right."

IV.

But things went on the same old way,
And Tommy never heeded.
Said ma, "Now please don't hurt our
Tom;"
Said pa, "I know what's needed."

V.

One night the skating had been fine,
Tom had been playing hockey.
His side had won, and he was glad,
For they would win the trophy.

SEVEN DAYS ON THE WATER.

Aug. 1. Very hot; took "L" to 23rd St., then tube over to Hoboken. Got on board just five minutes before boat left. My, what a bustling! No one seemed to know where anything was. Got to our stateroom at last; it is fine and large with two port holes in it. They say if you eat pickled limes before you get out to sea you won't be sick, so I am doing it. After we got unpacked we went over the boat; she is a dandy all right; there is a dance hall and gymnasium. I ate a frightfully big dinner. I am going to eat as much as I can and see how much I gain when I land on the other side; I weigh 145 pounds now. It is just ten and we are out of sight of land. Am eating three limes before I go to bed as I have a peculiar feeling in my head. It isn't seasickness and I shall be all right, I know, in the morning. Just happened to think, I left the water running in the kitchen! I went out to get a drink just before we left; and it's metered, too.

Aug. 2. I don't know or care what the weather is, I only wish I were dead or on land or that the whole thing would stop just a minute. Don't ever mention pickled limes to me again or any other kind of limes for that matter. Drank a glass of water. No gain in weight today.

Aug. 3. Worse. Had nothing to eat or drink all day. They say there is a storm. I wish the boat would sink.

Aug. 4. Better. Had some hot beef tea and two pilot crackers. Went on deck about nine and staid there until four in the afternoon. One of the crew came up and asked me if I didn't want some raw salt pork dipped in molasses on a string. That was my finish—I didn't have time to answer him! Feel very weak. They say we will be in the Gulf Stream tomorrow. There is to be a dance tonight. Told father about leaving the water running; he said I ought to pay for it and then perhaps I wouldn't be so careless. Had some cream toast and a glass of warm milk; am going down to the dining room tomorrow. I am going to figure out how many gallons of water will run in three months from an inch pipe under fifty pounds pressure. The cost is about one-tenth of a cent for ten gallons. I can hear the orchestra and can hardly keep from dancing. Am going to bed; it is nine-thirty.

Aug. 5. Got up at five; am feeling fine. We are in the Gulf Stream; it is very blue. Saw several schools of fish; they are indeed funny looking, with large fins on their backs which they stick up above the water like sails; they do this so as to be blown along by the wind. At breakfast some one said that there was an iceberg in sight, so we all jumped up to look; I couldn't see anything but a small white speck. After breakfast I wrote six letters and walked around the deck six times, which is equal to a milé. I figured out about the water; it will be approximately \$15. I am going to be very saving when I get on land to make up for it. Got acquainted with a young

lady, who knew my aunt's husband's brother's son out in California and so we felt like old friends right away. She is very pleasant and entertaining and likes fishing, too. Ate a big supper, but no limes afterwards. Everywhere I look I have to think of water, seeing as there is nothing else in sight, and it's moving water, too, tho' not metered. They had a young people's dance in the evening, and I had a fine time. Miss B. is a beautiful dancer. Went to bed at one.

Aug. 6. Got up at eight. Good breakfast. Walked four miles with Miss B. One really doesn't realize what one's flag means until he is away from its home. I heard some one whistling "America," and thinking he was an American, went up and spoke to him about how nice our country was and such things as one would say when he is almost three thousand miles from home. But I was, as you might say, stung; he had been whistling "God save the King." I feel like the fellow in "Around the World in Eighty Days." I can sympathize with him perfectly; he is the one who left the gas burning, you know. They say tomorrow we can see Land's End, Ireland. It will seem good to see land even if it is the End, although I shall hate to part with my friends. We are going to Scotland first, while she (or rather they) are going to France; nevertheless I shall call in Paris. Went to bed early. We dock at nine tomorrow night, but don't land until the next morning.

Aug. 7. Got up at six in hopes to see land, but there is a thick fog everywhere. Staid inside most all day. Packed our bags as much as possible for tomorrow. I am so anxious to see land I can hardly wait. Miss B. and I played chess in the afternoon. I won three out of five. I like to play with her as she seems to think about her next move. Docked at ten. We are really in the Old World, and I can hardly believe it. Everyone is run-

ning around and porters are yelling and everything is in confusion; but it seems good. Didn't get to bed until twelve. My first view of England is really, I'll admit, a little discouraging: nothing but old tumble down buildings and an awful fishy smell. People talked and fought all night on shore. The truckmen kept running in and out, too, all the time. I should think they would get tired; I know I am tired of hearing them. Above everything else I can hear water running out of a waste pipe on the steamer's side. Will the reminders never cease? Father says, "Forget it," and I guess I will. Seven days on the water with water on the brain is enough.

Hurrah for terra firma!

Jack Sanford, '12.

CHARADE.

My first and second when used together,
All boys do in any weather,
My third of humans is the plural,
My fourth a river truly rural
To all good Scots is ever dear;
To avoid my fifth, is now quite clear,
My whole to add up all in turn
We as a class desire to learn.

John W. Gowen, '12.

THE FALL OF THE TOHEESKAN KING.

The silvery moon hung in the eastern sky,
Its beams shone down upon the frozen lake;
Around the shore a band of glistening white,—
From which the darting beams reflected forth,—
Stretched like a hard crisp frozen crust aback,
Till, mingled with the scattered brush and briar,
And rolling over hidden rocks, it fled

To lose itself beneath the pointed firs,
Which rose with poise majestic to the sky,

Like sentinels on never wearied guard,
To watch the silent habits of the night.
Back from the shore arose the Umber mount,

Its bald head glimmering with nocturnal light,

In bold relief against the western sky.
While in the firmament, unnumbered sparks

Shone twinkling forth to help the Milky Way

Illuminate the heavenly dome on high.
Both far and near the dark, dense forest stretched

Silent and calm; no sound disturbed the cold,

Crisp, winter air, save when some rabbit bold,

With glowing eyes and jerking ears, rushed in

Among the bushes on the peaceful shore,

And darted from imaginary foe.

Then as two parting bushes gently swayed,

With cautious step a noble buck came forth,

Known by the scattered woodsmen of those haunts

To lead that herd that grazed Toheeskan's shores.

His antlers, stretching wide and many pronged,

Crowned with a kingly pose his shapely head;

That glossy hide and noble head had been

A prize which many shots had failed to reach,

Ere waned the hunting moon the fall before.

E'en now, aroused by sounds from distant hut,

He stood with eager ear intent to catch

The faintest whisper of the wondrous night;

While from his eager, quivering nostrils rose

A cloud of steam expelled by laboring lungs.

Now comes to those keen senses all alert

A faint man-scent borne on a gentle breeze;

He starts! He knows that sign, he feels a thrill

Which wide distends those blazing eyes with fright.

His muscles twitch, his head goes up, he seems

To magnify himself with waking fear,—

A poise of animated life he stands;

While over all the great white moon sublime

Pours down her peaceful beams to guard the night.

On Umber's southern slope a clearing stood,

Far isolated from the haunt of man,
Worked by a woodsman poor, whose youthful son,

Well versed in all the forest arts, had come

To keenly feel the suffering winter—brought,

To that low hovel in the dreary woods.
The father lay upon his sickly bed,

And slowly wasted day by day, until,
When but a shadow of his former self,
He called the man-grown boy to him and said,

"My son, I die for want of fresh deer-meat,

Go, therefore, to the settlement and buy,

With money from my wallet in the hold,

Some venison, which may, perchance, restore

The life-blood to my withered veins again."

With tear-filled eyes the young lad turned away,

To daily chores beneath the setting sun;

And as he worked he thought within himself,

"If I should make the two-days' trip to town

As father bids, and leave him here alone,

I fear I should not find him yet alive,
When I returned with that for which he sent.

Oh, no! it can't be done, one other way
Remains for this dire need, and that—'tis pain

To do, and yet I must,—'tis shoot!
I love the deer, and hate to see him fall;

I love the law which bids the season closed;

A higher law must force these loves aside,

And I must shoot the meat for father's life."

So when the shadows lengthened in the vale,

And flaming clouds had changed to steel-blue gray,

He softly took his rifle on his arm,
As, glancing round the dingy cabin room,

He gently closed the heavy, rough-hewn door,

And tramped with swinging strides around the mount,

Then down the slopes to Lake T'heeskan's shore.

Full well he knew the oft-frequented run,

That led the deer down to the water's edge,

And here he meant to sit and watch and wait.

Behind a clump of dense green firs he hid,

His ready rifle lain across his lap,

His body still, his eyes awake, prepared

To meet the forest people of the night.

Far down the lake he heard the horned owl hoot,

As slowly o'er the trees arose the moon,

'Round casting dark, suggestive shadows dire,

And filling all the air with silvery light.

Lo! as he watched a monstrous buck stepped forth,

From out the shadows of the wooded shore,

In plain view on the open stretch of
snow.

It was that great and handsome kingly
buck,

Which, with a secret love and joy, the
lad

Had oft, in silent walks among the
trees,

Seen, as the noble leader of the herd
Which frequented the forests of his
youth.

And when he saw his king before him
there,

His trembling hand drew back the rifle
raised,

A shudder cold passed o'er him as he
stare d

Awe-stricken as the deer, too, gave a
start,

And seemed to quiver with awakening
life.

But when his thoughts flew backward
and he saw

His withered father on his dying bed,
The love of man o'ercame the love of
beast,

And with calm hand and steady eye
he aimed.

A shot rang out upon the frosty air,—
With one great all-expiring bound, the
buck

Sprang from the c rust, only to fall
again,

And, staggering, roll upon his bleeding
side;

While as the boy strode forth and o'er
him bent,

His graceful limbs grew stiff, and still
he lay,—

The fallen monarch of Toheeskan's
shore.

A cheery light shone from the blazing
logs,

A scent of savory deer-meat filled the
room,

The rising sun its warming rays poured
down,

Upon an old man at his morning meal,
Who gazed with keen, anticipating
eyes,

Upon an eager lad who turned the
steak.

Then slowly with a trembling voice he
spoke:

"How came you by it in the night?"
he asked.

Then moisture dimmed the young
man's eyes, he spoke,

Not glancing from the fire on the
hearth,

"Father, I shot the great Toheeskan
King." "X" '11.

CARITA.

The Gypsy caravan rattled noisily
on, over the uneven country road,
through stretches of barren farmlands,
and now and then by tiny villages
where the smoke of the first fires had
just begun to roll lazily forth from the
chimney tops. The glow of early
morning mellowed the damp mists, and
the sky was just beginning to show
blue.

Jose urged the mules on faster, but
the beasts were stubborn and in spite
of muttered oaths and threats, jogged
slowly along. "Saint Cecile," ejac-
ulated he finally, "where is the
mother? Breakfast's late." As if in
answer the door of the caravan opened
and a girlish face appeared, smiling at
him.

"May I come sit with you?" she
asked.

"If you like."

In an instant she was beside him,
breathing deeply the fresh, sweet
morning air. Jose watched her half
tenderly, half amusedly, noting the
brown curls which nestled caressingly
at the back of her neck.

"Happy, Jose?"

"Sure; aren't you with me, Carita?"
answered the big fellow, growing red
under the tan.

Carita smiled. "Guido asked me to
marry him last night," she finally re-
marked, observing him under nar-
rowed lids, as she flicked imaginary
flies from the mules' backs with the
whip.

Jose straightened a little, then shrugged his shoulders. "Good fellow, Guido."

"Yes," she agreed. "He wants to take me away; he says—Oh, what a pretty butterfly! Did you see him, Jose, all gold and black? I do think butterflies are the happiest things, nothing to do but flutter around all day in the sunshine. I—"

"You were talking about Guido," observed Jose evenly.

"So I was; he says we'll live in a fine house in the country, with trees and everything nice. Don't you love trees? All soft and green in spring time, and then all full of sweet smelling blossoms, then some have fruit and one day in the fall there's a flash of red, yellow and brown that by and by the wind will take away; then the tree is all alone and so lonesome. I get lonesome lots of times—some days it's all gloomy and inside my heart everything is grumpy and I say hateful things and nobody cares—"

"Are you going to tell me anything more about Guido? When are you

going to be married?" Jose interrupted sullenly.

"Mercy, I don't know. He says he's always loved me and always will. Aren't his eyes beautiful? Eyes are funny things, sometimes they make you tell things you don't want to and besides they cry, too. Do yours ever do that?"

"Breakfast is ready, Carita," called a voice from the depths of the caravan.

"Coming," she answered.

"I hope you'll be happy, Carita," Jose said slowly. "I must speak to Guido."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. You see I—I"

"What," Jose demanded.

"I told him there was someone else—that I didn't love him. I—"

"Carita, who—look at me, don't go—do you love me?"

"Breakfast's ready," she called gaily from the door of the caravan, then shut it as his eyes met hers.

"Saint Cecile," muttered Jose, wiping his forehead, "the little witch! I wonder—"

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1911

St. Valentine's Express. Grace A. Barr
An Interesting Experiment. Theodore Bell
The Making of a Daily Newspaper

Thomas Carens

The Newcomer. John Cronin
The Wide Application of Electricity in the
Civilized World of To-day Edwin Dallin
The Freshman's Diary. Dorothy Dawes
Lost—A Heart Edith Estabrook
A Proposal à la Valentine. Harriet F. Holt
Only a Girl. Mildred Osgood
Harvard and West Point. Harlan Reycroft
Evening by the Lake. Richard Sears

1912

"Nelson " Miriam Stevens
A Heroic Member of No. 8. Eleanor Russell
Interest in Politics. Walter Horton

1913

A Day at an Aero Meet. Louis Ross
A Boy's Lament (Poem) Harold W. Holt

Arlington's Famous Hockey Teams

Thomas O'Keefe

My Dream Sea. Eva Alsen

The Big Brother of a Little Brother

Helen M. Clifford

A Perspective. A. Chaves

The Day of the Earthquake, April 18, 1906

Ruth Squire

1914

Francesco, the Pencil Boy

Lauretta Christenson

The Sea as a Sculptor. Nelly Peterson

An Early Summer Morning

Margaret Purcell

Natural Ice Harvesting. Gaylord Goldsmith

Tempest and Sunshine. Alice Dolan

Johnny's Fourth of July Celebration

Mary Robertson

An Hour in the North Station

Adelaide Stickney

An Automobile Trip to Maine. Alfred Viano



Hockey.

The first game of the year was played on Spy Pond on Saturday morning, Dec. 10, the opponents being Cambridge Latin. Arlington won, 4 to 0. Both teams showed a lack of team work but the superior speed and individual play of the Arlington forwards enabled them to win. Osgood's playing at left wing was the feature of the game.

On Dec. 16, Brookline was defeated 3 to 1. Brookline scored first but Arlington came back strong and three goals scored in quick succession made victory certain. In the second half the gathering darkness prevented further scoring.

On Dec. 22, Browne & Nichols met defeat, 2 to 1. Arlington was without the services of Osgood and Ross and the team did not play up to its usual form. Hadley and Bower played well, however, and to these two players must go the credit for the victory.

On Christmas morning the Alumni won the annual game, 6 to 1. The Alumni team was composed mostly of last year's champions and was a formidable organization. Buttrick was injured almost in the first minute of play and with the crack goal-tend out of the game the Alumni found it easy to score four times in the first half. Buttrick returned to the game in the second half and though the goal was

literally bombarded with shots only two goals were scored.

The next few games were postponed because of the inclement weather, but the time was not wasted by the team. Robert Clifford, '08, was secured to coach the boys and he succeeded in developing a degree of teamwork, in which department the team had been lacking in the preceding games.

The next scheduled game played was with Wellesley on Jan. 10. The Wellesley team had won five straight games and was confident of victory but Arlington put a stop to their winning streak by defeating them 4 to 0. But for the poor condition of the ice Arlington's score would have been much larger.

On the next day Cambridge Latin was defeated in a rough game, 5 to 2. The ice was covered with water and united play was impossible, all of the goals being the result of individual work.

On Jan. 13, Arlington played Somerville in the first league game at the Boston Arena. Somerville had been playing good hockey and was the favorite before the contest. The speed of the Arlington forwards, however, literally swept them off their feet and at the end of the first half the score was 6 to 0. Although Arlington put in a team of substitutes shortly after the

THE ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION.

beginning of the second half, Somerville was unable to stop them and the final score was 11 to 0. Hadley and Osgood, the centers on the Arlington team, played brilliantly, the former scoring four of the goals.

On Jan. 16, Arlington defeated Lexington in a weird exhibition on Spy Pond. The playing of the Lexington team was devoid of the first principles of the game. Arlington, by scoring 18 goals, 9 in each half, made a Greater Boston scholastic record for goals scored in one game. Lexington managed to score a questionable goal near the end of the first half.

On the following Wednesday, English High was defeated at Franklin Field, 5 to 1. The forwards of the Boston team were outclassed from the outset and attempted to make up this deficiency by using football tactics. In spite of this Arlington scored five goals in the first half while the opponents scored once. The game was started so late that the second half was played in darkness and scoring was impossible.

On Jan. 25, Arlington journeyed to Brae Burn to play a postponed league game with Dorchester. The latter team failed to put in an appearance and Arlington claimed the game by forfeit.

The rest of that week was spent in hard practice, in preparation for the Melrose game on the following Monday. Melrose had won every game on its schedule and the game was to decide the championship. Enthusiasm ran high in the school and all were confident that Arlington would win. Imagine, then, the consternation when on the Friday preceding the game it was announced that Hadley had failed in the scholarship requirements and would be unable to play. Efforts were made to re-instate him but the faculty was firm and it was a disheartened team that lined up in the Arena for the big game of the year.

Bower, the diminutive substitute, was at the eleventh hour placed in

Hadley's position and to the little fellow's credit it must be said he played a wonderful game. The rest of the forwards seemed to have lost confidence, however, and the teamwork which had been the main factor in the team's many victories was sadly lacking. In the first half the Melrose forwards got as many as twenty shots at the Arlington goal but Buttrick was ready for them and with the able assistance of Lowe and Cousens succeeded in preventing a score. Melrose's goal was never seriously threatened in this half.

When the second half commenced, Arlington showed an improvement and played a more aggressive game. About seven minutes after the half began Osgood succeeded in banging a goal past Cheissong, but the referee had detected some infringement on the rules and the goal was not allowed. Less than three minutes later Wanamaker and Macdonald of Melrose came down the rink together and evading the outer defence swept down on Buttrick who stood alone in the goal. Wanamaker shot for the goal and Buttrick made a fine stop and attempted to get the puck away from the goal. He was too late, however, for Macdonald caught up the rebound and with one lift of his hockey sent the puck crashing into the net. This one goal was enough to win for although Arlington made several furious attacks on the Melrose goal they could not score and the game ended 1 to 0.

Medford cancelled their game scheduled for Feb. 6 and Cambridge Latin was played in a postponed game on the Charles River. This game has since become famous for two reasons. The first was the refereeing of Graustein of Harvard and the caustic criticism of his work by the Arlington players. The second feature was the goal scored by Cambridge the details of which are omitted to spare the feelings of the principals. Suffice to say, Arlington won, 5 to 1.

To days later Newton was played at Brae Burn. The game was the fastest and most interesting scholastic contest of the year and though rough at times was a fine exhibition. Arlington scored the first two goals and seemed to have the game well in hand when Newton succeeded in caging two lucky goals within one minute of each other. Osgood scored Arlington's third goal, but Newton again tied the score and the score remained 3 to 3 until the end of the second half. An extra period was played and Lowe, Arlington's speedy point, won the game by a dash down the ice and a quick pass to Parris who shot the winning goal.

On the following Saturday Newton completely turned the tables and won 4 to 2. The game was played at the Lexington Carnival and the victors incidentally became the possessors of the handsome silver cup which our team had so fondly hoped to win. The Arlington boys were in poor physical condition, most of them having been out late the night before at the "Valentine Party" held in the school hall.

On Feb. 15. Rindge won the league game played at the Boston Arena, 4 to 3. Rindge got the jump on Arlington and at the end of the first half they were leading 4 to 2. Arlington, however, came back strong and the second half was played mostly in Rindge's territory. Hard luck in shooting prevented Arlington from scoring more than one goal in this half, for they outplayed Rindge during the whole half.

The showing of the team during the season has been far above the most sanguine expectations. Capt. Osgood played well throughout the year and was one of the fastest forwards in

scholastic circles. Louis Ross and Charles Parris who were the regular wings of the team were the equals of any of their opponents. Roger Hadley, the right center, was the real "find" of the year. Hadley was the fastest and most aggressive forward on the team and had he been in the Melrose game the outcome might have been different. Louis Cousens, although originally a forward developed sterling defensive qualities and he made a fine cover point. George Lowe, although he had never played the game before, was induced to try for the team and he made good, his pluck and aggressiveness being the main factors in more than one victory. David Buttrick, at goal, again showed the qualities as a goal-tender that last year made him the best of them all. Of the substitute forwards, Bower, Bell, Rey-croft, Percy and Gowen played well during the year, the work of Bower in the league games calling forth special comment from some of the Boston papers. Landall filled in well as an alternate defence man.

The team has scored sixty-seven times during the year and twenty-five goals have been scored against them. The following players scored the goals: Osgood 26, Hadley 12, Ross 8, Parris 7, Lowe 5, Bell 4, Bower 2, Percy 2 and Cousens 1.

Baseball.

Although about four veterans of last year's team are now in school Capt. Trainor is confident that this year's team will be fully as good as any of its predecessors. The veterans are: Capt. Henry Trainor, third base; Charles Parris, left field; George Lowe, second base; and Americo Chaves, pitch.

Football.

David H. Buttrick, center on the football team for the past two seasons, and the crack goal-tend of the hockey team has been elected captain of the football team for 1911.

Arlington High School Athletic Association.

Report of the Treasurer, Dec. 6, 1910—
Feb. 16, 1911.

Receipts.

Balance on hand.....	\$126.59
Received from Collectors.....	2.80
" " Play	77.80
" Outside Sources.....	14.25
<hr/>	
Total Receipts.....	\$221.44
" Expenditures	\$188.38
<hr/>	
Balance on hand.....	\$33.06

Expenditures.

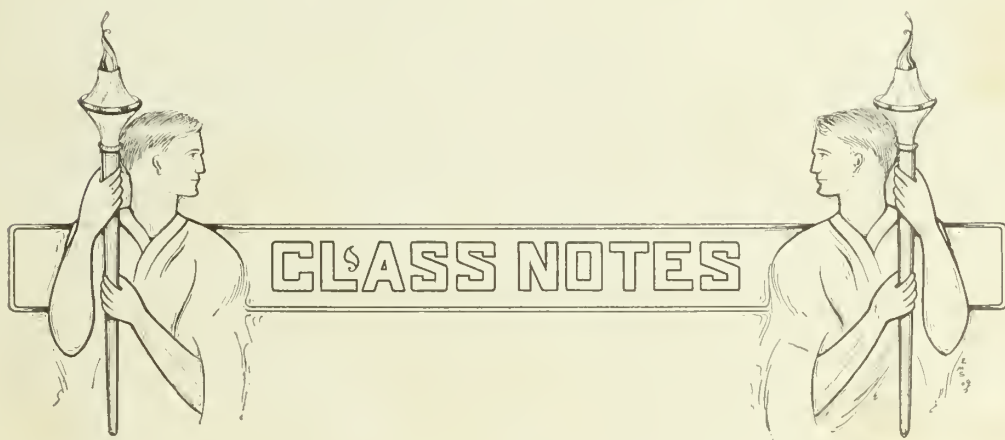
Paid for Sweaters.....	\$110.00
" " Account Books.....	1.50
" " Hockey	34.00
" P. C. Gilbert	5.00
" Telephone and Carfare...	3.39
" C. P. Cronin.....	8.00
" O. B. Marston.....	6.99
" Unitarian S. S.....	10.00
" Wm. Read & Sons.....	7.40
" H. L. Reycroft (Postage)...	.90
" Postage and Stationery....	1.20
<hr/>	
	\$188.38

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I have examined the above report and find it correct.

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.



Class Notes 1911.

De l'esprit français

Miss Whilton translating a tragic drowning scene—"He went to the bottom, rose and turned around and went back again."

Miss Black tells of dining with an abbey. (It must have been a full house Dot!)

Mr. Münch translating. "Providence! Providence!" (*Somebody* might take the hint.)

Heard in French. "It is the only con-

stellation I wish—" (She doesn't want much.)

Are you still looking for a guiding hand Roger!

Class of 1912.

BEWARE!! S-N-F-R-D made a firecracker and lighted it.

Mr. D. (translating). "What so new than a private young man?"
English History.

Miss C. "I think that Robert Grosseteste was a student or *something*.

We quite agree with you, Miss C.

French III.

(Translation.) "Columbus took the train for France."

Wonder if he rode in a Pullman-sleeper.

Latin III.

Teacher. "There's a difference between 'twice' and 'the second time.'"

Miss S. "I don't think so."

Teacher (translating.) "He celebrated it once—"

Miss S. "And then he celebrated it another time and that makes twice."

Teacher. "But it doesn't."

Here it became too complicated for further notice.

English History teaches us that to be a knight, one must be a Page [and Shaw's] and then a Squire [Ham and Bacon.] Nothing like modern improvements.

Latin III.

Mr. P. (reciting). The Jussive subjunctive is used to express the Jussive subjunctive." Quite so.

Spelling taught by 1912. Example:—(Some Junior spelling of "chagrined")—suringed, sagrined, agrined, segrined, shringed, sugrinned, and segrined. Well, variety is the spice of life.

French III.

Mr. H. "Ivan felt his eyebrows falling." Will adjustable eyebrows be the next importation from France?

German III.

"*Sie setzen über den Rhein.*" Miss W. (translating) "They sat across the Rhein."

English History.

Miss T. "Where's Ireland?"

Miss C. (at map) hunts for it in France.

Oh where has Arlington's Charter gone;
Oh where, oh where can it be?

Some Juniors know, and Miss Tenny knows;

And it's not where you can see. Because—
German IV.

(Translation.) "You would be one of the best editors if you were not sometimes such a frightful hare."

The above is Miss W's way of speaking of a "scared rabbit."

Heard in the Laboratory.

Master L. to teacher. "Is this solution naturalized?"

It did not have to be; it was made in the U. S.

German III.

How to avoid autos. Miss H. (translating) (*springe ich über alle Berge und lache das Tier aus.*) "I will spring over the mountains and lock the door on them."

Class of 1913.

Translation. "Caesar was a very handsome man; he had yellow skin and a long nose."

Miss M. Master T. is that you talking?

Master T. Yes'm, No'm.

Habit is a hard thing to break.

Heard in the office.

"Have you seen the (paper) punch, Mr. S?"

Mr. S., anticipating some refreshment.

"Punch!! I didn't know there was any around here."

From an English paper.

The return of Athelstone was sort of queer if he was really dead, but if he wasn't it was all right.

We are accustomed to think that our grandfathers had large families, but we learned in Latin that Iregetorisc had ten thousand in his.

English II. A have varied opinions about the color of hazel eyes, green, blue,

black and yellow have been given.

English II. B would be obliged for the definition of a "Barefooted Friar."

Class of 1914.

In Physical Geography.

Miss F. "What is alpalfa?"

Master H. (eagerly). "It's something that comes from an animal."

Some "Don'ts" for the Phys. Geog. class.

1. Don't pay attention when the teacher is explaining a subject. Keep on gazing out of the window, or become suddenly interested in some book. That's the only way ever to acquire knowledge.

2. Don't move your chairs about noiselessly. Make a lot of noise. That's what makes a class appear quiet and orderly.

3. Don't keep quiet when you're not asked to speak. Speak out! That's the only way to express your opinions candidly.

4. And above all, boys, don't ever learn your lessons! If you did you might know a little more than you do at present, and that of course is not right.

Master H., Master M., Master L., and Master R., please take especial notice of the above.

Miss Y. (In Greek History.) "Diana was a snake charmer."

Miss T. "Name one of the Greek tyrants."

Miss Y. "Ares."

Miss T. "What were the contents of a lyric poem?"

Master S. "Well, they were kind of sad and cheery."

Seen on a Freshman essay:—

"There should be a committee of twenty-one men to look after the fiancées (finances) of the town."

One Freshman has so simplified algebraic subtraction that 1 from 83,000 equals 82,000.

Miss W. has a habit of gracefully skipping into the algebra class. The other day Miss B. informed her that Room D was not a skating rink!

The Freshmen were required, for an English exercise, to make original advertisements of whatever they wished. These were remarkably well done, and both the verses and drawings were very clever. Several of the best were mounted and exhibited in Room 10 for some time; among them was one of Hathaway's bread, made by Alice Dickie. She decided to put hers to use, and sent it to the firm. Mr. C. F. Hathaway, the senior member, not only acknowledged it materially, but sent her a personal letter thanking her for her interest in his bread, and inviting her to visit the factory with him whenever it was convenient.

CLUB NOTES

Since the last issue of *The Clarion* a Girls' Glee Club has been organized, consisting of thirty-one members who were chosen from those who took the test. The first business meeting of the Girls' Glee Club was held on Tuesday, the twenty-

fourth of January. Officers were elected as follows: Gertrude Thomas president, Eleanor Hatch vice-president, Harriet Holt treasurer, Blanche King secretary, Miriam Stevens librarian, Marion Young pianist and Miss Tenney director.

SCIENCE CLUB.

Since the last publication of *The Clarion* the Science Club has held two meetings; the first in the Physical Laboratory and the second in the Assembly Hall.

The program of the first meeting consisted of the following:—

A Brief History of Vesuvius and its Eruptions, Miss Furdon '14; Some of the Properties and Uses of Sulphur, Miss Bisbee '12 and Miss Binnig '12; Preparation of Gunpowder, Arthur Smith '12; Experiment on the Use of Chemistry in Magic, O. Holt '13; The Earthworm, Miss Hill '13; Twisting, Münch '11 and Wood '11; Experiment with Sulphur and a Coin, T. Bell '11.

The program of the second meeting was as follows:—

Hard Waters, Ober '12; The Oyster Industry, Miss MacLelland '12; Valley Development, Mr. Mitchell.

This last was a lecture illustrated by the stereopticon and was very much enjoyed by all present. This lecture was given several days later to the members of the Physical Geography classes, who derived a great deal of profit and pleasure from it.

The Club again extends a hearty invitation to all those interested in the study of Science to attend its meetings.

ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The English Club has come at last and we hope it has come to stay. The English teachers in the school constitute a Board of Advisers and they and the Honor pupils of the English classes make up the membership of the Club. The object is to further the work in English along original lines, one formal paper in each of the four forms of discourse being required, together with the comprehensive study of one author, his life and works. Each meeting is to be in charge of a different presiding officer, chosen from the Honor members of the Senior class. The club expects to meet on the first Monday night of each month, and many pleasant and instructive meetings are anticipated. It is hoped that many pupils not now eligible for membership on account of low marks, but whose tastes would lead them to elect work along these lines, will

fit themselves for it by energetic and painstaking work and join the Club in the near future.

The first meeting of the English Club, one of the most novel and interesting events ever given in the High School, took place on Friday evening, Feb. 10, in Cotting Hall, in the form of a Valentine Party. The Club was assisted by the school Glee Club and Orchestra and the proceeds were for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The hall was tastefully decorated, under the direction of Dorothy Black '11, with crepe paper in the school colors. Strings of hearts hung from the chandeliers, and the electric bulbs in their red shades added to the fascination of the scene.

The main attraction of the evening was a sketch entitled "Jerry's Valentine," written by Horatio W. Lamson '11. It was a most interesting and original play, with humorous and complicated situations which kept the attention of the audience from the beginning. Mr. Lamson was supported by an efficient cast, which was as follows:—

Mr. John Hodgston, head of firm of John Hodgston, Son & Co., bankers and brokers,

Harrie Dadmun '12

Arthur Hodgston, his son,

Horatio W. Lamson '11

Ralph Winton, likewise a member of the firm,

Lawrence Münch '11

Grace Winton, his sister, Gertrude Thomas '11

Jerry O'Flinn, an office boy with matrimonial aspirations, Thomas Carens '11

Mary McArdle, who trusts those aspirations,

Elizabeth Yerrinton '11

Between the scenes candy was sold under direction of the Girls' Glee Club. The program was enlivened by pleasing selections by the school orchestra and by the delightful singing of the Girls' Glee Club under the direction of Miss Tenney.

The English teachers had planned an interesting school contest offering prizes for the best original valentines, and for weeks many a weary pupil, vainly struggling to gain a bright idea, had been troubled by visions of hearts and darts and flying cupids. A committee of five, consisting of Supt. J. F. Scully, Prin. F. C. Mitchell, Mr. Cross, Miss Bullock and Miss Trask, judged the valentines. Mr. Mitchell awarded the prizes. First prize was given to Miss Louise Bateman '13, and as the judges

could not decide between the two next best valentines, two second prizes were given. Miss Alice Cotton '12 and Miss Dorothea Rowse '11 being the winners. The following received honorable mention,—1911, Harriet Bartlett, Dorothy Black, Edith Estabrook, Elouise Hunt, Blanche King, Richard Sears, Gertrude Thomas; 1912, Margaret Birch, Durant Currier, Raymond Taylor, Florenee Webber; 1913, Marjorie Brooks, Helene Darling, Mary Leonard, Albert Wunderlich; 1914, Alice Dickie, Katherine Eberhardt, Pauline Garman, Dorothy Münch, Amy Schwamb.

The posters, prize valentines, and those which received honorable mention were auctioned off by Mr. Cross in Room A, at 10.30, in amusing style. The posters were made by Mary Leonard '13, Helene Darling '13, Louise Hatch '14.

After the play the people were requested to visit Postmaster General R. C. Taylor's finely appointed post office, built in the dressing room at the right of the stage, to receive any mail which Cupid might have left there for them. Mr. Taylor was ably assisted by John Bisbee '11 and Jack Sanford '12.

The evening closed with dancing. The originality of the affair made it especially noteworthy and great credit is due the

large number who had part in its success.

The English Club extends most hearty thanks to all who assisted. The proceeds amounted to about \$75.

ALICE M. BURTT, *Secretary*.

GERMAN CLUB NOTES.

The January meeting of the Mehr Kunde Verein was somewhat different from the preceding meetings. On that evening, Dr. Karl John, a genuine German and an instructor in the Berlitz School of Languages, came from Boston and talked to the club members in German, taking them on an imaginary trip to Germany in a very amusing fashion. He spoke so distinctly and plainly that even the beginners in German were able to understand something of what he said.

The initiation for the new club members took place in the recent February meeting. While no form of hazing was attempted in any way, the older members of the club enjoyed the stunts immensely which the newcomers were compelled to perform. There were approximately twenty new members admitted and it is to be hoped that with this increase the club will progress noticeably.

ELSIE DANFORTH,

Secretary.

EXCHANGES

"*The Recorder*," Brooklyn Boys High, has very fine cuts and a fine athletic column.

In "*The Oracle*," Edward Little High, Auburn, Maine, there are some fine jokes and stories. In "*The Storm*" it would be interesting to know what happened after the lightning flash.

The literary department of "*The Megaphone*," Dean Academy, has no heading. It is hard to tell where the editorials stop and the stories commence.

"*The Recorder*," Burlington, Vermont, has good stories, but too many jokes.

"*The Aegis*," Beverly is a very good paper. It seems, however, to put in the different stories wherever there is room instead of all together.

"*The Review*," Lowell High is a very fine paper. The literary department is very good indeed. The knocks form what seems too prominent a part.

While there is but one story in "*The Imp*," Brighton High, that is an especially good one and is quite long.

In "*The Argonaut*," Mansfield, the stories are very well written, but are short.

"*The Prospect*," Manual Training High, Brooklyn, is an especially fine paper. The cuts add greatly to its appearance, but even if they were not there it would still be a paper which could well be followed.

"*The Minor*," Waltham High, contains some stories which lack the sameness found in some papers beside being well written and interesting.

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(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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EDITORIAL

As the Bingville Bugle says, "Spring's a doubtful proposition if you're out of furnace coal." Well, we agree with you entirely. Doubtful is just the word, and applicable to other things than furnace coal. In the first place it's doubtful whether there ever should have been a school term during the spring months. Who ever established the custom in the dim ages, little realized the effect of spring fever and the "There's nothin' right but dreamin'" phrase. But it doesn't rest with us to upset the routine of the centuries; let's not try. Lessons are to be done—what's the use of putting them aside 'til to-morrow! There's just as likely to be a world full of sunshine, buds and blossoms then and to-morrow is a day that's

always vague, indefinite. It's a bad word to have in our vocabulary this time of year. Let's tuck it up on the shelf out of temptation, away from envious eyes, and "buckle-down" to what we've got to do, and do it well.

The Junior Reception on Tuesday night, matronized by Miss Bullock and Miss Flewelling, was a very enjoyable affair from start to finish. The Hall was decorated with large American flags which gave a very pretty effect with red and grey crepe hangings over the chandeliers. Dancing was enjoyed, the music being furnished by the Linwood Orchestra. During the evening punch and ice cream were served by the Junior girls. The Seniors wish to extend

their thanks to the Class of 1912 for so pleasant an evening.

One of the most interesting lectures of the year, certainly the one furthest from the general run of lectures, was given on Friday evening, March 3rd, by E. Foxton Ferguson. His subject was "Folk Song and Folk Lore" and by the medium of snatches of both and his own personality so well adapted to the interpretation of them, Mr. Ferguson led his audience through a bewildering maze of humor and pathos. Mrs. Wheelock accompanied the songs with weird piano selections.

A large audience gathered in Cotting Hall, on Friday evening, March 24th, to hear the lecture on "The Passion Play," given by Mr. Bowker. It was the last of the season's series and ranks with the best. Mr. Bowker gave the principal steps in the play accompanied by fine stereopticon views of Oberamgau and the play itself. The fact that the lecturer himself had visited the different places illustrated, and could tell many personal experiences added greatly to the interest and inspired in one the desire to see the great play.

ALUMNI NOTES

Reports of class reunions gratefully received by the Alumni Editors.

Alumni attending Institution of Learning.

Ralph H. Rowse 1908. Harvard 1912. (Graduates in 1911.) H. A. A. track team. To enter Hartford Theological Seminary.

Gardner P. Bullard 1908. Dartmouth 1912. Kappa, Rappa, Kappa fraternity. Sphinx Senior Society. Dartmouth Glee Club. Captain class hockey team 1908-1909. Varsity hockey team 1909-1911.

F. W. Hodgdon, Jr. 1907. Harvard 1911. Triangle Club. Medford Boat Club.

Elsie Basset 1908. Simmons 1912. Simmons Athletic Ass'n.

Emma F. Puffer 1899. Radcliffe 1903. Boston University Law School 1912.

A. W. Rolfe 1908. Harvard 1912.

Walter L. Kelley 1910. Tufts Electrical Engineering school 1914.

F. W. Hill 1908. Harvard 1912.

Caroline D. Higgins 1908. Home Economics Dept., Cornell 1913.

Marian Buttrick 1909. Simmons 1913.

Irene Hadley 1908. Boston University 1912.

Raymond E. Manley 1909. Boston University 1913. B. U. Choral Ass'n.

Alumni Teachers.

Grace S. Trow 1903. Mt. Holyoke. University of the Sarbonne L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes. French—East Maine Conference Seminary.

Pattie Beals 1908. Principal, La Union, New Mexico.

Warren C. Taylor 1897. M. I. T. 1902. Civil Engineering, Union College, N. Y.

Helen F. Pettengill 1906. Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Supervisor of Physical Education, Englewood, N. J.

Warren L. Russell 1900. Harvard 1904. Latin, Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lucy M. Prescott 1896. Radcliffe 1899. Latin, Far Rockaway High School, N. Y.

Alumni in the Business World.

Linda Black 1909. Summer school, Simmons college. Assistant, Robbins Library.

Agnes M. Robertson 1900. Radcliffe 1904. General Secretary of the Associated Charities, Stamford, Conn.

Florence Hardy 1909. Assistant Bookkeeper and Stenographer, Mass. Mohair Plush Co., Boston.

A. Dwight W. Prescott 1895. Stenographer, St. Croix Paper Co., Boston.

Harold B. Wood 1897. M. I. T. 1901. Manager, Gifford Wood Co., Hudson, N. Y.

Philip M. Patterson 1901. Harvard 1905. Salesman, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co.

Amy J. Winn 1904. A. B., Tufts 1908. B. S., Simmons 1910. Private Secretary to Alfred C. Lane, Professor of Geology, Tufts college.

Mattie E. Stiles 1910. Assis in the C. A. Thomas' dental office, Arlington

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A TRIP UP VESUVIUS.

Of course we took this excursion under the management of Thomas Cook & Son. Everyone does that in Europe. It's the most sensible way. At promptly nine o'clock in the morning, we were hustled into a carriage at Cook's office in Naples. The driver cracked his whip and we started on a long, tiresome, and yet interesting drive to the foot of the volcano. A few facts connected with this drive are indelibly fixed on our minds and are to us as worthy of mention as the crater itself. 1st, The Italian sun is hot in reality as well as in song and story. 2nd, Naples is dirty, dirty beyond all powers of description. 3rd, Naples is beautiful,—that is, that part of it, which is completely hidden by high walls and seen only by occasional glimpses through open gates. 4th, The Neapolitans are not above accepting money, which may be given for any, or more usually for no reason.

After riding between lava walls and through streets full of filth, people, and interest, for two long hours, we reached the foot of Cook's railway up Vesuvius. A single car took us up part way through a thickly vegetated region to where cultivated farms take the place of the wild growth. Soon a mountain engine was joined to the rear of the car and this literally "butted" us up to the foot of the cone, where we were immediately surrounded by bandit guides of mighty stature and dusty apparel.

Guide books had already given us some idea of the value of these people and of their fitness for their work, but not until that moment, with them really before us, did we realize their full importance and ability. Why, we have "actual statements from the mouths of each and every one of them,

that he and he only is the strongest and most capable guide that ever walked upon the face of this beautiful earth, (meaning of course the lava and ashes upon which he stood); that he has guided more people, been there more years, and knows more facts than any of the other guides, who are of course very good—yes, excellent guides, but they cannot equal himself; and just think of his remarkable horse! This last exceeded even his powers of expression, in intelligence, docility, speed, etc. Indeed, this was an opportunity, the like of which, one seldom has twice or even once in a lifetime. Here on a rough mountain-side was gathered a group of men, each one being avowedly the most superlative man that ever was created, even in the mind of an idealist.

For me, at least, it was too difficult to choose from this galaxy of wonders, so I took refuge in my own meagre stock of knowledge on the subject of horses, and resolved to select the equine which should carry me up the mountain, and take my chances on which guide went with the creature. At last my choice fell on a dappled gray, whose tail was frayed even worse, if possible, than that of his companions and who would hardly deign even to blink his eye, when I made an attempt to discover if his legs were possibly a little less wobbly than those of the other undersized quadrupeds. I made known my choice, and the storm began. The guide, who claimed the animal, immediately tried to convince me of my rashness and insisted that one of the men must ride that horse. But I was firm and insistent, even to the extent of climbing into the saddle, and demanding that we start at once, so, as a little tact will gain almost anything, I had my way!

At last we were really started. Sev-

eral were going to walk, and their guides had already led them off ahead along the well-packed but rough bridle path. I say "led" because each guide was armed with a strong strap or shawl to which each tenderfoot adventurer must cling, lest perchance he should stray a few inches from the path. The horses also were led, but not for long. The mystery of the frayed tails was soon explained, for lo, my guide gave strict orders to let the reins hang, and while yet I wondered how this beast was to be controlled without reins, he fell behind and, taking a firm grip upon the tail, introduced me to a new method of driving. All this remarkable man needed to do to start the horse at a rollicking gallop was to give simultaneously a mad whoop and a vigorous twist to the tail, and we were off at a gait which was thoroughly convincing that horseback riding is the most vigorous form of exercise.

The path is extremely narrow and irregular, and is broken at frequent intervals by large pieces of lava rock over which the horses must scramble. It was then that I realized the cause for the vigorous protestations, which my choice of a horse had called forth. It was the delight of my guide to start him up at each particularly rough place. It was the delight of my horse to start with an unsettling kick and then to slide over the place so that at least one and sometimes both hind hoofs slipped over the edge into the ashy depths beneath, to be rudely jerked back by the tail.

One especially lively scramble resulted in the loss of the bag of valuables, (consisting of a watch, two iras, and a few centesimi), which hung at my belt. Fortunately one of the gentlemen plodding along behind, picked it up, overtook us, and restored it to me, its rightful owner. The catch was broken, thus necessitating my carrying it in my hand, but the guide was equal to even this contingency. He eagerly requested the privilege of car-

rying it in his capacious pocket. It would be quite safe, and it was such a bother for me to carry it, but it wouldn't trouble him at all, etc., etc. I hated to burden this self-confessed ideal man, so I politely thanked him—and kept tight hold of the bag.

The path narrowed, the ashes grew deeper, the horses began to wade, and the route became more winding. At each turn my horse kicked more vigorously, and at each step he persisted in going nearer the edge and in more frequently letting his hoof slip over. Three inches over meant to us, the unsophisticated, no hope of getting back again, and he always went over at least two and three-quarters inches. I began to lose faith in my previously openly-declared statement that I would trust myself absolutely to a well-trained horse on any path whatever. This horse was, of course, well trained or he would not have had such a reputation as his owner had given him. The hillside was getting steeper, the acres of ashes were more impressive. They seemed endless, and how they stretched down, down, down, apparently with no termination. On the trail, the horses were wading in ashes almost up to their knees, which fact did not help matters any, as we could not help thinking how deep they must be where no trail had been packed. Thoughts of an ashy grave began to pass through my mind as I looked upon the easy possibility of being plunged to an untimely death. But my incomparable guide again came to my rescue. He called my mind from these morbid thoughts by vociferously demanding his tip, then and there. We had reached the government toll station and must pay our fee, and this unusual individual considered it a good time to request his share of my worldly goods. I referred him to the gentleman who had charge of my finances, and suggested that he continue onward. I again succeeded in having my way, and at last we reached the end of the trail.

Here we dismounted, only to sink into the ashes, and to be again mobbed by guides, who declared themselves even more remarkable than the first set, if such a thing could be possible. I decided to keep my guide, who had shown himself so watchful of my welfare and who now yielded up to me my Alpine stock, which had already done me good service in Switzerland, and which I had entrusted to him at the beginning of the ride, and indeed it was a relief to find myself once more armed with my trusty weapon. Looking down, we could see the valiant pedestrians, who had started out gaily, dragging heavily back on the guides' straps.

At last they reached us, and after some parleying we were ready for the last and worst stretch of all. There were about two hundred yards more to go. It was too steep and the ashes were too deep for the horses, but we poor humans were expected to walk, or, as the only other girl of the party did, to risk our lives in heavy chairs swung between poles borne on the shoulders of guides. Taking my stock firmly in my right hand and the guide's shawl firmly in my left, I said I was ready, and politely refused his kind suggestion that I just lean back and let him bear my weight on the shawl. We started, or rather, he did, with mighty strides. I made a desperate effort to plough my way through the ashes at an equal rate. We had gone about ten paces, when, much to my relief, he stopped for a short rest, during which time we slid back at least five paces. Again we made a mad dash,—a shorter one this time,—and slid back once more, but not quite so far. By this time I had succumbed to the greater wisdom of this unusual man, and was quite ready to content myself with the task of getting my feet through the ashes and to let him bear my weight. His brilliant mind caused him immediately to follow up the advantage of my submission and again to begin recounting his excep-

tional abilities. He had treated me well, so this time I humored him and allowed him to talk while I rested. But then I was tired, and didn't want to interrupt him, anyway. During one brief rest, a glance back showed a couple of the men, who had walked all the way, each being **pulled** by one guide and **pushed** by another.

A series of rough scrambles was gradually getting us nearer the summit. I did wish that my chest didn't feel as though it had been pounded with a sledge hammer, and that my feet were not quite so heavy and that my low shoes were not quite so full of cinders. The guide again diverted my thoughts from my own misery by informing me of the price of wine and impressing upon my mind his own need of a bottle of this valuable, Italian beverage. Luckily, I had already had given my valuables to my companion, so I convinced him at least temporarily of the futility of his efforts. The aforesaid companion now came to my rescue by sending another guide ahead to aid my painful progress by pushing. The last vestige of my independence was gone; I didn't care if a dozen guides pushed me; I would have been glad to stop there. Why did I come anyway? I would certainly never do it again. Every time we started on again my head was nearly jerked off my shoulders, but, at last, after the most strenuous half-hour of my life, we reached the goal,—the crater of Mt. Vesuvius. At last I could rest. I soon recovered my breath, my interest, and my spirits. (This last does not refer to the wine, of which there was plenty for sale by still more Italian banditti.) We looked into the crater and saw a little white smoke, and we walked around the top to where we could get a good view of Herculæum and Pompeii, and a better view of the interior of the crater, but I must not stop to try to describe the **largest** marvel, even of my **imagination**. This is about the

trip, and any reliable guide-book will give you the description.

We made ready for the return, and leaning on the arms of my two guides, we made one wild leap after another, covering the distance of our previous, miserable half-hour in just about three minutes. I have often wondered if I could have been as graceful as I felt, leaping from the ashy depths to a height of two or three feet (it seemed as much as that), and landing again with a dull thud only to spring even higher and farther than before. We must have covered several yards at each jump, and it was so exhilarating that I was quite ready to take the trip again for the sake of the descent.

We again mounted our horses, which were fortunately rather more dignified, and continued the descent in a rather more leisurely fashion. The return was less exciting, as my courage had returned, and I no longer feared a headlong plunge over the ashy terraces. Once, on my refusal to give him a tip, the guide gently suggested pulling me from the horse, even seizing my knee as proof of his willingness to do so, and once, for the same reason, he threatened to return the shortest way, namely, by a straight slide down the hill to certain destruction, but love of the money, which he knew would be refused him in such a case, prevented the former, and an appreciation of the value of his horse saved me from the latter. Thus we finally reached the railway shed and took the train for the half-way house, where we had dinner, after which we rode to the bottom, and from there we drove through the same dirty streets, apparently not even swept since morning, to our hotel and a much-needed night's rest.

Eleanor Bisbee, 1912.

GOING, GOING, GONE!

Slowly the clock ticked out the hour on the bare wall of a room in

which thirty impatient boys and ten meek little girls sat writing grammar, or, as they labelled it, "Language." At last its hands pointed to four o'clock, the long awaited hour. The bell rang, Jennie Smith, the teacher's pet, collected the papers.

The boys became more and more impatient. This was the day of days to them, for were they not to play their rival team, a small boys' school, which went by the name of Holmes Academy?

"Willie, I never saw such a paper! Such spelling! When did you learn to spell going, g—o—i—n, and gone, g—o—r—n?" asked the teacher in even sharper tones than usual, as she glanced at the pile of papers. "You may stay in and write them correctly each one hundred times."

Poor Willie! Why should that pugnosed, red-headed, bow-legged, knock-kneed, cross-eyed Jennie Smith have put his paper on top? How *could* he write well, with what was coming?

The last bell rang, and every one hurried to the dressing room and out, with scarce'y a glance at Willie as he sat in his back seat and sulked. The teacher gave him a paper, and, after some consideration, he looked at it.

"Go, going, went, gone." Why did they have parts to verbs? and did the teacher think he would write the whole thing when he only failed on two words? Not a bit of it.

He took out his stubby pencil with its still more stubby point, and with some deliberation wrote:

"1. Going, g—o—i—n—g, gone, g—o—n—e." Sulkily he looked at it, then slowly numbered up to fourteen.

"Rah, Rah, Rah, Smithville!" floated in through the open windows of that pesky room.

It wasn't fair. A lump rose in his throat. The teacher left the room. Three times more he wrote it:

"Going, g—o—i—n—g, gone, g—o—n—e." He wouldn't write it

thing—across the street was an electric sign which said "Lodging—ten cents." Soon the Professor was one of a large crowd of ragged men stretched in noisy slumber on narrow cots.

After wandering all night in his dreams, he left the lodging-house, and wandered all the morning in the streets, meeting with so many rebuffs that he finally reached the stage where he was surprised at nothing, and had become as gentle and docile as a kitten.

Thus he showed no surprise when one of the hoboes who had slept with him in the ten-cent lodging-house beckoned him on, and led him to a place, behind a box-car in the railroad yard, where a dozen gentlemen of the road were cooking a meal. Likewise he considered it an unimportant matter when a squad of police burst in upon the peaceful gathering, and hustled them all off to jail. And then, a short time after, when the gate of his cell clashed behind him, he took it all as a matter of course, and settled down for a nap.

Meanwhile, the Professor's faithful wife, aided by a large part of the student body, had been moving heaven and earth to trace him. The number and ingeniousness of the expedients adopted by the clever students were enough to form the basis of a whole library of detective stories, but, unfortunately, they miscarried. However, his wife—although not acquainted with the methods of Sherlock Holmes—knew her husband's character fairly thoroughly, and, by chance, hit on the right solution and went to Derwell to hunt for him. Two students whom she had taken with her quickly unraveled the clues, and, two hours after the Professor's incarceration, he was confronted by his loving wife.

Meekly and silently, he arose and followed her. He spoke not a word until, as they were being whirled to the station in a cab, his wife said, "John, I shall never let you out of my sight again, and I'll never, never trust you again to take care of yourself." Then

he roused himself a little, and gently murmured, "Just as you say, dear, just as you say."

TREMONT 10.

Hello! Will you please give me Tremont 10?—What?—Oh, excuse me, I thought you were Central. You see we've just had this telephone put in, and I'm not quite used to it. After having used the neighbor's 'phone occasionally for over a year, Henry and I decided that—Yes, that's all right, I'm sorry to have troubled you. Good-bye!—I wonder who that could have been! It sounded like Mrs. Brown, but I distinctly heard her say, "My husband has gone to New York," and Mr. Brown died three years ago. That woman does dress in the most outrageous manner! Yesterday I saw her attempt to get into a street-car and have to wait until the conductor actually boosted her in, because of her hobble-skirt. The first thing I know she'll be wearing a harem-skirt. Henry said the other day, that he did not wish me to associate with Mrs. Brown. That means that I can't go to her bridge-parties, and she has such attractive prizes, and then her little Indian servant is perfectly fascinating. He has such sad but expressive eyes. I know he is a prince or even a king, or whatever personages of royalty they have in India. Well, I guess I'll try that line again. Hello!—Will you please give me Tremont 10? Tremont ten, T-r-e-m-o-n-t one o. Yes.—Hello!—I beg your pardon. My number? Why, what do you mean, the automobile number? I'm afraid I can't tell you, for Henry took the auto in town this morning. I never happened to notice it, for when I am motoring, it takes all my attention in hanging on, and counting the dogs we run over. But, if you—What? Oh, the telephone number! Yes of course, how stupid of me. Will you wait just a moment, and I'll find it for you.—

Hello! I hope you will pardon me for taking so long, but I had to take a cake out of the oven. You see, it is Henry's birthday, and I wouldn't spoil his cake for anything. He is such a nice man to have around the house, such a home-lover, and so fond of the children and me. I do believe Junior is crying for me now. It is time for his bottle, bless his little heart! Oh, I forgot to tell you our number. It is 531-2. Do you get it?—Hello!—Hello!—Hello! Why, I do believe the impudent woman has gone! The discourtesy and negligence of these telephone-girls is simply disgraceful! If I ever get Henry, I'll see that he reports her.—Hello!—Hello!—Is this Central?—Kindly give me Tremont 10 without further delay. You have inadvertently delayed my morning's work. I told you about that cake I am making for Henry; well, I'm only waiting for the grocer to send the nuts, so I can make some caramel frosting. I simply adore caramel frosting, the kind they make in at the Woman's Industrial—Hello! Oh, is that you, sweetheart? Well, I thought I'd christen the new telephone by talking to you. Why dear, I've had the worst time trying to get you! That telephone girl is insufferable, absolutely insufferable; you will report her immediately won't you, dearest?—What!—Who is it, why it's your wife.—You haven't any wife! Why, Henry, darling, this is Maud,—Father O'Brien! Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought it was my husband, Mr. Dean. Goodbye.

When Henry got home that night, it was a distinctly tempestuous young person who vowed that either she, or the new telephone, must leave the house.
E. H. S. '12.

THE TREASURE.

Arthur was going about in great excitement, and why shouldn't he. Who wouldn't when going to find a treasure? He was sure to find it! He had been walking quietly by the door of his older Brother Bob's room and

heard its occupant talking to himself. Arthur stopped and listening heard him say the word "treasure" several times. His small imaginative brain understood in a second; Bob had a treasure.

Also, that afternoon he had seen his brother leave the house by the cellar door when he should have been cutting wood. He had watched him go to an old stone wall on a neighboring lot and in it conceal a paper.

It was very mysterious to Arthur. He could not curb his curiosity and so he went and got the paper. It read thus

"At the Devil's-Armchair."—Bob.

Well he knew this place, a huge chair formed in solid rock by Mother Nature. There was no doubt whatever now and so that evening Arthur, with his shovel over his shoulder, the way all treasure hunters are pictured, started off whistling "Anticipation."

As he neared the spot where he hoped to win both fame and fortune, he became very thoughtful. Bob was nineteen years old and teased him because he was afraid of toads; but he wouldn't get ahead of him this time. As he was thus absorbed in thought he was startled by voices. The chair nearby was hidden by some "scrub" cedar and juniper. Behind these he pictured two pirates in a duel for the treasure, and as he came closer he heard a voice pleading as if for life.

When he came in full view of the chair, he saw no, not two pirates in bloody combat, but his brother Bob on his knees before a young lady with a ring half on his finger calling her "Treasure."

D. W. E. '13.

RECIPE FOR A CLARIOM THEME.

Dear Puzzled—I saw in the last issue of the Boston Globe that you wished some kind sister would send you a recipe for a theme, and this is mine.

2 week's spare time,
Equal parts each of wit and imagination.

A liberal pinch of titles,
3 teaspoonsful of nerves,
1-2 teaspoonful of tears,
3 cups of ideas,
Sleeplessness size of 3 nights,
Worry size of 3 days.

Plenty of inattention to other work,

Juice of constant thought.

First, sift the ideas before mixing with other ingredients. After beating up the wit and imagination to a froth, mix in the titles. Stir the nerves, tears, and ideas into a soft-paste. Dissolve the sleeplessness and worry. Then mix all ingredients together, and allow to stand over night.

In the morning place in a mold and put in the oven to simmer for about two hours. Then let it bake in a hot oven for about one hour. Serve while fresh.

I have tried this many times and have always had good luck with it, but it is necessary to follow the directions very carefully.

I should be glad to hear from you after you have tried it.

A. H. S., '11.

DIVINITY.

I made a delicious confection one day,
And put in a cupboard to cool,
Rearranging the kitchen, I went on my way—
All according to general rule.
I was singing and playing a nice little tune,
And the elements all were at peace,
When an awful disturbance, like the yell of a loon,
And the quack of a flock of wild geese,
Aroused me to action. In the greatest of haste,
I rushed to the kitchen once more,
I saw a round ball of goo-y-goo paste,
Revolving all over the floor.

A cat had discovered my divinity fudge,

Had collided and started a row,
It made an inexpressibly white sticky smudge,

And I lock all warm candy up now.
M. W. '11

EOSTRE.*

Tripping down the mountain
The radiant goddess fair,
With showers on her lashes
And sunshine in her hair,
Comes, sending prisoned brooklets
A-dancing on their way,
And wakening sleeping flowers
Where barren snowdrifts lay.
May doubting lives, made hopeful,
Rejoice once more, and bring
The fairest of heart's flowers
As an offering to Spring.

*Eo-tre was the Saxon goddess of Spring.
Alice Cotton, 1912.

JUST LUCK.

She might have been seen determinedly walking down the main street of B, a very stylishly dressed girl about twenty-one, at least that is what the passers by judged her to be, late one autumn afternoon. Indeed she was determined for she was about to do a thing which required a great deal of thought, but determined as she was, nevertheless her footsteps lagged as she approached her destination, which was a letter box, and after a moment's hesitation, dropped a daintily perfumed note within the hungry iron mouth which yawned before her.

As she turned she cast her eyes down, and if one had been looking very sharply, one could have seen two shining tears run slowly down her rosy cheeks.

"I don't care a bit, and I am glad I did it, and I don't ever want to see him again, so there, never, Never, Never: I really don't see what I am crying for—I suppose its 'cause I'm so glad I did it.—Yes, Jane?"

At this moment the curtains parted and a pretty maid stood in the doorway.

"Its someone for you, Miss Harriett. Shall I show them in?"

"Certainly not, can't you see the state my eyes are in, why they look like two burnt holes in a blanket"

"But its Miss Margaret," replied the maid.

"Well, that's a different thing, of course. I'd see my chum at any time. Jane, show her up," said the young grief stricken mistress, or was it joy?

Harriett patted her soft light hair, straightened her collar, and as a finishing touch, put a little dab of powder on her nose.

Margaret entered at this point, and for the first few moments Harriett was buried in furs and her chum's arms and then suddenly burst out crying.

"Oh Miggy," she said, "I've gone and done it now and I shall never see him again. But I guess I did right, so I'm awfully glad, Boo hoo hoo!"

"Why, Hat, dear, what on earth have you done and what on earth are you talking about!" exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"George, its George and I've written him and told him I never wanted to see him again because the other night I found a handkerchief in his pocket with "M" on it. Besides it was the very same one I saw that new girl give him, the other night at the dance. I told him the last time we had a little spat that if he ever did anything again to make me angry, I wouldn't have anything to do with him, and here he's gone and done it. Look here Peg, this is the old handkerchief and I've been using it as a dust rag, just for spite."

Upon this she handed a dainty but very soiled handkerchief over to her chum, who, after scrutinizing it carefully for a moment, burst into peals of laughter.

"You silly jealous old Kiddie," she said, "don't you know that this is my handkerchief that I lost, and as the girl who found it didn't know me and

did know George, she gave it to him, being my brother, to give to me. He forgot it as he always does, and you on finding it, immediately came to the conclusion that he was in love with another girl. But I guess I can fix it up all right."

"Oh dear dear dee-ar" wailed Harriett, "what shall I do, I never can swallow my pride enough to go to him first and—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Harriet, but the postman has just left this letter for me to give you. It has no stamp on it, but as you put your address on the back, he returned it thinking you had rather pay the postage yourself than have it collected at the other end."

Eloise Hunt, '11.

MERELY A PENCIL.

A small parcel and letter came to C. Dadson Merrill on the nine o'clock mail. The writing was unfamiliar. The letter small and dainty with a jaunty odor of violets pervading it. He read it curiously, then in wonder and amazement reread it. There was no heading. This is how it read:—

"In the accompanying package there is a pencil which will bring a fortune. I am now dying. It is not fair to the world to let this secret die with me. You do not know me and all search would be futile. All that is necessary to bring the money is to draw this pencil back and forth across any paper, covering all of it and a picture will appear. Incidentally this will draw a crowd. Use your judgment as to obtaining the cash. Perhaps someday you will be one of the world's greatest masters.

I wish you good luck!" . . .

It was quite a while before C. Dadson Merrill could grasp all this. He spent the day experimenting and for a week all other business was suspended.

The manager of one of the largest vaudeville theatres in New York heard of this novel artist and came to see him. It was so much more unusual than the manager had expected, that in his excitement, for he saw great possibilities ahead, gave Merrill the check for half a million dollars. One half a million dollars! C. Dodson Merrill worth half a million and all in a moment. Poor Merrill was very happily bewildered.

For a week he exhibited his pictures in an art gallery. But it was Saturday night that he was to draw before the public.

His first picture was a wood-land scene, which was very pretty with the twilight sifting through the trees. The second was a marine view with a glorious sunset.

Then as he drew the pencil rapidly across the last great canvas there unfolded before the breathless crowd the most beautiful madonna that the world had ever witnessed. It was wonderfully lovely and magnificent. Every line of it was perfect. As Merrill stepped back, the picture being finished, the hush was intensified by the thunderous applause that followed.

In that moment of glory, of happiness, C. Dodson Merrill looked toward the box, wherein was seated the pretty girl whom he wished to marry. It was her joy alone which would make the moment perfect.

In that moment also there came whizzing, sizzling down through an open window in the back of the stage a tiny ball of lightning. Straight down it came, lighting the top of the masterpiece and sliding down across the picture. Instantly it was ablaze.

The asbestos curtain was dropped. Cries and shouts resounded. Excitement reigned. Water was quickly brought and the fire put out. The people were safe but every picture was ruined either by flames or water.

The manager, thinking only of the

pencil, his riches and his loss, had rushed wildly into the blaze but returned, sobbing wildly, with a charred bit of wood in his hand. All, all that was left of his fame.

As for C. Dodson Merrill, he was a rich man and a few later his wedding was celebrated.

B. L. H., 1914.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

SENIORS.

The Last Day, Mildred Osgood
Ex Gladiatoribus Pugnans, Horatio Lamson
In the Path of the Sun and Moon,

An Experiment, Rena Gray
Dorothea Rowse

JUNIORS.

The New Hat, Margaret Birch
Miss Tabbycat's Adventures,

Miriam Stevens
Sir Roger's Church, Clayton Hilliard

SOPHOMORES.

How Shoes are Made, Louis Cousens
Through the Lost River, Harlan Eveleth
My Ghost, Elizabeth Gardner
Soliloquy of a Text Book, Gladys Gore

Minot's Lighthouses, Harold Holt
The Fall of Rome (a Dog Story),

Mary McConnell
Dyeing, Joseph Merrick

Making Maple Sugar, George Currier
The History of a Tree, Harriet Bullard

The Shower, Katharine Read
My First and Only Experience as a Hunter,

M. B.
Aerial Navigation, John Bailey

FRESHMAN.

A Day in the Woods, Margaret Purcell
The Arlington Hospital, Olive Wheaton

Why Stamens Grow Fast to the Lily (An Allegory), Alma Whelpley

A Garden Conversation, Florence Joseph
Miss Cocinellis' Adventure, Alice Dickie

A Thunderstorm on the Water,
Marion Bushee



BASE-BALL

Although there are but four veterans of last year's team in school, the outlook for a successful baseball team is bright. Joseph Harrington, of Wakefield, has been secured as coach and under his direction the team has made rapid progress. Capt. Henry Trainor will again cover third base, and during the first few games he played a fine fielding game, while his hitting was excellent. George Lowe has been shifted to short stop, his natural position, and there is no doubt as to his making good. In the first three games Lowe made nine hits for a total of fourteen bases in fifteen times at bat, an average of 600. Charles Parris, who went through last season without an error, stands an excellent chance of repeating this record and his batting has also improved. Americo Chaves, the only vet-

eran pitcher, is expected to do the most of the pitching. Manager Harlan Reycroft will assist Chaves in the pitching department. First base will be taken care of by Louis Cousens, and although he is new to the position, he will undoubtedly make good. Warren Blair has been putting up a good game at second base, and has been hitting the ball and running the bases in fine style. David Buttrick, the football captain, is doing the catching. Besides Parris the outfielders are Lowe, Hadley, Ross, Kinney, Gowen, and Kelly.

The team started the season auspiciously by defeating Lexington High on April 8, 10 to 4. The hitting of Lowe and the pitching of Chaves were the features of the game.

On April 14, Arlington was defeated by Melrose, 5 to 3. Reycroft pitched his first game and made a fine showing against the heavy-hitting of Melrose aggregation. Arlington outbatted their opponents, but a few costly errors and poor base running cost them the game.

On April 15, Cambridge High and Latin met defeat. Cambridge started the scoring and in the third inning they were leading 2 to 0. In the last of this inning, however, the Arlington batters struck their stride and seven consecutive hits coupled with a few errors netted seven runs. The heavy hitting continued during the game and the final score was 18 to 3. Parris connected for four singles and a triple and Lowe got three singles and a triple.

TRACK

This spring the school will have a representative track team. John E. Robinson, '11, has been elected captain and Thomas

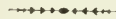
H. Carens, '11, manager. The team has secured the services of Henry McCarthy of Revere as coach. An interclass meet was held on April 21, and several meets will probably be held with teams from surrounding towns. The following are still in school who won points in last year's meets:— Capt. Robinson. H. Reycroft, W. Reycroft, C. Parris, R. McWeeney, R. Hooper, F. Osgood, R. Bell, G. Goldsmith, W. Jardine, S. Ober, J. Colbert, H. Trainor, W. Carroll and E. Rowse.

HOCKEY

The following players won hockey "A's": Capt. Osgood, Hadley, Landall, Bower, Ross, Parris, Cousens, Lowe, Buttrick, H. Reycroft, R. Bell, and Manager Lamson. Osgood, Hadley, Landall, Bower, and Lamson received sweaters, as the others had already won football sweaters. Wilton S. Jardine, '12, has been appointed manager for next year.

Treasurer's Report

February 17, 1911 to April 17, 1911, Inclusive



RECEIPTS

Balance on hand	\$33.06
From Valentine Party	71.02
" " Any Little Girl"	91.40
" Collectors	3.40
" Season Tickets	5.00
" C. L. S. Game	8.30

Total Receipts	\$212.18
Total Expense	\$126.04

Balance on hand	\$86.14
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EXPENDITURES

To Hockey Manager	\$10.00
" Brine (Hockey)	8.34
" Postage, etc90
" Receipt Books45
" Wm. Read (Hockey)	9.50

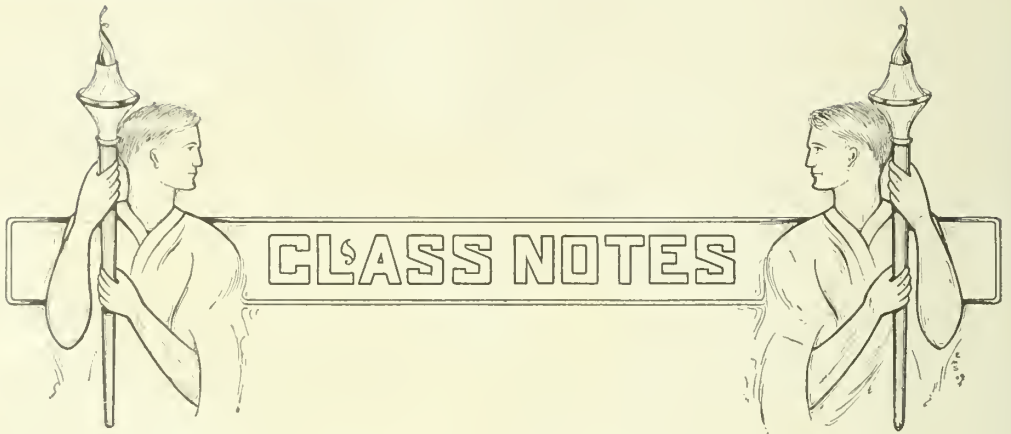
" Wm. Read (Sweaters)	25.00
" 1 Pitcher of Play	1.35
" Music for Play	1.35
" Expenses "Any Little Girl"	24.60
" Brine & Clifford	15.85
Expenses Lexington Game	2.32
" Melrose "	3.70
" C. L. S. "	2.50
Paid Base Ball Coach	15.00
" Track "	5.00
One Ball Cord08

\$126.04

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I have examined above report and find it correct.
F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.



1911.

Ancient History IV is deep in the discussion of the amalgamation of races or the fall of every empire in the world. From Miss Tenney we learn that at the time of the amalgamation the leading fashion will be neither hobble nor harein but empire.

Miss Dawes says that the colonies were able to export their fisheries. Another fish story.

Latin IV. In the time of Ancient Rome to insure a soul's rest in Hades a lock of hair must be offered to Prosperina. What became of the bald headed men, I wonder?

German IV. Herr Smith. "The string on the cross bow (beau) is broken." How careless of some girl!

German IV. A strange young man comes to the door, speaks with Herr Smith and vanishes. Miss Esterbrook (in stage whisper very much disappointed), "Oh, isn't he coming in?"

Latin IV. Miss Horrocks tells us that even Iris once stood on her head.

Flowery pronunciation in Burke. Miss Bartlett—Stating: "stä ting." Münch—Satiety: "sa ti et y."

German IV. ("Ich sehe dich gegürtet und gerüstet." "I see you girded and equipped.")

Herr Smith (explaining) "You see he was in his nightly (knightly) costume."

Miss Tenney informs us that in Early Rome a man who was mentally lacking was considered dead. Reckoning from that how many of us are dead ones?

What might the "What-you-may call ems" be, Miss Yerrington?

Translating Latin. "Where are you going my —

Say, this is no nursery, Reycroft.

English IV a has a skeleton (an outline of Burke's speech) in its closet and does not wish to elaborate.

"All the world loves a lover;" this does not seem to be the case with our principal. Tough luck! But cheer up, remember the library!

If you don't believe Robinson is a "stick-em" ask somebody about the gum.

Miss Richmond. "Well, how long had this state of affairs been going on."

Münch (brilliantly). "Why-er-since it started, I guess."

Is it *modesty* which causes so many to keep their eyes cast down while telling "What the concession should be."

The question arises: What did Farragut say?

Latin IV—Translation. He gave the victor a mantle ignomamus.

What kind of a mantle?

Bright scholar. Mantelpiece. of course!

1912.

Latin III.

Mr. D. informs us that Cataline "rolled

his eyes towards the city." It's wonderful what those Romans could do.

Eng. Hist. III.

Miss D.—"In Elizabeth's reign, the people had glass windows."

Teacher—"What did they have for windows before?"

Miss D.—"Wood and iron." Dense, at least.

Lat. III.

Roman war report as translated by Mr. D.—"I do not yet wound those with words who ought to have been killed with swords with words."

Eng. Hist. III.

Miss H. informs us that Queen Elizabeth brought the bishops before her and made them swear. Shocking!

German.

Herr S.—"What do you do when you sleep?"

Brilliant pupil (*sotto voce*).—"Snore!"

Eng. Hist. III.

"In the latter part of Henry VIII's reign he was worried about the ascension to the throne." Was that the result of the Reformation?

German.

Miss B. (translating). "They had only one child,—an entirely small child." Wasn't that nice?

Eng. Hist. III.

Mr. D.—"Queen Elizabeth was brought up as a girl. She could read, write and speak."

Chemistry III.

Miss B. wishes to know why soap is not good to eat.

Lat. III.

Mr. S. (translating).—"You see them glistening with well-combed hair, clothed in long sleeves, and wearing curtains." Vivid description!

German.

Miss B.—"I see you walking among the wild icebergs—and the chamois grabs you"

No, this is not a nightmare, only a translation.

The English History class marvels at the remarkable dresses of Queen Elizabeth's time,—but what about the Harem skirt?

Algebra III.

Teacher,—"Why are you late, Mr. H.?"

Mr. H.—"I had to get my block."

He must have lost his head that time.

German.

Mr. D. (translating). "When he bent—when he bent—"

Herr S. "Yes, when he bent—."

1913.

Beware! Master D. informs us that those who use narcotics will result in death sooner or later.

Mr. D., name some products of beef.

Mr. D. "Pork."

Miss B., translating an unprepared Latin lesson at sight. "They threw carts and wounded our men."

Mary had a little lamb,

And now her lamb is dead;

But still she carries him to school

Between two slices of bread.

M. I. L., '13.

1914.

When September's sun was kissing

The waters of Spy Pond,

A band of wandering Freshmen

Their High School gazed upon.

Who did not feel a tremor

A shudder and a thrill?

For they were just from Grammar

And High was unknown still.

Although their footsteps wavered

Their hearts were stanch and true,

And every one endeavored

To show himself "True Blue."

But now each shows a class pin

With pardonable pride

And boasts that 'tis the finest

In our beloved High.

And now the year is waning,

Vacation time draws near,

But we'll return as Sophomores

To meet again next year.

M. E. B., 1914.



GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club have held their rehearsals regularly and have sung on two occasions for the English Club.

GERMAN CLUB.

At the March meeting of the "Mehr Kunde Verein," the club members again had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Karl Johne speak to them. He continued his talk of the previous meeting and in addition read several selections from German works, including one from *l'Arabiatta*, a book which the beginner's class has recently read. He is a pleasing talker and the evening proved to be one of interest to all those present.

The leader of the April meeting was the president of the club, Mr. Smith. His sub-

ject was on the elementary schools of Germany. We learned that the standard of the German schools is much higher than that of ours and that the pupils are required to do a greater amount of studying.

E. DANFORTH, *Sec.*

SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science Club has held one meeting since the last publication of *The Clarion*. It took place in the Physical Laboratory, with a good attendance. The program was as follows:—

- I. Dyeing; Lamson '11 and Eberhardt '12.
- II. Soap Making; Miss Birch '12 and Miss M. Burns '12.
- III. Sympathetic Vibrations of a tuning fork; Flemming '13 and Merrick '13.
- IV. Phosphine Gas; Horton '12.

The first two experiments were of a practical nature. The third is the original work of Flemming and Merrick, this method of showing sympathetic vibrations having been devised by them. This is the third original experiment designed by club members and performed before the club.

ENGLISH CLUB

THE "ANY LITTLE GIRL" EVENING.

The second public meeting of the English Club was held Friday, March 17, in the High School Hall, amid appropriate St. Patrick's Day decorations of crepe paper and flags.

The program was opened with excellent selections by the School Orchestra and Girls' Clee Club. The solo parts in the Glee Club selections were sung with sweetness and taste by Miss Thomas '11, and Miss Stacey '12. Principal F. C. Mitchell then awarded the prizes for the baby contest in juvenile photographs as follows:—first prize, for the most beautiful, to Katherine Eberhardt '14, an American Beauty rose and a shamrock pin; second prize, for the cutest, to Donald Scully '13, a keg of kisses; third prize, for the healthiest, to Dana Hardy '13, a bottle of Mellin's Food. The following received honorable mention: John Bailey '13, Mildred Partridge '14, Reginald Squire '14, and Margaret and Bertha Yerrington '14. The judges were Misses Cheney, Tenney and Flewelling, and Mr. Smith. The photographs were

displayed in the Teachers' Room, which was fitted up as a studio. The Prize Winners and the Faculty group received special attention.

The main attraction of the evening was then presented—the play "Any Little Girl," written by Dorothy Black '11. The cast was as follows:—

Babe, otherwise Randolph Jaynes, Jr.,

Wilton Jardine '12

Mac Intyre, a football hero,

Harlan Reycroft '11

Carter, a good old sport, Roger Bell '11

Spike, another, Thomas Carens '11

Chuck, otherwise Chester Eliot,

Philip Wood '11

Randolph Jaynes, Esq., David Buttrick '13

Sam, his servant, Walter Hutchinson '13

Ruth Taylor, a young college girl,

Blanche King '11

Doris Jewett, another, Dorothy Black '11

Mrs. Powell, Doris' aunt and chaperon,

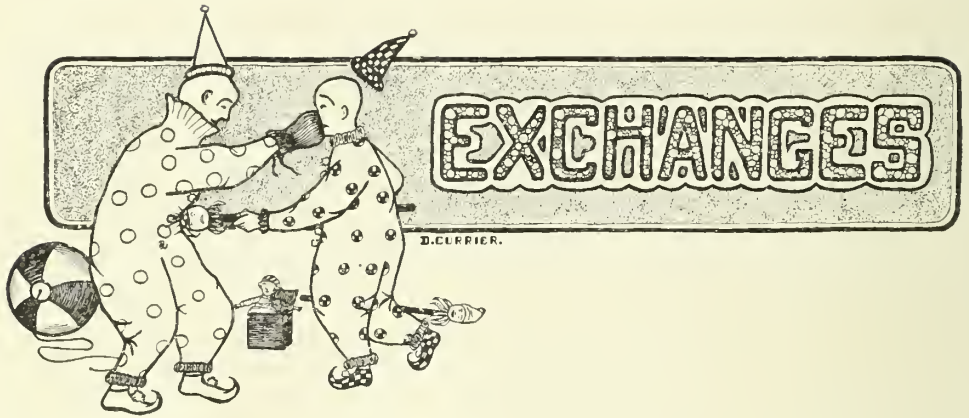
Eleanor Hatch '12

Lily Bell, chambermaid at University Chambers,

Rachel Tuttle '12

The play was charming and clever in setting and plot, the parts were well taken, and the attention of the audience was held from the beginning. Special mention is due Theodore Bell '11 and Leo Dalton '12 for their efficient work as stage managers. The play was coached by Miss Crane, of Miss Lawton's School of English Expression in Boston. Miss Black received marked applause on her appearance and was repeatedly presented with flowers between the acts. The evening closed with dancing.

The net proceeds were nearly \$80. The thanks of the Club are extended to all who assisted in making the affair a success, especially to the cast, the Glee Club, the orchestra, and to Mr. Herbert Rawson for the loan of palms for the stage.



In "*The Review*," Lowell, the exchange and literary departments are good, but there are too many "knocks."

"*The Mikado*," Columbus Business College, Columbus, Ohio, has good material, but the arrangement is rather poor.

"*The Megaphone*," Dean Academy, has very good stories and a fine alumni column. It is a fine paper throughout.

"*The Clarion*," West Roxbury High, has a good literary department. The athletic and exchange columns are very short.

"*The Agis*," Beverly, has many stories, the longer ones good but the shorter ones are not interesting.

In "*The Greylock Echo*," Adams, all the departments are interesting, but the paper would be improved if they were separated.

"*The Echo*," Turners Falls, has good material, well arranged. There is no table of contents.

"*The Holten*," Danvers, has fine editorials. The literary department is good and contains several poems.

"Where is Bill these days?"

"Fired."

"Oh, yes, I believe I did hear the report."—*Ex.*

Hand me the "Review of Reviews, she said;

The landlady's eyes did flash,

For another young boarder looked solemnly up,

And silently passed the hash.—*Ex.*

Judge—What is your name?

Swede—Jan.

J—Are you married?

S—Ya.

J—Whom did you marry?

S—Hy married a woman.

J—Well, you fool, did you ever know any one that didn't marry a woman?

S—Ya, my sister, she married a man.—*Ex.*

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Mill Auditor and Accountant	5	Minor Mill Positions	7
Textile Designer	24	Student	2
In Commission House	4	Employment Not Known	10
General Manager	2	Not Employed	5
Electrician	3	Deceased	2
Assistant Engineer	1		
Assistant Master Mechanic and Draftsman	7		222

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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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EDITORIAL

Graduation—The Night of Nights!

Remember in the Freshman days, how we looked ahead through a vista of imagination, rose colored and gold, to the time when we, too, should be among the number of those facing the future with such hopes and longings. It hasn't all been rose colored though, and now life looks pretty big to some of us. It's a turning point, this last night of High school, a turning point for all of us whether we go further in school life or not. We're leaving behind the dear, glad days, the days of fun and frolic, and sad to say the days of too little work; yet aren't those days symbolic of ourselves—care free, happy, and mischief loving? On a great strong flood of youthful spirits and

self confidence we have been buoyed along; we have laughed and been merry in the laughing, at the big problems and fears of life. Well it's good to laugh. "Success comes to those who smile." May it come to us, each and every one. Yet on this night, with the great, wide world looming questioningly before us, may we not be pardoned for a mistiness in our eyes and a break in our voices? The last good-bye—the firm hand clasp of a friend—High school days are no more. The ladder of success stands before us, shall we climb up, far up, until all the doubts and fears fade into one tender memory of the happy friendships, helpful teachers, and merry hours of our High school years?

The Senior Social which took place on Friday evening, April 28th, was a source of great enjoyment from start to finish to those fortunate enough to be present. "Twins," a farce written by Misses Bartlett, King, Osgood and Wyman was given under the direction of Wm. O. Partridge, Jr., with evident success. The stage, never more effectively decorated, added greatly to the charm of the play. The cast, which was made up of members of the Senior Class, interpreted their parts most efficiently and to the amusement of the audience. The cast :—

Aunt Jane	Harriet Bartlett
Fred Underwood, her nephew	Roger Bell
Ned Winslow, his chum	Thomas Carens
Dick Castle	Lawrence Münch
Jack Hampton	Philip Wood
Bob } Twins	Blanche E. King
Betty }	Mildred Wyman
Alice Carpenter	Gertrude Thomas
Helen Davis	Mildred C. Osgood
Marie	Elouise Hunt
Butler	Horatio Lamson

Directly after the play refreshments were served and dancing until 11 o'clock was enjoyed.

Many of us saw with delight one or more of the presentations in our High School hall of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" by a cast from the Arlington Teachers' Club. Miss Tenney as "Miss Mattie," Miss Bullock as "Miss Pole," Miss McIntosh as "Miss Jessie Brown," and Miss Flewelling as "Peggy," carried out their roles in a way that won the most flattering plaudits from the audience and the press. Miss McIntosh responded to an encore with a beautiful solo; Miss Flewelling made a clever Peggy indeed; Miss Bullock was undoubtedly one of the "stars" of the performance in the humorous character of Miss Pole, and Miss Tenney made a most winning Miss Mattie, who will long be remembered. Posters for the affair were made by some of our school artists, Miss Bateman '13, re-

ceiving special notice in the *Arlington Advocate*. The school orchestra furnished the music for each performance.

On Thursday evening, June first, a French play entitled "La Joie fait Peur," was given by some of the pupils of Miss Trask's French class with great success in Cotting Hall. The pupils were coached by Professor Pape and Miss Trask and certainly did credit to their excellent training. The evening was made most enjoyable by the musical program which consisted of selections by the Girl's Glee Club, the school orchestra, and solos by Miss Gertrude Thomas and Mr. John Bisbee. The songs being rendered in French were most appropriate for the occasion. After the play Professor Pape gave a short address in French. Those who took part in the play were :—

Nöel, the old family servant,	Bertram Dallin
Octave, in love with Mathilde,	Walter Horton
Adrien, son of Mme. des Aubiers,	Richard Sears
Mathilde, in love with Adrien,	Eleanor Hatch
Mme. des Aubiers, mother of Adrien,	Elsie Danforth
Blanche, sister of Adrien,	Elouise Hunt

The plot was as follows :—

The des Aubiers family is in a state of mourning, for word has come home that Adrien, the son, has been killed in battle. Mathilde de Pierreval, who was to have been Adrien's bride, disregards her father's wishes and remains with Adrien's family in spite of the protest of Octave who loves her. On the other hand, Blanche cherishes a secret regard for Octave. While matters are in this condition, Adrien, who has not been killed, returns home. He is first seen by Nöel, the old servant, and the question arises of how to break the news so that the shock will not be too great. One by one the different members of the household are informed, Madame des Aubiers last of all. They then plan to be very happy together, Madame des Aubiers, Mathilde and Adrien, Blanche and Octave and the faithful Nöel. No one has died of joy.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Marion Brooks, 1906. Wheelock Kindergarten Training School, 1908. Now Mrs. F. W. Johnson of Somerville.

Anna C. Hendrick, 1909. Pierce Short-hand School, 1910. Stenographer in architect's office.

Leneler F. Cotton, 1907. Stenographer in Boston Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

S. Trafford Hicks, 1906. Harvard, S. B., 1910. In copper manufacturing.

Fred S. Mead, Jr., 1905. Columbia College, Theta Xi Fraternity. Industrial Chemist in India Rubber Co., New Brunswick, N. J.

J. Freeman Wood, 1894. Harvard, 1898. Printing business in Westfield, Mass.

Charles T. Bunker, 1896. New Bedford traveling salesman.

Gretchen Wyman, 1906. Assistant to Dr. E. A. Bradford, Boston.

Walton H. Sears, 1898. M. I. T., 1902. Civil and Mechanical Engineer. American Society of Civil Engineers.

Arthur B. Pierce, 1910. With W. W. & C. R. Noyes, Wholesale fruit and produce, No. Market and Clinton sts., Boston.

Arthur C. Frost, 1905. Harvard, 1909. Private secretary.

Howard S. Russell, 1905. Market gardener in Arlington.

Carrietta Wells, 1905. Clerk in John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., Boston.

Howard T. Murray, 1909. With Wm. H. Murray & Co., Arlington.

Ethel M. Storey, 1910. Stenographer in Consolidated Rendering Co., 40 North Market street, Boston.

Mary L. Duffy, 1909. Stenographer in Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston.

Chester W. White, 1908. Burdett College, 1909. Traveling salesman for Whittall Tatum Co., N. Y., dealers in Druggists, Perfumers, Hospital, etc. supplies. Arlington Boat Club.

P. W. Taylor, 1906. M. I. T., 1910. Engineer B. & M. R. R. Arlington Boat Club.

Minnie Rosen, 1910. Stenographer for Dr. George S. Derby, Boston.

Josephine N. Fowle, 1895. One year at Smith, one at Radcliffe. Occupied with mission work in Providence, R. I.

Frederick L. Rich, 1881. Bryant & Stratton's, 1882. Fruit cake maker. Honorary member of Arlington Boat Club. Member of Massachusetts Lodge.

Nettie E. Baston, 1874. Reference librarian, Robbins Library, Arlington.

Harry Hornblower, 1878. Banker & Broker.

Nellie H. Farmer, 1883. Cannon's Commercial College, 1884. Bookkeeper for Gordon Press. Member of Gordon Press. Member of Gordon Village Improvement Society and Woman's Auxiliary Gordon Guild.

Alice Shattuck, 1882. Now Mrs. C. H. Stevens of Arlington. Arlington Woman's Club.

Grace L. Whittemore, 1875. Member of Arlington Woman's Club, Arlington Historical Society, Unitarian Alliance, Lend a Hand Club, Hospital Aid Association and Rest Tower Association.

L. Kimball Russell, 1879. M. I. T., 1886. Professor of chemistry in Clarkson School of Technology.

Mary C. Hardy, 1880. Smith, 1885. Teaching in Cambridge. Member Smith College Club, Arlington Alumni Association; Cambridge Teacher's Club, and Woman's Club.

Angie E. Wellington, 1883. Bradford Academy for one year. Emerson College of Oratory, 1888. Now Mrs. James Holt, and member of Emerson Alumni Association, Historical Society, Woman's Club and Rebekah Lodge.

Elizabeth J. Newton, 1871. Librarian of Robbins Library, Arlington. Member of Arlington Woman's Club and Historical Society, Mass. Library Club and American Library Association.

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Wednesday Evening, June 21. Town Hall, Arlington

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"I have taken all knowledge for my province." *Francis Bacon.*

"Festival Hymn" *Dudley Buck*

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. GERTRUDE THOMAS

a. "Where the Bee Sucks" From "The Tempest" *Dr. Arne*

b. "Who is Sylvia?" From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" *Schubert*

GIRLS' VOICES

Bishops

Wolsey
Campeius

DIALOGUE — HENRY VIII, ACT III, SCENE I.

Wolsey Philip Wood

Campeius C. Lawrence Munch

Queen Katherine Grace Donnelly

Knights

Sir Walter Raleigh
Sir Philip Sidney

HELEN A. LYONS

Castles

Kenilworth
Warwick

HARRIET F. HOLT

Pawns

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"The Evening Wind" *Saint Saens*

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Class Prophecy

THOMAS H. CARENS

Cantata

"The Old Clock on the Stairs" (Words by Longfellow) *F. H. Pease*

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Accompanist Miss Marion Young

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HARRIET LUCY BARTLETT	HELEN ANNA LYONS
ROGER WARREN BELL	GERTRUDE MARY McWEENEY
THEODORE PERRY BELL	ROSE FRANCES MEEHAN
ELIZA H. BITZER	CHARLES LAWRENCE MÜNCH
DOROTHY HILDRETH BLACK	MILDRED CAROLINE OSGOOD
THOMAS HENRY CARENS	ARLENE LAVINA PIKE
NELLIE ANN CLARE	JENNIE NOWELL PRINCE
JOHN EDWARD CRONIN	HARLAN LONG REYCROFT
EDWIN BERTRAM DALLIN	JOHN EDWARD ROBINSON
MARY ELSIE DANFORTH	LOUISE MARY ROBINSON
DOROTHY ELIZABETH DAWES	DOROTHEA ROWSE
GRACE FRANCES DONNELLY	HELEN ELIZABETH SCANNELL
MARGARET ELIZABETH DUFFY	GERTRUDE JOSEPHINE SCHNETZER
EDITH PARKER ESTABROOKS	WILLIAM RICHARD SEARS
JOHN WHITTEMORE GOWEN	ALICE EDNA SMITH
ISABEL CHRISTINA GRATTO	GERTRUDE THOMAS
RENA GRAY	MILDRED WHILTON
HARRIET FRANCES HOLT	RUTH ELIZABETH WHITE
MILDRED HORROCKS	CHESTER ROBIE WHITMAN
RHODA JOHNSON	CAROLYN WILSON WHITTEMORE
BLANCHE EDNA KING	PHILIP WOOD
HORATIO WELLINGTON LAMSON	MILDRED WYMAN
ELIZABETH YERRINTON	

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

PROCLAMATION OF THE HERALD.

Friends of the Arlington High School, we bid you, one and all, a most hearty welcome to the graduation exercises of—shall I say it?—one of the most illustrious classes ever sent forth by the school! You will pardon whatever arrogance there may be in this statement and in those which follow, when you consider our motto, itself a suggestion of the “il-limitable audacity” of the times when it was written.

Setting aside, for the present, the proof of this assertion of our own worth, permit me first to turn your attention to the details of the program. It consists, as formerly, of three kinds of entertainment, musical, purely literary and prophetic. The music, I am sure, will serve to delight you as in former years; none of you would be content to leave the hall without knowing the destiny of such a class, especially when set forth by such an enlightened prophet, and we hope that the literary portion will prove both interesting and stimulating, purporting, as it does, to be a game of literary chess. The combatants, Progress and Retrogression, will be represented by champions, selected from the ranks of the class and the momentous nature of the subject is enough in itself to hold an audience naturally interested in spirited contests.

The victory of Progress is suggestive of the achievements of nineteen eleven. Throughout its course at the School, it has ever been foremost in initiative, and, with due allowance for shortcomings, has set many excellent examples which already have been followed and will be followed by classes of later years. In the clubs of the School, scientific, linguistic and

musical, many leaders are to be found among our members, who, in the meetings of the clubs, like Goldsmith, “attempt nothing that they do not adorn.” In original work in composition, and especially in dramatic work their skill must be acknowledged; during the past year, no less than three plays, the products of the fertile Senior minds, have been enthusiastically received by the public. In the remarkably successful French and German plays recently presented, the great majority of the parts were taken by some of those graduating tonight. We regret that we have so few brilliant athletic records to our credit, and we bewail the absence of athletes in our ranks, as much as certain other classes gloat over their acquisitions in that important branch of school activity. However, though athletics is not in our chosen “province,” we have made at least a good beginning in other scholastic lines.

Therefore, with this mere outline of the many successes and with the frank expression of our imperfection, I leave you to a program dealing with the successes of a former illustrious age, trusting that you may not judge too harshly the modest attempts of our chosen representatives, and that you may carry away with you some inspiring and helpful thoughts from these exercises, which close the school career of the class of nineteen eleven.

Harlan L. Reyeroft,
President 1911.

THE KING—SHAKSPERE, THE TRIUMPH OF HIS AGE.

“He was not of an age but for all time.”

This was the just tribute paid to Shakspeare by his greatest contempor-

ary, Ben Jonson; and this has been the unanimous verdict of succeeding generations of authors, philosophers, statesmen, and poets,—of all, in fact, who have, through study, come to know and appreciate the superb greatness of his works.

The age in which Shakspeare lived was an epoch admirably fitted for a dramatic artist to do his greatest work. With its soil enriched by the awakening spirit of the Renaissance and cultivated by the patronage of the great, literature was bursting forth in the full bloom of the "high midsummer of English drama." The moral strength of mediaeval religious drama was not lost, and Italian and classic models served to make the stage a center of lively and growing interest. The court favored, but did not dominate, the stage as the theatre remained essentially popular, being visited both by the cultured minority and the ruder masses who wished for strong portrayal of grief and terror and for hearty appeals to mirth; for the sternness of scholars had not checked the instincts of popular pleasure. The novel had not yet entered into competition with the drama; in fact, the great mass of the people could neither read nor write, so the stage remained the dominant factor of literature.

Let us pause for a moment and take a peep into the Globe, one of the leading London theatres of that day. As we approach the place we see a motley crowd jostling one another. It is composed of men of all callings. The white-faced dandy, dressed in his velvet coat with its superfluity of lace ruffles stained with his eternal snuff, is offended by the coarse manner of the swarthy and somewhat dissipated apprentice who elbows his way rudely to the front where he may stare at the playbill on a post before the building. He reads that, "**The most excellent historie of the Merchant of Venice with the extreme crueltie of Shylock, the Jewe, toward the sayd merchant and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets.** Written by

William Shakespeare." The temptation proves too much. He rushes towards the door, pays his money and enters into the pit which is alive with buzz and excitement. On the earthen floor sit noisy groups of men, some eating, some smoking, and others playing at cards. Around the walls are arranged the boxes hung with painted cloth in which sit this and that man of note, stared at by those on the floor below. No women are seen except a few of the lower classes and these are always masked. A band of old-fashioned instruments is playing an overture but few listen to it. At the sound of the trumpet the curtain, opening in the centre, is drawn back, disclosing the stage arranged with but little scenery, its floor strewn with green rushes. Before Bassanio enters several typical dandies shuffle across the stage and sit listlessly on their stools or lie at full length on the rushes and blow smoke rings for the amusement of those in the pit. The play proceeds. The actors are dressed according to their ranks. The women's parts are taken by men. The dandies, seemingly bored by the schemings of Portia, drop their cards when a jester appears between the acts to dance a jig or sing a crude popular song. When Shylock enters there is a great shouting and clapping of hands in the pit, which is always more or less noisy, even to the extent of joining in the song which Bassanio sings in the casket scene. But during the trial scene the silence of a grave reigns over all the auditorium. One by-stander perhaps whispers to another, "The Duke is played by the author, a right noble young fellow." We watch him closely. He delivers himself with affect with a soft round mellow voice; we are pleased with him. In the pauses of the dialogue can be plainly heard the pencil scratches of one of the dandies as he writes down in his slate notebook some pithy saying for use in his conversation. Perhaps, while in a disgusted mood, his friends will hear him say soon, "How like a fawning pub-

lican he looks," or, when losing in an argument, he may exclaim, "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose!" Thus it was that many of the choicest sayings were upon the lips of the people before the books which contained them could be read by the public. When the play is over the actors come forward, kneel, and exclaim, "God save the Queen," while, amidst hooting and jostling, the crowd disperses.

Such, then, were the conditions awaiting the advent of the man for the age, awaiting the genius of a Socrates, awaiting the man whose life aim should be to elevate simple joys of the people until they could enjoy and appreciate something more than mere pleasure and amusement; this he was to effect by the simplest and yet most subtle of arts,—the drama. And, as always, the call of the times was answered; Shakspeare came forward to teach men not by high-sounding philosophy and ethics or, like Ben Jonson, by overwhelming the public with a dramatic reform, but by touching the great heart of the people and picturing, with the wonderful vividness of a master, all the passions which surge in the breast of man and sway the history of the world; not by a vast supply of booklearning, of which he had but a meagre supply, but by picturing **himself** and his own keen observations of the world and humanity. A certain Mr. Frank Harris has, of late years, surprised the literary world by an argument that Hamlet is essentially Shakspeare in character and temperament, and that all the great characters of Shakspeare are but moods of the Prince of Denmark.

Who, then, can compute the good that this man with his unequaled intellect, his depth and clearness of insight, his lofty morality, his keen power of characterization,—in short, his superb genius in all kinds of drama from the deepest tragedy to the best of comedy, could do for an age responsive in every fibre to his brilliant intellect? Can we not easily see how, touching the great heart of the Eng-

lish people as he did, Shakspeare must have raised their morals, ennobled their minds with lofty thoughts, stimulated and pushed forward the awakening spirit of the great Renaissance which gave to England the new life that thrilled the world and laid the basis for the positions which the English and we, their offspring, now hold among the races of mankind?

Horatio W. Lamson.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AS THE PATRON OF LITERATURE.

The name of good Queen Bess is a golden key which immediately opens wide the door into that wonderful period of the English Renaissance which was blessed by her reign. Her reign, I say, for in spite of the valiant efforts to lay the laurels of her success on the heads of her ministers of state, I can but believe her rule to be of her own making. Not that I blame mere man for trying to attribute the glory of it to one of his own kind—far from it.

Queen Elizabeth must have been a revelation to the people of the Sixteenth Century, a veritable fountain of wisdom and knowledge. Gradually, under the touch of her hand as it held the reins of power, a new era of human development rose from the chaos. After the days of struggle and strife in which England had writhed and moaned, the successful years of her reign dawned with the splendor of a new morning over the English nation. Poor and rich lived in unheard of harmony—petty jealousy hid its head in shame—religious controversy faded into oblivion, and the poisonous flower of rebellion withered in the bud. And through it all Elizabeth dwelt among her happy people, holding the scales of justice in her right hand and with her left scattering the seeds of future harvest.

Queen Bess was a sovereign well fitted to assume the cares of that land of awakening life. Brought up at her

father's court midst the liberal culture, unwholesome flattery and gaiety, she became a skillful horsewoman, an excellent musician and an apt scholar. Love of learning was not, however, as deep as her desire to impress and win the popularity of the court, and her self-indulgent nature was uppermost. When she took her place upon the Throne of England, it was with a full understanding of the few sciences of the day, a knowledge of French, Italian, Latin and Greek that gave her power to speak fluently before the court in any one of the four, and besides, what was perhaps the secret of her success, a keen intuition of human character which she inherited from her father. The woman herself, with all her whims and caprices, her changing moods and varying fancies, her sharp temper and whimsical coquettishness, was an unsolved puzzle to her people. Yet they loved and honored her the more for her very uncertainty. Her court was a scene of continuous splendor, a rendezvous of gaiety and goodwill. It was alive with the spirit which was arousing the nation, with the enthusiasm which made men dare to search the dreaded seas in conquest, and which encouraged the humble to seek fame in the thronging tide of humanity that, no longer on the ebb, surged wildly on with thirst for achievement.

Under Elizabeth's patronage obscure souls of poetry, prose and drama came into prominence. There was Spencer, the Dreamer, the Idolizer, whom the Queen received graciously at her shrine of the privileged few and upon whom she bestowed her favors freely. Quick to recognize the soul of a kindred spirit in her approbation, Spencer, in his turn, paid homage to her by "The Faerie Queen," a wonder book of verses, light and delicate as the breath of the marshes in spring. Bacon, too, received the acknowledgment due his genius. For Elizabeth was glad to be sponsor for the practical as well as for the lighter writers; accordingly the "History of Henry

VII" and the "Essays" were given their particular place. Then came the immortal Shakspeare, startling the world with the marvel of his art, showing forth the souls of mankind with his pen. For his Queen he wrote and dedicated "The Merry Wives of Windsor," winning her smiling approval and assuring for himself a permanent welcome at the court. From far and wide over the kingdom poets and dramatists flocked, a vast multitude of fervent minds and eager spirits. England had risen from the ashes of the past and bowed low her head before the Queen. And hand in hand with Peace, Eliabeth ruled her people.

Gertrude Thomas.

KNIGHTS—SIR WALTER RALEIGH, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Chivalry! Knighthood! These are magic words. By the mere utterance there is revealed to our mind's eye a fascinating spectacle of gorgeous revelry, prancing steeds (horses were always steeds in those days!), stalwart forms in glittering armor, waving plumes, and gleaming lances, while near at hand, in a flower-bedecked bower, sits the Queen of Love and Beauty, with attendant maidens of high rank, L'Allegro's—

"Store of ladies

Whose bright eyes

Rain influence and judge the prize

Of wit or arms."

Brave indeed were the knights of the mediaeval centuries, high-minded and loyal. They did more than win honors in picturesque tournaments and jousts; they rescued fair damsels in distress; they searched through all lands for the Holy Grail; they fought for their country and the Church. In the times of the Crusades, themselves and all their possessions were given to the holy cause as they fastened the Cross on their shoulder. Their purity of heart made them fearless, so that they could say with Sir Galahad,

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Such as these, were Sir Walter Raleigh, that "hero undaunted," and Sir Philip Sidney, the "jewel of the Court," knights of the age of Elizabeth, "when knighthood was in flower."

It is not fair to Sir Walter Raleigh to associate with his name only the velvet cloak and muddy pool, as in our childhood days, or even the practical fact that it was he who introduced potatoes and tobacco into England. He was gallant, debonair, fascinating, intelligent, resourceful, and yet these words, after all, represent only the outward knightly qualities that were common to many men of the period; they fail to reveal the hidden knightly qualities which made Sir Walter Raleigh one of the leading spirits of the day in the efforts to check retrogression and to aid the triumph of progress.

Courage was the keynote of Raleigh's character. He lost a fortune in attempted settlements and explorations in the New World, and although these efforts failed because they were premature, they helped to make America known to the England of that day; and when colonization was actually affected, it was in accordance with the plans which had been formed in his busy brain.

His was a never-say-die spirit. Other prisoners "languished" in their cells; Raleigh, undaunted during his thirteen years' imprisonment, turned to literature when other activities were impossible and wrote one of the greatest books of the era, a "History of the World," and besides several descriptions of geographical discovery in prose and several fine songs and short pieces of poetry.

When he came to die for an offense which most Englishmen felt was no offense at all, he is said to have murmured as he felt the edge of the executioner's axe, "It is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all disease," and when urged to lay his head, for

religious reasons, with his face towards the east, he replied, "What matter where the head lies, so the heart is right?" So perished one of the boldest, truest, most gifted of English knights, the "mirror of chivalrous accomplishment," but his influence remained to help on the cause of progress.

The keynote of Sir Philip Sidney's romantic life was nobility. He was the writer who said, "Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life." Thus he lived and thus he died, for, as we know, his last act, at the time he flung away his life to save the English army in Flanders, was to give to the dying soldier near him the water which his own parched lips craved, saying, "Drink, thy necessity is greater than mine."

The friendships which Sidney had made abroad with statesmen, artists, and scholars made him an ardent and devoted admirer of the new learning. His pastoral, "Arcadia," was an elaborate romance which, to use his own words, "holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner," and his "Defense of Poesy" was the best critical essay of Elizabeth's reign. He was the last of the courtly knights of Old England, and was taken by Spenser, in his "Faerie Queen," as a pattern of knighthood.

These knights, Raleigh and Sidney, were pre-eminent in the Elizabethan age, but other knights crowd about them, each great enough to stand first in a lesser age. Such as these secured not only the political and material advance of England, but also the nation's intellectual and spiritual growth.

Helen A. Lyons.

CASTLES—KENILWORTH AND WARWICK.

What lover of romance does not delight to linger in thought on the embattled walls and the towering keeps of old-time castles and to people them with knights and ladies of long ago?

In the England of Elizabeth, from one end of the land to the other, the castles were dotted; some, in ruins, mementoes of the brigandage of early times, others, thrusting themselves above the housetops of quaint towns, overhanging reflecting rivers, standing as sentinels in the woods, rising amidst their gardens and parks.

In many of these castles brave nobles, surrounded by armed retainers, still lived, and, in idle and reminiscent age, lived over their early glorious deeds. In others, the younger generation spent their time, when not at court, by entertaining and holding great revelries; not for mere pleasure, be it said, but in intellectual and appreciative delight in the beauty, the color, the vital spirit of progress that was abroad, born of the Italian Renaissance, the impulse of which had at last reached England.

Of the latter was Leicester, favorite of Elizabeth and owner of Kenilworth, the fairest and most conspicuous of England's castles. Its walls enclosed seven acres of land which included large stables, a pleasure garden with trim arbors, and a hunting grove. The castle, consisting of several buildings, rose in the midst of this enclosed space. The wall, on the south and west sides, had been bounded by an artificial lake over which Leicester, at the time of Elizabeth's visit, built a bridge, in order that he might conduct his noble queen to his castle by a new entrance. A grand sight, indeed, Kenilworth must have presented at the time of her visit! Leicester had expended over half a million dollars on its adornment.

What a magnificent spectacle Elizabeth and her escort, dressed in the finery of the day and mounted on the noblest steeds in the kingdom, must have made as they approached Kenilworth. At the gate, the cavalcade halted while a giant porter prostrated himself at the queen's feet and, in a flattering speech, delivered up the keys of the castle to her. Elizabeth, as always, received the compliment

gracefully. As they slowly crossed the bridge, there came towards her a floating island, glittering with torches, on which sat the Lady of the Lake, attended by two nymphs, who addressed her Majesty in verse, with an historical account of the antiquity of the owners of the castle; the speech was closed with the sound of cornets and other instruments of loud music. Birds, fishes, fruits, musical instruments, and armor were hung from the posts of the bridge, symbolical gifts from the gods to the queen. When the bridge had been crossed, a poet appeared, who recited a long Latin poem, explaining the meaning of all that she had seen there. As Elizabeth prided herself on her learning, this appealed to her as acknowledging her intellectual ability.

For three weeks she was entertained by all sorts of amusements which wit could devise and money provide. As masques formed one of the most popular forms of amusements, a masque, representing the massacre of the Danes, was given in front of the castle. A pageant was held on the lake in which Triton, the trumpeter of Neptune, appeared in the likeness of a mermaid, and Arion, sitting on a Dolphin's back. According to Laneham, a spectator of the affair, Arion's song was prettily given, but according to Scott, it was given by one tipsy Michael Lambourne, who roared out to the queen that he "had been drinking all day to her health and that he was not Arion, but plain Michael Lambourne," an incident which delighted the Queen, whose sense of humor was unusually keen. Fireworks, sports, and hunts formed other means of diversion and every day some device was planned to please the Queen. Everywhere she turned, she was met by various personages, representing the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology and characters famous in the legends of Arthur. There was a charming incongruity in the mixture of classical and English mythology, says one commentator;

the Lady of the Lake, Diana and her nymphs, King Arthur and his knights, Echo, and Satyr mingled in an un-historic democracy. But as one of the writers of the day says, "the Queen and her court were entertained for seventeen days together with all imaginable magnificence," and thus do Kenilworth and its owner reveal to us the England of that time in its joyous and fanciful activities. If it is true that the boy Shakspeare was present at these festivities, the occasion holds yet further interest for us.

Among the castles which still kept up the feudal mode of living, Warwick stood prominent. Situated only five miles from Kenilworth, on a rocky elevation, overhanging the river Aron, and owned by Leicester's brother, it oddly contrasted with Kenilworth and the life there. Elizabeth stopped there on her royal progress to Kenilworth but no mention is made by contemporary writers of the details of her reception, so we may infer that there was no display like that made by Leicester. The approach to the castle was by a road, three or four hundred feet long, cut through solid rock. A massive, black gateway terminated this road and gave direct entrance to the castle except for a drawbridge which spanned the moat. On either side of the path, just beyond the drawbridge, rose Caesar's and Guy's Towers. Before the castle itself was the quadrangle in which the tournaments were held; hard contests, indeed, they must have been for these Earls of Warwick were no mean knights. The long line of battlements, the massive buttresses and the high-windowed walls made Warwick appear as a stronghold protecting the surrounding country. Armed retainers swarmed the courtyard and every side testified the martial life of the castle.

The castles of England do not themselves suggest to us the age of progress; they were built and maintained in feudal times for purposes of defense. They are but reminders of the

romantic past and were, for the most part, on the side of retrogression, but, on the other hand, the social life and the free and broad hospitality within them gave a stimulus to literature and culture which we should not ignore. Many of the nobility were poets, philosophers, men of sound virtues and of lofty feeling. Patrons of genius and of learning, and especially of fine arts, were found among them. The masques and plays of the castles were given before cultured and sympathetic audiences; both writers and players exerted themselves to the utmost in order to please such a group of spectators; the splendor and elegance of the surroundings also gave them new material and inspiration. Thus, literature and society were elevated and made nobler in thought and the castle became as well a strong box and museum for works of art gathered from all over the world. As Emerson said in his "English Traits," "these lords were the treasurers and librarians of mankind engaged by their pride and wealth to this function."

Harriet Holt.

PAWNS—THE "NEST OF SINGING BIRDS."

England in the Elizabethan age was truly a "nest of singing birds"; the whole country, as never before, was alive with writers great and small. Rich and poor alike were bubbling over with enthusiasm for literature of every description. Business and society men made writing their past-time, shepherds composed poetry as they watched their flocks on the hillside, youths did their wooing by amorous verses, and maidens put their dreams into rhyme.

Tennyson has admirably characterized the special distinction of the Elizabethan age by a single epithet: "The spacious times of great Elizabeth." The world had grown wider everywhere, but most of all in England. Three centuries before in Italy

began the great movement called the Renaissance. At first it had consisted of the collecting of Latin Manuscripts of the classical authors and the study of them. This purely scholarly movement resulted in a general intellectual advance which spread over all Europe. It was the impulse of this Renaissance in England, primarily, which brought forth the wonderful burst of literature, with its new ideas and inspirations. And here we witness the rise of the **people** in the Kingdom of Letters. The increase of wealth, refinement, and intelligence which marked that period had been accompanied by the rapid growth of the grammar schools, and thus the classical learning hitherto confined to the Universities spread to the masses. Thus it came about that the "third estate" made its first appearance, and to them we owe most of the glory of English literature. For example, Shakspeare, the unrivaled, was the son of a provincial dealer in hides and wool; Spencer, of a cloth weaver; and Marlowe, of a shoemaker.

In other ways England's horizon had widened. A new commerce had begun to flourish. Through the universal passion for foreign travel, Englishmen came into contact with other races and gained thereby. Further, England had her full part in the great discoveries, her marines penetrating into the lands of the Esquimaux and her adventurers settling in Virginia, while Drake with romantic daring circumnavigated the globe.

Finally, the successful struggle for all that England most prized, against Spain, enriched as she was by the wealth of the new world, lifted the minds and hearts of men, and the figures of marines and explorers became dwarfed by the grander figures of poets and philosophers. This, in a way, is a parallel with ancient Greece after her war for freedom with Persia when the souls of the Greeks were lifted to extraordinary achievement in art and literature in the age of Pericles.

The Elizabethan literature was not only larger in amount and finer in quality than what had preceded, but its character was different; it showed a great deal more personality. Men expressed their own feelings, thoughts, and experiences in their own way. Bound no longer by conventional expressions and ideas, each man wrote what was in his own heart. It was a period for all kinds of literature. Philosophy and history flourished and there was a great demand for the pamphlets which they used in the same way and to as great an extent as our newspapers are used. Many and beautiful were the minor poems and ballads, full of pathos, the passion of love, religious fervor and rational spirit. Of course the literature was not all good; that is never the case; but when we realize that undoubtedly as much is lost as is preserved of the good, we understand somewhat the remarkable extent of the enthusiasm for letters. As one writer expressed it, "the sweet spirit of song had arisen, like the first chirping birds after a storm."

(Recitation of typical minor poems of the age with musical accompaniment.)

Elizabeth Yerrinton.

CHECKMATE: THE TRIUMPH OF PROGRESS.

All night long a storm had raged, beating violently against the English coast. The crested waves dashed on the Cornish rocks, bounding and rebounding with mighty dashes, and along the Cornish coast occasional wrecks were strewn. The eastern shore, too, had had its share of damages; in fact, all England had been racked by the violence of the tempest.

Dawn broke and the storm cleared away. Large, white, drifting clouds, shot with the purest blue of the sky above, sped over the vaulting dome. The west wind tossed the trees and the foamy spray lashed the narrow

wharf at Deptford. The waves still beat upon the rocks and sands, but over all of England, the sun shone auspiciously.

"I mark it as a goodly omen to see the sun so bright." The speaker, a man of some sixty years, stood upon the deck of an English trading ship, which had been delayed in a sheltered harbor for the storm and was now plunging up the Thames to Deptford. Fifty years before, as a boy, he had run away from his uncle's home at Sayes Court, Deptford, and gone to America with a party of Rene de Laudoniere; and, after escaping the terrible slaughter which overtook the party, he had wandered over the new land so full of adventure and promise. How often in the wilderness of America he had longed for a glimpse of the little town of Deptford!

"Indeed, it is a goodly omen. The sky looks washed and clean—ay, even the shore. All Nature gleams in the freshness of the morning."

How bright it all looked, as he stood on the deck of the bounding ship! Oh, that the conditions of the country he had left in such a dark and direful plight might now, as he returned, prove to be correspondingly brightened. It seemed impossible—still, he had heard rumors, and what might not have happened in fifty years?

He had left England at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, when Progress and Retrogression seemed struggling for supremacy. Often during those fifty years of wandering, he had thought of the contest and wondered what the outcome had been. He had prayed that progress might be victor and yet scarcely had he dared to hope that Retrogression could be overcome, so dark was the outlook. The question again came to his mind as the vessel made its way up the Thames—but now, as he waits for developments to give the final answer to his question, let us leave our traveler and review briefly the conditions at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, after the reign of the Bloody Mary, she found the latter's unfortunate influences everywhere. War and strife had been frequent, and with them had come the usual ravaging results. Few men of letters had found their way to Mary's court. The environment was not conducive to the inspiring of men to great deeds: the navy was poor; the troops straggly and scantily equipped; the treasury empty; the debased currency of little use; wages were low and prices, high; trade was irregular; paupers were numerous; London itself was in a wretched, filthy condition. Elizabeth's very right to the throne was bitterly disputed; the whole kingdom was in a state of disunion; war threatened on many sides, and a war with France was actually going on; the fortunes of England were at their lowest ebb.

Such were the conditions which confronted Elizabeth. This was not a particularly pleasing or easy game for the new queen to play when every project seemed uncertain and every move threatened checkmate before it materialized. It was a period of desolation; Retrogression claimed England for its own.

At Sayes Court, there was great rejoicing at the traveler's return. The old Duke of Sussex was dead and his son, who now bore the title, welcomed his cousin most graciously. He delighted to point out the changes which appeared on every side: the old thatched roofs had been replaced by tiled ones of slate or tin; there were spacious openings to admit light and air instead of narrow slits, and glazed panes made such windows possible; a new conception of domestic comfort had led to a thousand such innovations. And such a bewildering variety in gorgeous costumes as the times expected! No wonder that a man often was said to "wear a manor on his back." Why, the Duke had made him wear three elaborate suits in one day, him, whom had worn but

one shabby suit for years in the new land of the West! As each suit had been admired curiously and donned, the Duke had led him to the most marvellous importation—a mirror!—in which he saw himself as others saw him; and when he learned that the same mirror had reflected the stately form of Elizabeth herself in one of her visits to the Court, it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave it.

Picture after picture, the Duke unrolled, to his cousin's eyes; change after change; innovations everywhere met the delighted traveler's gaze. As a fitting climax, they went together to the presence chamber of Greenwich Castle, a few miles from Deptford, where the queen was then living.

There, in the splendid hall hung with tapestry and garlands, the floor strewn with rushes and the walls decorated with numberless trophies, they encountered the Archbishop, the Chancellor, the Bishop of London, literati, knights of the Garter, travelers, statesmen, and the ladies of the court, all gorgeously robed; and there they saw the Queen, elaborately gowned and much bejeweled, mingling with these distinguished subjects, chatting in French, German, Italian, or Spanish to each other as the case demanded and bowing affably to their cry of "Long live the good Queen Bess."

Here was a court such as Mary in her wildest dreams could never have imagined. Here were men serving their country and their queen most enthusiastically; here were ladies, gaily clad, into whose heads no thought of intrigue or treachery entered. Here stood the manifestation of the great religious tolerance, when Catholics and Protestants alike were numbered among her courtiers. Here in short, were clergy, and statesmen, adventurers and men of letters, the Pride, the Chivalry, the Genius of England.

There was the queen, whose every thought and highest care was for her people. The traveler gazed on

the scene, trying to grasp and realize the improvements, the full value of which it would take him years to understand. How had she accomplished so much? Factories were flourishing, by her orders, giving employment to hundreds; a paper mill had been set up; there was a new religion; and each parish cared for its own poor; there was a new currency; foreign trade was established; the court was full of men of learning, of travel, and of culture; and there was peace at home and abroad.

Our traveler tried to realize what a splendid half century he had missed, what an age of dreams, of adventure, of imagination, of enthusiasm it had been, to produce such explorers as Cabot, Frobisher, Gilbert, and Raleigh, such poets as Spencer, Sidney, Drayton and Marlowe, such writers as Jonson and Shakspeare.

It was almost dark, when the Duke and his cousin returned to Deptford; the traveler slipped away, down to the wharf to think it over. It was no magic work to disappear in a night—this change in his beloved England; he prayed that years of life might be granted him for enjoyment and appreciation. England was "merrie England," indeed, "a nest of singing birds, an England of triumph and splendor at home and abroad. He received the assurance as the House of Commons had received certain gracious concessions from Elizabeth's hands—"most joyfully and with most hearty prayers and thanks for the same." Retrogression and Progress had been in mighty conflict and Progress had won.

Dorothy H. Black.

CLASS PROPHECY.

By Thomas Henry Carens.

While taking a sea voyage in the summer of 1911, following my graduation from High School, the ship in which I was a passenger was wrecked and I was cast away on an island far

off in the South Pacific. Not one of my companions aboard the ship escaped with me and so I was left to pass the rest of my days in solitude and confinement, a veritable Robinson Crusoe. But unlike the hero of Defoe's book I did not have the good fortune to find a companion to keep me company in the long years which were to pass, for I had no man Friday. I had been on this island so long that I had lost all track of time. I did not even know how many years had passed until one morning, about three weeks before the time of which I am relating, I was awakened by the voice of a human being. I could scarcely believe my ears until on rising and going outside my habitation I beheld a man standing beside a machine which I felt must be an aeroplane. He told me that he was making a flight around the world and that on passing over my island he had landed to procure supplies. He remained for two days and when he left he had a passenger, rejoicing at his deliverance.

It took us but little more than a week to reach New York, the destination of the aviator. I spent about ten days in that city accustoming myself to the ways and manners of the times. Then on a beautiful morning in early summer, June 21, 1926, I hired an airship for my own personal use and started for my native town which I had left almost fifteen years before. In less than three hours I was standing on the landing wharf of the big aero-garage, situated, as I judged, somewhere back of Pleasant Street in the vicinity of Menotomy Rocks Park. From this point of vantage I gazed over the familiar scenes which but a short time before I had imagined lost to me forever.

About a quarter of a mile to the northeast I saw a stately edifice, built in the style of an armory. When I inquired the nature of this building I was told that it was the City Hall. Curious to see what it was like, for in my school days it had seemed to be but a hazy dream of the future, I lost

no time in making my way there. Ascending the wide marble steps I found myself in a long and lofty corridor lined on each side with offices of every description. I was met by a polite attendant who inquired what my business might be. The first thought that came into my head was that I might see the mayor so I asked the attendant if His Honor was at leisure. The attendant disappeared, but in a moment he returned with the information that the mayor would see me presently. In a few moments I was ushered into the Executive Office. At first glance I saw a man with his back to me seated in a comfortable armchair, his feet on the desk, and spread out in front of him were the sporting pages of the local newspaper. He seemed to be unaware of my presence and paid no attention to me. As I stood watching him something familiar in the broad expanse of the back and poise of the head caught my attention, and when he did turn around I almost dropped dead from surprise, for His Honor, the Mayor of Arlington, was none other than our former schoolboy politician, John Robinson.

To say that I was surprised would be putting it mildly, but after the novelty wore off Mayor Robinson suggested that he show me around the building. I consented and we started. The first room we entered was the office of the Police Department and here another surprise awaited me for seated behind the desk with a big cigar in his mouth was Horatio Lamson, chief of the Arlington Police.

The next office in line was the Treasury Department. Before we entered, the Mayor told me that it was managed by the best treasurer in the world and that statement was sufficient to inform me that Roger Bell was in charge of the money. The Mayor said, however, that Mr. Bell was restrained from accomplishing great things by the powerful hand of his brother Theodore, who was always on hand to overthrow his brother's proj-

ects by refusing to approve of some of his enterprises involving large sums of money.

Adjoining the Treasury Department was an office of a nature that was new to me. It was called the Amanuensis Department and the Mayor explained that the demand for stenographers for town business was so large that the town had set an office apart especially for them from which they were called to any part of the building. The familiar click-click of the typewriters was music to my ears and it was difficult to draw me away from it. On leaving the office I noticed three or four familiar faces and on looking twice I recognized four former members of the Room 13 Fraternity, Jennie Prince, Margaret Duffy, Rose Meehan and Nellie Clare.

Just across the hall was an office in which the legal advisers of the city transacted their business. There were several divisions of this branch and in one corner, presiding over a big desk labelled "Commercial," I recognized the legal lights, Arlene Pike and Ruth White, who, at one time in the dim, dim past, had shown such marked ability for the handling of Commercial Law.

I wanted very much to see the large auditorium above, but the Mayor told me that to risk examining it now would be taking my life in my hands, for a suffragette convention was in progress and the leading speakers were Gertrude McWeeney and Helen Lyons. Needless to say we did not inspect the hall that day.

We visited all the other offices but without discovering any other old friends or classmates and it was not long before I was taking leave of the Mayor. It was then that I asked him what the city had done in national politics. He said that they had sent to the Senate of the United States the greatest orator of the century, a man who had won lasting renown in his defence of the nation's colonies because of what he called unjust taxation. Inquiring who this Ed-

mund Burke might be I received the reply, "Philip Wood."

The next building of interest in the city was the High School. The original edifice, which had seemed so large fifteen years before, now was small in comparison to the great buildings which had been added to it. Not caring to venture being lost in the new part of the school I entered through an old door on Academy Street. I made my way to the principal's office in some unaccountable manner and in strict accordance to the rules of a decade and half before, rapped on the office door. A sonorous voice bade me enter. I did so and found myself face to face with the principal of the Arlington High School, a portly man whom I at once recognized as Richard Sears.

Mr. Sears welcomed me warmly and was only too willing to show me through the rooms where for four long years we labored as High School pupils. He told me that he had no less than nine graduates of the class of 1911 on his teaching staff, a truly remarkable record. The instructor in French was Eliza Bitzer and German was taught by Elsie Danforth. Latin and Greek were expounded by Mildred Horrocks and Rhoda Johnson. Stenography and other commercial subjects had several teachers under the supervision of Alice Smith. Physical Culture, which had become a regular subject on the school curriculum, was in charge of Harriet Holt. But the most startling intelligence that I received was that the course in American History had become so popular that three teachers were now needed to manage the scholars and so Louise Robinson, Veronica McCarthy and Helen Scannell had been assigned to this task.

Mr. Sears told me that two other members of the class had formerly been teachers in the school, but that Rena Gray had left for the far East to do missionary work in China and Thibet and that Dorothea Rowse had forsaken the role of school teacher to

accept the more pleasant one of a school teacher's wife.

On returning to the business quarter of the city I discovered that two beautiful theatres had been erected. The first was a vaudeville house which was devoted to local artists and was managed by John Gowen. On the advertising posters outside I discovered an array of vaudeville talent, outranking any that had ever been produced before in Arlington. First of all came Chester Whitman billed as the greatest American humorist of all time, Mark Twain and Artemus Ward not excepted. Next in line was the greatest woman violinist of America, Grace Donnelly. From the next poster I learned that Dorothy Dawes had outdone Adeline Genée in her presentation of character dances. A trained horse act, given by Edith Estabrooks and Gertrude Schnetzer was the next attraction, the horse no doubt being the same one that had formerly been a familiar sight on the streets of Arlington. Then came a trio of artists who, as it was announced, had been excused from the Boston Opera House for a fortnight so that their native city might have the good fortune of hearing their wonderful voices. They were Mildred Whilton, Elizabeth Yerrinton, and Grace Barr. And to think, I recollected, that they started their wonderful career in the Girls' Glee Club.

Passing on to the next theatre I was informed that it was devoted to dramatic productions and that every play that had ever been presented had been the work of residents of the city of Arlington. Half of these had been supplied by Dorothy Black who had been proclaimed as the equal, if not the superior, of Clyde Fitch and George Bernard Shaw. The other plays had been written by a company, known as the Arlington Syndicate, composed of Blanche King, Mildred Wyman, Mildred Osgood, and Harriet Bartlett. It was said, however, that the Syndicate would not exist much longer for its members had

other things to take up their time. Blanche King was too busy with household duties. Mildred Osgood foresaw greater prospects as a professional pianist. Mildred Wyman was contemplating founding a private school at Arlington Heights and Harriet Bartlett could no longer resist the call of the typewriter and was resolved to return to her profession. And in addition to all this the leading actors, Mr. and Mrs. —, or rather Lawrence Munch and Gertrude Thomas, had decided to retire from the stage.

Adjoining this theatre was a big sign announcing the re-opening of the Arlington Commercial College. The proprietors of this college, I afterward learned, were Carolyn Whittemore and Isabel Gratto.

There were two other members of my class whom I had not encountered so I resolved to return to the City Hall and find out from the Mayor what had happened to them. I found His Honor working as hard as usual and I asked him, "Where is John Cronin?"

"John Cronin," the Mayor replied, "have you not heard of the greatest financier of the country? You know in our school days we always called him the 'Boy Broker,' and now he has become a real broker and has dealings with the heirs of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan and the rest of that crowd." This was certainly news but there was still another question, "What has happened to Harlan Reycroft?"

"Oh, he, too, has come into world-wide prominence since he became the star pitcher of the New York Giants. He won the pennant for them last year by pitching and winning every game in the last two weeks of the year. He spends his winters here in Arlington and is interested in a big farm over on Mystic Street."

After giving this information the Mayor asked me what I intended to do now that I had returned to the haunts of civilization.

"Well," I replied, "perhaps the Syndicate will give me an engagement for old time's sake, but even if there isn't an opening in theatrical lines any newspaper would jump at the chance

to sign up a good sporting editor even if the extent of his experience had been reporting the athletic happenings in the Arlington High School fifteen years ago."



BASEBALL.

The third game of the year was played on April 15, when Cambridge Latin was defeated 18 to 3. Arlington knocked two pitchers out of the box. On the morning of the 19th the Alumni was defeated 14 to 8. The high school boys clinched the game in the first inning by scoring seven runs off Hill, last year's captain.

Arlington lost the first league game to Woburn on April 22. Chaves had one bad inning in which Woburn scored five runs. Arlington rallied in the eighth, but Donavan tightened up after they had scored four times and Woburn won out, 7 to 5.

On the 24th Everett defeated Arlington at Everett 10 to 1, and on the 26th the team was defeated again at Middlesex, 8 to 1.

The league game with Stoneham on the 20th was won 7 to 6, but not until Stoneham had thrown a scare into the Arlington team. Stoneham led at one time 6 to 3, but with the bases full George Lowe doubled to deep left

clearing the bases and he scored the winning run later on Hadley's single.

On May second, Quincy High won, 10 to 4. The game with Harvard 21 on the following day was cancelled.

On May 6, Arlington won an uphill fight from Natick, 10 to 9. In the seventh inning Natick led 7 to 2, but Arlington, through hits by Parris and Lowe, scored four runs. Natick scored twice in the eighth but Arlington again rose to the occasion and scored four more just enough to win.

On May 10, Winchester was defeated 10 to 0. By this victory and the defeat of Stoneham on the 13th, 7 to 5, both league games, Arlington jumped into second place in the Mystic league standing.

On May 17, Arlington easily defeated Dedham 9 to 2.

During the week of May 22, Arlington met three of the strongest teams in the state and was defeated each time. On Monday Rindge M. T. S. won, 9 to 0. On Wednesday Arlington journeyed to Waltham without

Capt. Trainor and Lowe and defeated 20 to 1. On Saturday Hill won, 11 to 5.

The annual game with Gloucester on Memorial Day was lost, 5 to 4. Both teams batted the ball hard but poor judgment and five costly errors by the Arlington team caused the defeat. Four of Gloucester's five runs were made as a direct result of errors.

TRACK EVENTS.

The annual inter-class track meet on April 21, was won by the class of 1913 with 24 points, 1912 was second with 17 1-2, 1911 was third with 14 1-4, and 1914 fourth with 7 1-4. Raymond McWeeney was the star of the meet and to his work the sophomores owed their victory. Two school records were broken and one was equalled. McWeeney broke the shot put record, held by Buckley '10, and Roger Bell, broke his own record for the mile, running the distance in 4 min. 58 2-5 sec. Harlan Reyeroft equalled Buckley's record of 25 sec., in the 220 yd. dash. The summary.

100 yd. dash—Won by R. McWeeney '13; second, H. Reyeroft, '11; third, J. E. Robinson '11. Time—10 4-5 seconds.

220 yd. dash—Won by H. Reyeroft '11; second, F. Osgood '12; third, R. McWeeney '13. Time—25 seconds.

Mile Run—Won by R. W. Bell '11; second, G. H. Goldsmith '14; third, A. Landall '12. Time—4 min. 58 2-5 sec.

High Jump—Won by S. Ober '12; second, J. Crowley '14; third, tie between J. Colbert '12, W. Jardine, '12, H. Reyeroft '11, and R. Hooper '14. Height—4 ft. 10 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by F. Osgood '12; second, E. H. Rowse '13; third, R. McWeeney '13. Distance—18 ft. 4 in.

Shot Put—Won by R. McWeeney '13;

second, W. Low '13; third, C. Parris '13. Distance—37 ft. 4 in.

Relay Race—Won by 1913 (McWeeney, Cousens, Parris, W. Reyeroft); second, 1912 (Jardine, Trainor, Landall, Osgood); third, 1914 (Goldsmith, Hooper, Whittemore, Mansell.) Time—2 min. 31 sec.

The first dual meet was held with Winchester High on Manchester Field, Winchester, on May 27. Arlington ran away with the meet, scoring 51 points to Winchester's 17. Arlington took every first place with the exception of the high jump which resulted in a tie between Cronin of Arlington and Penalygan of Winchester. Harlan Reyeroft won both sprints, equalling the record of 10 3-5 in the century dash and breaking his own record of 25 seconds in the furlong dash by 1-5 of a second. Forrest Osgood lowered the quarter mile record to 56 2-5 seconds, and Bell brought the mile record down to 4 min., 46 sec. John Cronin was the surprise of the meet, he not only tying with Penalygan in the high jump but he broke the school record by clearing 5 ft. 2 in. Osgood added another record when he jumped 18 ft. 11 in., in the broad jump. The summary:

100 yd. dash—Won by Reyeroft, A; second, Robinson, A; third, Goddu, W. Time—10 3-5 seconds.

220 yd. dash—Won by Reyeroft, A; second, Goddu, W; third, Robinson, A. Time—24 4-5 seconds.

440 yd. run—Won by Osgood, A; second, Hooper, A; third, Farnsworth, W. Time—56 2-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Won by Bell, A; second, Goldsmith, A; third, Landall, A.—Time 4 min., 46 sec.

High Jump—Tie between Cronin, A, and Penalygan, W, for first; third, Ober, A. Height 5 ft. 2 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Osgood, A; second, Johnson, W; third, Farnsworth, W. Distance—18 ft. 11 in.

Shot Put—Won by Low, A; second, Tuck, W; third, Wheatley, W. Distance—35 ft. 5 in.

Relay Race—Won by Arlington (Reyeroft, Hooper, Osgood.) Time—2 min. 31 sec.

Treasurer's Report

April 18, 1911 to May 31, 1911.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand	\$86.14
From Hockey Manager	1.71
Season Tickets and Dues	2.20
Paid by Trainor35
From Alumni Game	7.10
" Woburn "	9.30
" Everett "	5.00
" Middlesex "	1.18
" Quincy "	2.20
" Natick "	5.20
" Winchester "	6.10
" Stoneham "	9.40
" Dedham "	3.90
" Rindge "	2.40
" Waltham "	4.10
" Ice Cream	52.93
	<hr/>
	\$199.21
Total Expense	198.11
	<hr/>
Balance on hand	\$1.10

EXPENDITURES.

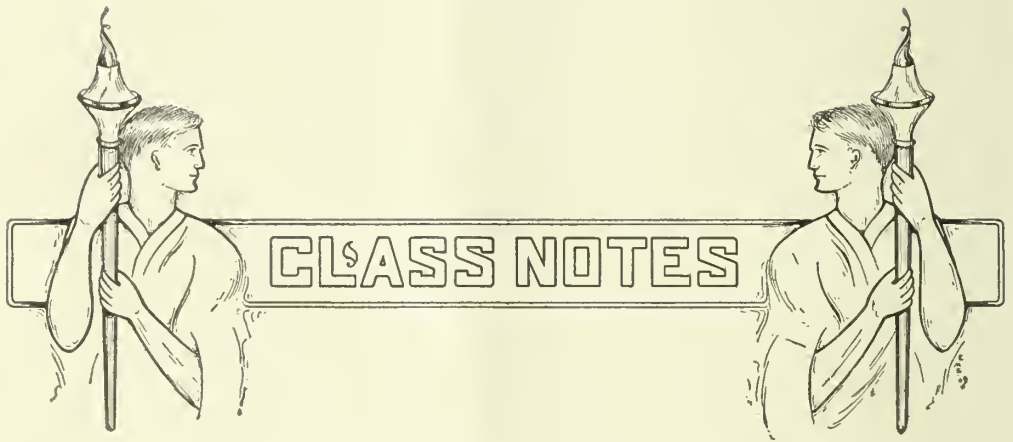
Paid C. L. S. and Alumni Games	\$2.40
" Melrose Game	1.00
" Umpires for 3 League Games	9.00
" Everett Game	1.70
" Stoneham Game	1.10
" Quincy "	2.68
" Natick "	6.00
" Dedham "	3.40
" Rindge "	2.20
" Waltham "	1.40
" Haverhill "	11.05
" Gloucester "	10.60
" Police (10 games)	20.00
" Mileage Book	20.00
" Track Coach	30.00
" Base Ball Coach	30.00
" W. B. Read	18.57
" J. W. Brine	10.83
" Lumber and Supplies	2.70
" Mystic League Dues	2.00
" Postage and Telephone70
" Davis Ice Cream	3.00
" C. S. Parker & Son	6.25
" Expenses Track Meet	1.35
" Repairing chair25
	<hr/>
	\$198.11

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I have examined the above report and find it correct.

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

1911.

Grace A. Barr,—“Wise to resolve and patient to perform.”

Harriet Bartlett,—“A hat not much the worse for wear.”

Roger Bell,—“Silence that dreadful bell!”

Theodore Bell,—“Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven.”

Eliza Bitzer,—“The Cherub Contemplation.”

Dorothy Black,—“I awoke one morning and found myself famous.”

Thomas Carens,—“An Tommy ain’t a bloomin fool—you bet that Tommy sees.”

Nellie Clare,—“Often studious, earnest and obedient to rules.”

John Cronin,—“We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.”

Elsie Danforth,—“Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.”

Dorothy Dawes,—“For e’en though vanquished, she could argue still.”

Grace Donnelly,—“Sweets to the sweet.”

Margaret Duffy,—“Steady and still.”

Edith Estabrooks,—“Be to her virtues very kind,
But to her faults a little blind.”

Jack Gowen,—“I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.”

Isabel Gratto,—“A still small voice.”

Rena Gray,—“Maiden with the meek brown eyes.”

Harriet Holt,—“Common sense is the measure of the possible; it is calculation applied to life.”

Mildred Horrocks,—“For others say thou dost deserve, and I believe it better than reportingly.”

Rhoda Johnson,—“Her voice was very low, gentle and soft—an excellent thing in a woman.”

Horatio Lamson,—“There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy!”

Helen Lyons,—“For she was crammed with theories out of books.”

Veronica McCarthy,—“You can almost hear her smile.”

Gertrude McWeeney,—“Then she could talk. Ye Gods how she could talk!”

Rose Meehan,—“That which we call a rose.”

Lawrence Münch,—“He hath eaten me out of house and home.”

Mildred Osgood,—“Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun.
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun.
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere,
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear.”

Arlene Pike,—“Though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I will not seek,
For names.”

Jennie Prince,—“What’s in a name?”

Harlan Reycroft,—“An oyster may be crossed in love.”

John Robinson,—“The very pink of perfection.”

Louise Robinson,—“Some credit in being jolly!”

Dorothea Rowse,—“Not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.”

Helen Scannell,—“If I thought my judgment were of years
I should commit thee surely with thy peers.”

Gertrude Schnetzer,—“Softly speak and sweetly smile.”

Richard Sears,—“The march of the human mind is slow.”

Alice Smith,—“Quietly she goes on her way.”

Gertrude Thomas,—“Who says in verse what others say in prose.”

Mildred Whilton,—“I do honour the very flea of his dog.”

Ruth White,—“There’s a little girl and she had

Chester Whith sounds my wisdom
And high fame.”

Carolyn Whittemore,—“For she was jest the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow hid in Jenooary.”

Philip Wood,—“A chip of the old block.”

Mildred Wyman,—“Nothing could be better said for she’s as true as steel.”

Elizabeth Yerrinton,—“Exceedingly good and very sweet,
A more diligent student you could not meet.”

The Editor,—“Nuf sed.”

1912.

The following have been the 1912 class officers throughout the year:

President, Forrest C. Osgood.

Vice-President, Rachel C. Tuttle.

Secretary, Harrie Dadmun.

Treasurer, Daniel Cameron.

Chemistry.

N_2O (nitrous oxide) is “laughing gas.”

O (Oxygen) is essential to life.

$\therefore 4N_2O$ plus $2O$ equals “Life.” Q. E. D.

German.

Herr Schmidt (suggesting translation)
“as the last straw—or—into the bargain.”

Mr. S. (repeating.) “As the last straw in the bargain.”

Chemistry.

Teacher. “Remember what’s going to happen May 22. What is it?”

Bright Pupil (eagerly). “Cranford?”

The Boy’s Glee Club starts.

Heard in the corridor.

1st Youth (timidly). “Say, are you coming to sing this afternoon?”

Indignant Chorus. “Are you?”

Babel of voices.

2nd Youth (anxiously). “Will you come, sure?”

3rd Youth. “Gee, I don’t know.”

Chorus “Oh, come ahead.”

Further remarks drowned by the vocal efforts of budding soloists.

Latin III.

Miss T. (translating). "No one can boast hereafter of enlightening the punishment of this man."

Please, what is "enlightened punishment?" Do they use it in A. H. S.?

Chemistry.

Mr. B. "Take, for example, candy-making. Suppose you take *one spoonful* of sugar to *one cup* of milk." What candy!

English History.

Miss T. "Where is India?"

Miss C. (in a wee sma' voice). "In America."

Heard during German.

Woeful groans from Room 7.

Heard in Latin.

More groans. Never mind. It's only the ninth grade rehearsing for graduation. They'll recover during the summer.

English History.

Teacher. "What became of the regicides?"

Miss Cr-wl-y. "They were hanged."

Teacher to Miss Cr-sby, (who is madly waving her hand). "Well?"

Miss Cr-sby. "I thought they were hung."

Oh hang! Who cares, anyway?

1913.

Translation by Miss B.

Elle creusa une tombe et l'enterra.

She dug a tomb and entered it.

Pupil in book-keeping. "What mark of punctuation is placed after cash?"

Teacher. "Well, people usually make a dash after cash."

Beware of over eating; Master C. says it will give you painful aches.

Miss M., asking why it is a bad policy to strike, suddenly called on Master C.

Master C., as usual far in dreamland, "It disturbs the peace," Do you know who he is?

If you ever find a cabbage moth, you'd better keep it. Miss F. says they lay cabbages.

Master H says the first thing to do in learning to ride a bicycle is to mount yourself.

Miss T. "Quand êtes-vous nè Monsieur F."

Monsieur F. "Dans l'an cent quatrevingt-six."

1914.

In Greek History.

Miss T. "What kind of a man was Alcibiades?"

Miss W. "He was good looking, and had a fine mind, for he was one of *somebody's* best scholars." Vague, but convincing.

Miss T. "How did the Romans get help?"

Miss R. (earnestly). "By sending a telegram to Spain."

Miss T. "What was going on in the north during the time that the army was in the southern part of the country?"

Master S. (after thinking hard for a moment). "Well, while they were going south, they went north."

In English.

Miss M. "Was that original?"

Master H. "No."

Miss M. "Where did you get it?"

Master H. "Thought it up."

Master W. (reading from his paper). "It was a pity I was the only child, as my mother had children."

Miss M. "I think that you had better read it from the book."

Master W. "Oh! I see I got mixed."

(The sentence as originally written was: It was a pity that I was the only child, for my mother had fondness of heart enough to spoil a dozen children.)

Napoleon was asked if he *could* have conquered England.

He replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

What is peculiar about this speech?



GERMAN CLUB NOTES.

Under the auspices of the Mehr Kunde Verein a very pleasant evening was afforded those who attended the German play. A very amusing comedy in one act, "Versalzen," was presented by members of the club. It certainly proved to be a credit to the coach, Mr. Smith, and to the efficient cast which was made up of: Herta, the wife, Gertrude Thomas, '11; Arnold, the husband, Lawrence Much, '11; Seeberg, the guest, Horatio Lamson, '11; Trudchen, the maid, Elizabeth Yerrinton, '11; U'rike, the aunt, Grace Barr, '11; Gerichtsrat, the uncle, Philip Wood, '11.

Following the play, dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock.

As this was the last of the club meetings, the play formed a fitting close for the club year, causing more or less interest, no doubt, because it was the first time a German play had been given in the High School for some time.

E. D.

SCIENCE CLUB.

One more meeting of the Science Club has been held since the last publication of the Clarion, with the following program:

The Ant—Miss Scheib '13.

Fire Extinguishers and their Chemical Action—Ober '12.

Flies and their Relation to the Spreading of Diseases—Miss McLeland '12.

The Steam Engine and its Construction—Taylor '12.

This program was greatly enjoyed, being at the same time interesting and practical.

ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The April meeting of the English Club was held on Monday evening, April 17, in the Assembly Hall, with an attendance of fifty-three. Lamson, '11, presided, and Horton, '12 admirably filled the difficult position of critic. After the reading of records

by the Secretary, the following program was given.

Solo—Bisbee '12.

Biography of Stevenson—Miss Wheaton '14.

Piano Solo—Chaves '13.

Review of Stevenson's Essays—Miss Cotton '12.

Solo—Bisbee '12.

Competitive Narration Themes:

Plot on predicament planned by Miss King '11; worked out by T. Bell '11, Taylor '12, Currier '13, and Miss Bushee '14.

Ballot vote on the best solution.

Mr. Bisbee's solos were rendered in an exceptionally pleasing manner, and were warmly applauded. Mr. Chaves' reputation as a pianist is well known among the members of the Club, and his solos on the occasion were delightful. The Club is very fortunate in having among its members excellent musicians, so that it is able to give an entire program without calling on outside talent.

The literary part of the program was extremely acceptable. The biography given by Miss Wheaton was entertaining and instructive, and Miss Cotton's paper was a rare treat for the Club. "Competitive Narration Themes" proved to be a novel and interesting scheme. Miss King's plot was well adapted for such a purpose. The representatives of the four classes gave widely different solutions of the mystery. Miss Bushee's solution received the greatest number of votes.

The May meeting, which was held Monday afternoon, May 8, in the Assembly Hall, was equally successful. The chair was occupied by Miss King, '11, with Roger Bell, '11, as critic. The

following interesting program was given:

Selection—High School Orchestra.

Reading of Records—Secretary.

Monologue, "His Practice Hour"—Miss Hatch '12.

Vocal Solo—Miss Stacey '12.

Monologue, "The Tragedy of the Hound Candy,"—Miss Bateman '13.

Monologue, "Twenty-five Minutes Before"—Miss Eberhardt '14.

Vocal Solo—Miss Winn '12.

Monologue, "A Rough Day"—Miss Black '11.

Piano Solo—Miss Young '13.

Competitive Exercise in Description.

Setting arranged by Miss King '11.

1911—Miss Rowse.

1912—Sanford.

1913—Fleming.

1914—Miss L. Hatch.

Ballot vote on Descriptive Exercise.

Original verse.

Miss Cotton '12.

Lamson '11.

Announcement of vote.

The four original monologues were a revelation of what can be done in English by members of our school. The pupils who presented this part of the program deserve great praise for their originality of thought and expression. The Competitive Exercise in Description was much enjoyed by all. Miss Rowse received the majority of votes for her most excellent piece of description.

All who love music were delighted by the excellent work of the Orchestra, and by the solos rendered by Misses Winn and Stacey. Miss Young receive great applause for her artistic playing and responded to an encore.

All agreed with the opinion of the critic, that it was an excellent program from beginning to end, and it was encouraging to note that the change in time from evening to afternoon did not diminish the attendance.

Alice M. Burt, Secretary.



We make our bow to the following *Exchanges*:

The Arlington High School CLARION has a literary department which it would be well for other papers to imitate.

The Recorder, Winchester.

The CLARION, Arlington, Mass., is a fine paper. Papers with good literary departments are rather scarce, and we are glad to count you among that number. Your "Tragedy in Four Acts" is bright and realistic. "The Fall of the Toheeskan King" is a good poem, one of the longest we have seen in a school paper.

The Holten, Danvers.

"*The Megaphone*," Dean Academy, contains interesting material throughout. An especially fine article is one, "The Streets Cairo," which is fully illustrated.

"*The Courier*," Boise, Idaho, is an extremely interesting paper. The idea of having the description and illustration is a good one. It would be much improved if there were a table of contents.

"*The Idea*," Somerset, Kentucky, is a fine paper. It contains many fine cuts and pictures. The departments seem rather confused.

"*The Authentic*," Stoneham, could be improved in many ways. The advertisements are intermingled with the paper itself. There is a lack of original literary material.

It would be interesting if other schools should try the idea in "*The Aegis*," Beverly. There are letters from some of the former pupils of the school now attending college, only one from each college. The articles are well written and very interesting

(In January) mother. "Johnny, how is it your average is lower this month than last?"

Johnny. "Well, you know, mother, everything is marked down after the holidays." — *Ex.*

Teacher. "In early days in England there was an overlord and the vassal. Who can tell me what the vassal's wife was called?"

Student. "Vaseline." — *Ex.*

"I don't believe any two words in the English language are synonymous."

"Oh, I don't know. What is the matter with 'raise' and 'lift'?"

"There's a big difference. 'I 'raise' chickens and have a neighbor who has been known to 'lift' them." — *Ex.*

"Oh my!" she exclaimed, "we'll be sure to miss the first act; we have been waiting a good many minutes for my mother."

"Hours, I should say," he replied.

"Ours!" she cried, "Oh, Jim, this is so sudden!" — *Ex.*



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HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

Vol. XV

ARLINGTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1911.

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THE CLARION

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EDITORIAL

Yes, here we are again, with the apparently limitless expanse of a school year stretching out before us. Now is the time when hope runs high—or ought to—and the future is full of the most glorious opportunities. Naturally, now is the time when a person gets a new note-book and writes a beautiful set of resolutions on the first page. And resolutions are good things, to be sure, provided you don't make them for a time too far away in the dim future, and make a new and improved set as often as the old ones wear out.

To come to the point, what kind of things are you A. H. S. students going to resolve—as often as needful? Of course, you intend

to get as much knowledge and pleasure as possible from your school life. But don't stop at that, if you please. Resolve that during this year, be it your first or last at High School, you will *put into* the school life every bit of talent that you have. Now please don't smile, and say that what *you* could do wouldn't count for much. What do you think would happen if all the energy which certain Freshmen—and others—devote to making a teacher's life miserable were placed on the other side of the balance, and used for the good of the school. What a school this would be! In such a case, we not only wish you, but assure you of a very happy and very successful year.

Four new teachers have joined us this year—Miss Holt, Miss Jennison, Miss Briggs and Mrs. Wood. Give them all the hearty co-operation which is better than a hundred formal welcomes.

The school was deeply moved by the sudden and tragic death, on Sept. 16, of one of the best known and surely the best loved of all the members of our school—Charles Parris. We all feel the sense of loss most keenly, and yet are grateful for having had the privilege of his companionship for so long. Surely he did not live in vain, if something of his earnest spirit remains with us, to inspire us to higher spirits.

The resolutions on the opposite page were adopted to express the school's sympathy for his sorrowing family.

ALUMNI NOTES.

A copy of this issue of the CLARION will be sent to each member of the class of 1911. The receipt of their names and addresses, with fifty cent, will be sufficient evidence of their continued interest in the school.

Marguerite H. Shedd, 1910, is studying music—vocal and piano.

Raymond A. Whitten, 1910, is a stenographer and assistant cashier in a general broker's office.

Ruth Hawes, 1909, is now Mrs. F. D. Taylor, of Arlington Heights.

Marguerite Poore, 1909, is taking the household economics course at Simmons.

Roland W. Edwards, 1909, is attending Winter Hill Business College.

Emily F. Hawes, 1908, graduated from the Fisher Kindergarten Training School in 1910, and is now a teacher in Cambridge.

Mima B. Waage, 1908, married J. A. Murdock, of Arlington, September, 1910.

Marion S. Hill, 1907; Wellesly, 1911; is a P.G. at Leland Stanford University, California.

Mabel B. Pettingill, 1907; Simmons; now lives in Winchester. Belonged to College Guild and Junior Charity Club.

Alice M. Tracy, 1907; Pierce Shorthand School, 1909; is a stenographer.

Helen G. Allen, 1906; Smith, 1910; is studying at the Berlitz School of Language.

**Resolutions
of
Arlington High School**

WHEREAS; An all-wise Providence has removed from our midst our beloved and still cherished comrade, Charles Parris,

Resolved: That the Arlington High School has been deprived of a most excellent undergraduate, whose noble life was an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact;

That the Athletic department of the Arlington High School loses an able and efficient member, who for three seasons helped materially to further the interest in manly sports and to bring the laurels of victory to his school;

That these resolutions be published in the school paper and that a copy be sent to his family as an expression of the deep sympathy of the entire school.

WALTER T. KENNEY,
For the School.

**Resolutions
of
Class of 1913**

WHEREAS; God has seen fit to take from our midst our dearly beloved classmate, Charles Parris,

Resolved: That the Class of 1913 desires to express its sense of the loss which it has suffered in the death of its classmate and president;

That, being scholarly, high minded, and endowed with a fine sense of honor and duty, he won great distinction among his fellow classmates, and in consequence his career in the class, as well as outside, is an example which those of the class of 1913 cannot fail to desire to follow;

That these resolutions be published in the school paper and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, to whom, in their deep affliction, the sincere sympathy of the class is respectfully tendered.

DANA W. HARDY, President.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A WAR TIME HALLOWE'EN.

It was the last night of October, 1863, and in the Walker home in Chattanooga, war was for a few hours forgotten in a gay Hallowe'en party. Blue uniforms were seen everywhere, for the Walkers had favored the North, and now that the Federal troops were entrenched in their city, they were entertaining, as well as circumstances allowed, a number of officers.

Fortunes had been told, apples bobbe, and nearly every Hallowe'en stunt performed, when the well-known test of the girl, the mirror, and the candle on the cellar stairs was suggested. Lots were drawn, and it fell to Dorothy Walker, the young hostess, to walk backwards down the cellar stairs holding a candle and a mirror in which would appear the face of her future husband.

Bravely she started down, followed by the merry jests of her friends. Then the door was closed and she was alone. The flight was short and on reaching the bottom step Dorothy paused, thinking she heard a slight sound behind her. She peered intently into the mirror and, stifling a scream, turned to behold her old friend and playmate, Robert Grant, who had sided with the South, and now wore the gray. After the first shock was over, Dorothy asked the meaning of his presence and how he had managed to enter the closely guarded City. Robert explained that the night before he had been detailed to enter the city and obtain information concerning the Northern army. He told how he had crossed the river, slipped past the guard, and, after dodging about, all day, had entered here to await the darkness which could cover his escape.

"But you must not stay here," exclaimed Dorothy. "The house is full

of Federal soldiers and you may be discovered at any moment."

"Neither can I leave just at present. You see how impossible it would be to get away while these people are here. Wait until they have gone, and tomorrow morning will see me safe on the other side of the Tennessee. But hark? What was that?"

Impatient for her return and becoming anxious over her delay, Dorothy's guests had started down in search of her.

"Coming!" called Dorothy, and with a few hasty words of farewell she mounted the stairs and rejoined her friends.

To all urgings to reveal what she had seen in her mirror she gave a laughing refusal, and as the dancing was beginning, the incident was soon forgotten.

Later in the evening Dorothy learned that on account of the thieves which harassed the Southern families at that time, guards had been posted about the house.

Her first thought was of Robert. How would he escape? Not knowing this fact, he would walk unsuspectingly into his enemies' hands and then—but there must not be any "then." He must go and go now. Dorothy's next partner found her rather preoccupied and when the dance ended she pleaded fatigue and left the room.

About fifteen minutes later the appearance of a tall, white ghost startled the dancers. It stood for a moment motionless, and then glided across the floor to Dorothy's side, and with a low bow requested the next dance. It was granted, and, as the music started, the crowd which had gathered around in the desire to learn the identity of the masquerader scattered, leaving the couple alone.

"Robert," whispered Dorothy "how

could you take such a risk? My note said you were to go right out without stopping."

"And not see you again? I rather guess not. But come outside where we won't be disturbed."

Together they went out, and as they passed through the hall, Dorothy picked up a long cloak belonging to one of the officers and threw it around her. After Robert had freed himself from his now unwelcome costume they wandered silently down the wide driveway, and as they approached the end, Dorothy slipped off the cloak and gave it to Robert that he might not be recognized by the guard whom they were about to pass. Even then she trembled a little as they went by him, but he saluted respectfully and took no further notice of them. At last Robert broke the silence which was becoming embarrassing.

"Do you remember the question I asked you the last time we were together, Dorothy? You could not answer then. Can you now, or is that why you left a note with my costume?"

"Yes, that is. I—oh, please go away! Don't you see I can't bear to have you stay, with the chance of being captured at any moment?"

Dorothy was nearly in tears.

"Yes, yes, I am going. Poor little girl, I was a wretch to worry you by coming here. Don't try to answer now. I'll wait 'till this war is over and then come back for you."

Taking off the cloak he wrapped it gently about her, murmuring, "Good-bye, dear, good-bye."

"Good-bye. Oh Robert!"

And then Dorothy answered.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S LETTER.

Ma chere motherly:—

Oh! How je long pour vous! Come et me take a la maison. Les filles sont tres bonnes ici but je ne pense pas que

any of them sont comme ma chere petite soeur, Dumpy. N'aimez-vous pas this francais? Je suis just learning la langue et je thought que vous m'aimez to write une lettre francaise to show vous how je suis getting on. Of course, ma chere, vous n'expect pas que je should know tous les mots already but maybe le next time je will do better.

How est mon grand pere et cette funny petite Humpty-Dumpty? J'ai told les filles about her et elles said qu'elles would love voir her. Je can comb my own cheveu maintenant comme le other filles do. Elles say que je look real jolie.

Je meant dire vous que je suis toujours getting into scrapes. Le master est si funny! Le other jour je drew un portrait of him et showed it to some filles et elles laughed. Il asked moi what j'avais dans mon hand et je had to show him son portrait. Wasn't he angry! Oh! Goodness, gracious, moi! Je ne shall jamais draw another portrait again. Je will draw him dans le margin de cette papier si vous will know what il looks like.

Je will tell vous plus about mes scrapes dans ma next lettre which will be bientôt. Tell Dumpy-Humpty to write, vite, vite, vite. Oh! Je suis si homesick! Come et me take a la maison. Vostre plus dear, darlingest daughter.

GRACIE.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

I started to get my home lessons. I didn't feel much like it, but I knew it was my duty. My head seemed to whirl around and my thoughts began to stray. As my thoughts were wandering, I looked out of the window and noticed how beautiful the sky was and how pretty the leaves on the trees wrer. They looked as if they had been painted with all the colors of the rainbow. So I put up my books and decided to take a long walk.

After coming out into the open air, I felt much refreshed, and it seemed as if life was worth living. The trees were swaying and dancing in the breeze and as I looked at them, it seemed as if they were inviting me onward. I obeyed the impulse and walked on and on. After walking and watching nature's wonders, I soon found myself in Menotomy Rock's Park.

When I entered the woods, a fresh breeze was blowing filled with the fragrance of the wild asters. There was a mass of color in the woods. The asters were a deep purple. The golden-rod was a brilliant yellow and gold, as bright as the sun, and the leaves were red, orange, yellow and green. They looked as if nature had painted them one by one.

The woods seemed filled with living creatures. The squirrels were gathering in their nuts for the winter, and as I was watching them, a little chipmunk crossed my path. The sparrows were chattering and nodding together, as if they knew that winter was coming.

There had been an early frost and the burrs of the chesnuts had been cracked open and the chestnuts had fallen and scattered themselves far and wide.

The sun had begun to set and its dying rays cast a red glow over all the wood, which made it look more beautiful than before. The woods had refreshed me a great deal, and remembering my duty, I retraced my footsteps homeward.

P. C. 1915.

LETTERS OF 1819.

It was one of those snowy, blustery days in late November, when one feels that a "Sleepy Hollow" chair before an open fire is the most attractive place on earth. Rather a boresome day, unless there was something interesting going on all the time. Perhaps mother

felt this in the atmosphere, for just as I had opened my lips for a complaint against "the beastly weather," she came in, carrying a package of letters tied with a faded ribbon. "These," she said, dropping them into my lap, "are some letters written by your dear grandmother and your great-aunt Cornelia during a visit of your grand-mother to Washington in 1819. Perhaps they will serve to awaken an ambition in you to do as well in your letter-writing, as well as to amuse you."

Settling down in my chair I proceeded to unfold the first yellowed letter which crackled as I did so and gave forth a faint odor of lavender. It was folded in the intricate fashion of long ago, was dated "Washington, D. C.," and began:—

My dear sister,

My vanity permits me to say that I think you will be glad to hear that I arrived safely at our dear aunt's house after a long and somewhat tedious journey. Our aunt and cousins, Dorothea and Almira welcomed me most cordially and kindly asked after the health of our mother and you, also, my dear Cornelia. I am installed in a most comfortable and commodious apartment from which the view of adjacent hills and woods is most pleasing. I am somewhat wearied now, so will write no more, but believe me, my beloved sister, your affectionate.

Sally.

P. S.—Please give my respects to my dear mother and say to her that I shall do myself the honor of addressing an epistle to her shortly.

The next letter was from Cornelia, and was dated at Newton, Mass.
My Dear S—,

I was most pleased to receive your letter, for indeed I almost believed that amid your pleasures you had forgotten your unpretentious home and family. My dear Sally, I do most sincerely hope that you will not allow the gauds and frivolities of the impious city to turn you from the teachings of your

home. Be most discreet and circumspect in all your words and actions. I realize with great sorrow that our beloved relatives do not always attend church on Sunday, but, my sister, do not let that be an excuse for your non-attendance. I trust that this advice will not seem out of place, for I realize your shortcomings, Sarah, and none is more conscious than I that you should overcome them. I regret that there is no more direct way and rapid way to send this than by mail, for the postage is very heavy. If our neighbor, Mr. Josiah Hutchins had been going to Washington as I thought he would, I should have sent this by him, and also a jar of my apple-jelly, which I do myself the honor to call excellent. I hope you will not think me vain to say this. Our good housemaid has been somewhat indisposed lately, owing to her rheumatism, so I have attended to her work myself. I certainly do not consider it beneath my dignity, or that of any lady, to busy herself with domestic duties. As you may imagine, I have had a somewhat exhausting day, so will write no more. Cornelia.

"Oh, Cornelia," the next letter began, "how interested you will be to hear of the grand ball which we attended at the White House on last evening. It was a most brilliant affair, and the attire of the ladies was magnificent. I wore my sprigged satin gown with the lace stomacher, and the silk mitts which you presented me with on my last birthday, and many people kindly said that I looked very presentable. I danced the cotillion with the President, who was most gallant, and a very accomplished dancer. Mrs. Monroe was sumptuously attired in grey satin, beautifully brocaded, and her jewels were wonderful. There were many foreigners at the ball, and I was thankful for my education in modern languages, that I might be able to converse intelligently with them. One young French noble, an attache at the Embassy, was most attentive to me, and made me many pretty speeches,

which is, I believe, the custom in the city. We danced the Sir Roger de Coverly, the quadrille, the minuet, and many others, into the intricacies of which my partners kindly initiated me. I had many compliments upon my graceful dancing. I trust, Cornelia, that you will not think me vain to repeat this, but I thought you might be gratified to know that your sister had done credit to your early teaching. We certainly had a very enjoyable time, and as it was a most unseemly hour when we arrived home. I am heavy-eyed to-day, so will write no more, but sign myself, Sally."

I did not read any more of the letters, for I could already picture both faces in the fire before me. Cornelia, prim and precise, but warm-hearted and lovable beneath all her dignified exterior, and little seventeen-year-old Sally, with auburn hair and merry face, trying to draw her dimpled cheeks into sober lines, and yet showing in her dancing eyes her real self, vivacious and laughter-loving, but withal a model little maid of ninety years ago.

LAURA ROBINSON, '14.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

If Richard had seen her open the gate, ten to one his little form couldn't have been seen through the dust which his feet would have kicked up, making good his escape—but, as it was, he played on, letting the little, round, gray balls of fur scamper in and out of the box, while he laughed delightfully.

"Richard!"

The word rang sharp and clear—and Richard jumped so suddenly that one of the little gray balls scampered out of his reach and away. Putting the other one in his pocket, he got to his feet, and, leisurely but guiltily, began to brush the dust from his little short socks.

She was now standing before him, and he could see that she was quite angry, for her little, sharp, black eyes blazed at him and her quaint old bonnet trembled, while its ribbons fairly shook with rage. He stood waiting for her usual torrent of words, and he didn't have to wait long, for—"Richard Montgomery Jenkenson!" she said in a very angry tone, and it had the same effect upon him as a shot, whistling past his ear, would have had. "Don't you remember what I just told you the other day about cruelty to dumb animals? I don't know what it is this time—time before it was grasshoppers—time before that, worms, and (spying the tiny tracks) I suppose it's a poor little bird this time! Richard, you should be ashamed of yourself. I don't know what will become of you!" and she sank down on the garden seat with the air of a martyr.

"No," ventured Richard, "it ain't—that is, it is not a bird; it's a—a—"

"Oh!" she interrupted, hopelessly, "never mind what it is—I don't care and it makes no difference—you are as cruel to one as another!"

At the word "cruel" in such a cold, angry tone, Richard's lip quivered and he dug in the sand with his sandal. "But," he said finally, in a jerky voice, "these is—"

"These!" she snapped, "so it's more than one! Oh, Richard, won't you ever learn to be kind to all creatures? You should love and protect every one of them."

"Do you?" Richard asked, doubtfully.

"Why, of course I do!" she answered in a softer tone, glad she was making an impression on him.

"Bears an' wolfs an' noserosers an'—an'—elephants?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, everything," she smiled, and Richard stood before her, his hand held fast over his pocket, thinking and reasoning.

Finally he said in a choking little voice, "I'm awfully sorry I was cruel to

'em, I am. Brigie she—she catched 'em in the pantry, an' she—she gived 'em to me to—give to Tabby—but—I didn't wanted her to eat 'em all up, so I—I just putted 'em in the box, and I was—I was—going to let 'em go way off after I—I seed 'em. But," and he looked at her smiling and hopeful, "you love 'em an' protect 'em—an'—an' it's cruel to send 'em way off, so," walking up to her and putting the mouse in her lap, "you can have 'em! Oh! I losted the—" but he stopped, panic-stricken, his mouth open, for she sat like a statue, her face white and her eyes, big as saucers, looking with horror at the tiny gray ball in her lap, which, for a moment, was too scared to move. Then, slowly and stealthily raising its head, it made one grand—and effectual—dash for liberty. With activity on the part of the mouse, she gasped, screamed, and jumped upon the garden seat, all in one breath, and, with her skirts gathered in one hand, she beat the air, the garden seat, and the bush behind her with the frail parasol she always carried. And Richard, after getting over his surprise at the turn of affairs, danced on one foot around the seat laughing excitedly and shouting, "You'll get him auntie, you'll get him—hit the bush again!"

M. W., '14.

A PICTURE.

A faint, sickening smell of turpentine—and with it comes a sense of oppressive heat and a memory picture as clear as those of yesterday. It is a small, dim room, the walls, floor and furniture stacked with piles of old canvases. Everything is grey with dust except the tall easel standing in the center of the room, and the two silent figures before it. Even the old artist himself as he moves back and forth before his canvas, now touching it with one brush or another and now stepping back to take a long survey of the little models, seems a part of the dusty

harmony; an effect which is doubtless enhanced by the cloud of blue smoke which floats from his long, crooked pipe and surrounds him.

But for me, at least, the chief interest of the picture lies in the two children before him. There they sit in a little alcove, heavily draped with old, oriental shawls and curtains, their light dresses standing out in sharp contrast to the dull, neutral tones about them. The little bodies droop listlessly in the hot, lifeless air—not so the kitten which is expected to lie quietly in the younger child's lap. Waking from a nap it stretches deliberately and begins to consider the desirability of taking a walk. Finding some opposition to this course on the part of its mistress, a struggle ensues. The kitten squirms frantically and then with one wild leap reaches the floor and takes refuge behind a pile of frames in one corner, leaving a souvenir in the form of a long red scratch on the child's arm.

Quiet reigns once more in the little room. A faint breeze, heavy with the scent of the syringa blossoms in the garden outside, lifts the curtain an inch and it drops noiselessly back.

A cicada high up in the maple tree begins his persistent whirl. Inside, the clock ticks patiently on. The minutes drag to three times their length when every second is counted. Then like a breath of fresh air in the close room comes the welcome question,

"Tired?"

"Not ve-ry." The tone is polite but inexpressibly weary.

"Want to rest a while?"

"Yes," with considerable enthusiasm.

"All right."

There is a rush for the sunlit garden and the cool, sweet air out of doors—and the picture is gone, but I echo the children's sigh of relief, for I was one of those little models and the memory of those summer afternoon in the old studio is very vivid.

K. E. R., '14.

THE POTTER.

A potter rose from his work one morn
And tossed his tools away,
With a careless thrust of his scornful hand
Denting the hard'ning clay.

"I will roam," he said, "the wide world o'er
And share in the joys of men,
Unhampered by thoughts of a life-long toil.
"I will never work again."

He sauntered forth with a lightsome heart
Freed from its dragging load,
And came to a blacksmith shaping iron
At his forge in the fork of the road.

"Good-morning, friend," the potter said,
"Cease work and rejoice with me.
The very morning sings for joy,
Come out in the sun. Be free."

But the smith worked on with that quiet
smile
That comes from the hearts that know,
And answered the potter's jocund words
With resounding clang and blow.

Undaunted the potter went his way
With his untaught heart still glad.
A way-side cottage caught his eye;
To enter he prepared.

But hearing a low, sweet sound within
The potter advanced no more.
'Twas a picture of mingled joy and toil
That he saw through the open door.

While her baby slept a mother worked,
With fond voice humming low
That nameless, tender, crooning song
That only mothers know.

He turned away with a vague mistrust—
The first he had felt that day—
To a meadow where children, in merry
rings,
Were dancing the day away.

"I have come," he said, "to join with you
In happy dance and song."
But the children ceased their lively play
With a sense of something wrong.

"Our fathers work the whole day long,"
Said a child in sweet, shy way.
"'Tis only at night when the sun goes down
That they with us can play."

At last the potter in his search
A suffering cripple found,
Who, taught by a life of hopeless pain,
Spoke words of wisdom sound.

"Be glad that you are strong," he said,
"To share in the work of men.
No higher joy your heart can know:
Go back to your tasks again."

The potter rose with the sun next morn,
And worked with a will all day,
With skillful strokes of his practiced hand
Shaping the yielding clay.

And a prayer went up from the potter's
heart—

"From rising sun to sun,
O Father! may I faithful be
'Till my work on earth is done."

ALICE M. COTTON, '12.

"THE CHANGING SEASONS."

Long sigh we for Spring's charms, when
they are flown,
Or Summer's brilliant glory—when 'tis gone;
Sadly we muse, 'neath Autumn's sombre
sky,

Of careless hours heedless slipping by.
The brook sings on, though sky be overcast
And, cased in Winter's bonds, still mur-
murs low;

The pine-tree stands alike in sun or snow,
Cares not for zephyr or for icy blast.
Then let us cease the past to think upon—
Heaven its joys and we its woes did bring—
But to the present hour our efforts bend;
And in the Winter of our lives sing on,
For at the end there waits a joyous Spring,
Crowned by a glorious Summer ne'er to
end.

NYMPHOEA *

When summer zephyrs sylph-like blow,
And starry blossoms o'er the earth
Come forth on hill and dale to glow,
Nymphoea gains celestial birth.

Upon the bosom of the lake
It rests, this flower of wond'rous white;
And skyward seems to stretch, and shake
Its lustrous self in sheer delight.

And where yon mystic mountain peaks
Cast shadows in the lake below,
The crimson sunset comes and seeks
The flow'rs, to paint a ruddy glow.

And as the evening shadows fall,
And fades the glorious sunset light,
Nymphoea answers to her call
And blossoms forth from heav'n at night.

MARGARET EMERSON BILLINGS, '15.

*The Nymphoea, or water-lily, was considered by the Indians one of the most beautiful of their flowers. It was supposed, according to their tradition, that the souls of these flowers took the form of stars after they faded from this earth.



The Athletic Association has started the second season under its new constitution with the following officers:—

President,—Leo Dalton '12.
 Vice-president,—George Percy '12.
 Secretary,—Rachel Tuttle '12.
 Treasurer,—A. H. Smith of the faculty.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Faculty, Supt. J. F. Scully, Prin. F. C. Mitchell, Sub-master A. H. Smith.

UNDERGRADUATES,—Wilton Jardine '12,
 Wendall Reyeroft '13.
 Harold Kimball '14.

ALUMNI,—S. Trafford Hicks '06.
 Robert C. Clifford '08.
 Arthur B. Pierce '10.

The collectors from the four classes are :

1912 J. Eberhardt, Miss R. Tuttle.
 1913 Miss H. Bullard, D. Scully.
 1914 K. Young, Miss O. Houghton.
 1915 Miss M. Burns, R. Smith.

FOOT BALL.

About forty candidates reported to the early call of Captain Buttrick. The squad was very fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Wm. McCarthy, an ex-Cornell star. Dr. McCarthy has succeeded by hard work and drilling in making an excellent machine which works easily in every department.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES.

Sat., Sept. 20, Cambridge High at Arlington.
 Wed., Oct. 4, Belmont at Belmont.
 Sat., Oct. 7, Lowell at Lowell.
 Thurs., Oct. 12, Winthrop at Arlington.
 Sat., Oct. 14, Everett at Everett.
 Thurs., Oct. 19, Woburn at Arlington.
 Sat., Oct. 21, Open.
 Sat., Oct. 28, Lexington at Arlington.
 Wed., Nov. 1, Belmont at Arlington.
 Sat., Nov. 4, Wellesley at Wellesley.
 Sat., Nov. 11, Walpole at Arlington.
 Wed., Nov. 15, Winchester at Arlington.

Arlington lost the first game of the season September 30, to Cambridge High by the score of 14-6. Although the score is a little one-sided, the teams were well matched, and made an interesting game for the large crowd of spectators present.

On Oct. 4, Belmont was defeated 10-6. In the second half Belmont managed to score on a fluke. Ross gained much ground by his line plunges.

Lowell defeated Arlington with the score 12 to 0, Oct. 7. Although the score spells defeat, Arlington showed some excellent team work and generalship. In the second half Arlington held Lowell scoreless.

Columbus Day Arlington won a signal victory over Winthrop. The score 17-0. Arlington should have scored three times

more, but penalizing prevented. It was an ideal day and naturally a number of on-lookers had gathered to watch the game. The features of this game were Smith's ninety yard run, Cousen's punting, Buttrick's blocking and Bower's novel play through Buttrick's leg.

Thursday, Oct. 19, Woburn lost to Arlington to a tune of 11—0. The field was in a wretched condition, being slippery and soggy from rains, in fact the first two quarters were played in a drizzling rain. The forward pass was used extensively and successfully by both teams. Arlington's backfield distinguished itself by making great gains through Woburn's line in the second and third periods.

HOCKEY.

Lewis Cousens '13, the aggressive player of last year's team, was elected captain of the hockey team. The outlook is quite promising this season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Great credit is due to those Seniors who have successfully endeavored to raise funds for the benefit of the Athletic Association this fall by selling refreshments at recess in the basement.

On the 29th of November the Athletic Association will present a play in three acts entitled "The College Chap," in the evening at Cotting Hall. The cast consists of eighteen people and the parts will be taken by members of the school. Mr. W. O. Partridge, Jr. is coaching the play.

The object of this is to raise money for the treasury of the association. A large attendance is hoped for.

It might be of interest to the school to know that Roger Hadley, one of the most prominent athletes last year, who has gone to Nashua, is now making good as full back on the High school team there.

Treasurer's report, Sept. 1—Oct. 18.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, Sept. 1, 1911.	\$.02
Received from dues.....	84.65
“ “ outside sources....	60.00
“ “ refreshments.....	134.39
“ “ C. L. S. Game....	6.15
“ “ Belmont Game....	1.50
“ “ Lowell Game.....	20.00
“ “ Winthrop Game....	14.40

Total Receipts.....\$321.11

Expenditures.

Paid N. J. Hardy (old account)...	\$48.55
“ J. W. Brine & Co. (old account)	10.17
“ Wm. Read & Son (old account)	15.00
“ Wm. Read & Sons.....	8.65
“ for refreshments	95.35
“ “ postage.....	5.05
“ “ printing	11.85
“ “ coach (five weeks).....	50.00
“ “ Leo Dalton at play.....	5.00
“ “ sundries	6.57
Expenses C. L. S. Game.....	5.35
Expenses Lowell Game	26.80
Expenses Winthrop Game	12.15

Total Expenditures.....\$300.49

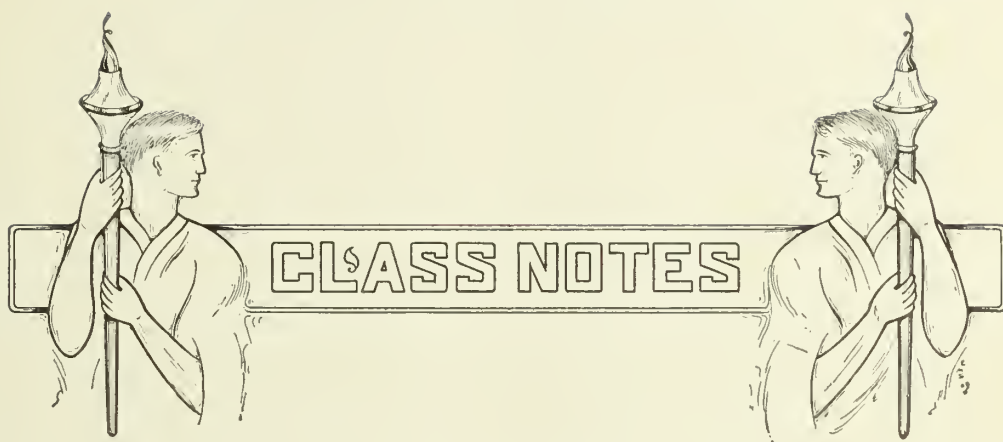
Balance on hand Oct. 18, 1911 ... \$20.62

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I have examined the above report and find it correct.

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.



1912

OFFICERS.

President,—Leo Dalton.

Vice President,—John Colbert.

Secretary.—Walter Kenney.

Treasurer,—Rachel Tuttle.

History.

Miss W. enumerating the industries of the Homeric Age, "The people made their own beds."

Latin.

(- - silici scintillam excudit - -) "He hit a spark with a rock."

Was that the way they went "sparking" in the heroic days?

American History.

Miss B. informs us that among the Quakers the men and women wore the same dress.

English.

Miss R. "Describe the merry-making of the peasants in 'L. Allegro', Mr. D."

Pause.

Miss R. "Oh, hurry up. I want to recite on that myself."

Mr. D., quickly, "I wish you would."

Miss H., rushing wildly into the room after the second bell, "I stopped to get a drink."

Teacher. "Pass to the office."

The way of the transgressor is hard.

History.

Miss G. makes the astounding statement that it was the custom of the Greeks to put an obelisk in the mouth of the dead.

Distracted editor, "Oh dear, I can't find any jokes."

Sympathetic classmate, "Can't you manufacture some?"

Latin.

Miss G., translating, "Behold Priamus—"

Mr. S. "Call him Priam, Miss G."

Miss G. "Behold Triam—"

Try'em again, Miss G.

French.

Translation. "His face broke into a large laugh."

English.

"While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin."

Revised by Mr. T.

"While the cock with lovely din
Scratches the rear of darkness thin."

Rather thin scratching if it constituted Chanticleer's breakfast.

English.

("With the Attic boy to hunt.")

Miss R. "Who would the Attic boy be, Miss W?"

Miss W. "Oh, he would be a boy who was up high in an attic."

History.

Miss H. "Raise hands, those who know what æsthetic means. Well, Mr. S., what does it mean?"

Mr. S. "Well it-er-means-er-er—Well I know what it means."

English.

Miss R. taking room attendance, "Study pupils Miss R., Miss B., class, class, class."

Freshman voice from the rear, "Class, all right!"

One of our teachers tells us that beauty is catching. Why doesn't someone start the epidemic?

1913.

The officers of the Junior class for 1911-12 are as follows:—

President,—Dana Hardy.

Vice-president,—Mildred Green.

Secretary,—Maria Allen.

Treasurer,—Ralph Stiles.

Editors,—Louise Bateman, A. Chaves.

English History III.

A great change has happened in the History of the world, according to Mr. L.

Miss H. "Why did Cæsar cross over to Boston?"

Mr. L. "To find the short route to India!"

Latin III.

Mr. K. (translating.) "Homines honestissimi atque ornatissimi." Most honorable and ornamented men.

Teachers of Room 1 are delighted to know that the chesnut season is over in the back of the room.

Have you noticed that the familiar expression, "Where's rooms 1, 2, 3, etc., has ceased? O you Freshies!!

Heard in English History III.

Miss H. "I am thinking of a number from twenty-five to fifty.

Bright Scholar. "Twenty-three.

[General confusion]

Stop! Look!! Listen!!! Beware of Stiles if your class dues are not paid.

More enthusiasm ought to be shown at class meetings; every member should attend.

Latin III.

Mr. Sc. (translating) "Erat enim metus injectus eisnationibus." For fear was injected into these nations.

(We wonder if it was a hypodermic)

The followers of Epicurus may generally be found in rooms one and two.

In English III B:

Knight was spelled knight.

Miss Richmond. "That is just a slip, of course, but a knight without an eye would be a pitiable thing."

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" No, but Miss Allen says that the Greeks gathered cabbages from the palm trees.

German II B.

Herr Schmidt. "These sentences skip around the room." What happy thoughts they must be!

Again—Master L., drop the transom!"

Somebody, in an anxious undertone—

"Won't he break it?"

The foot of the deer outside the Assembly Hall was turned up one morning after music. Was he making an attempt to stop up his ears?

Oh try to be funny, Juniors, do!

Your editors are green, 'tis true,

But do get bright or they'll be blue!

1914

President,—Ralph Philpott.

Vice-President,—Elton Mansel.

Secretary,—Dorothy T. Munch.

Treasurer,—Edward Meade.

Class in Early Roman History.

Teacher. "Master R—, what were the duties of the Roman father in religious ways?"

Pupil. "Um-ah-to read the Bible!"
(General Laughter.)

On the Sophomore class this year such birds as the "Dickie" and "Kobin" may be heard to send out their melodious strains from the French room, while a little farther down the hall the "Woolf" can be heard plaintively barking in German.

English.

Master "R," reading list of original subjects,—“President Taft.”

Miss M. "Well Mister R. that is rather a broad subject, isn't it?"

English.

Master M. reading aloud "The august repository of the *iniquities* (antiquities) of our race.

Oh Class! wake up, and say something funny. Even the "Freshies" will beat us this month.

1915

The class of 1915 makes its first bow before the public. It is such an unusually large youngster for its age that it hardly knew what to do with itself at first, as it managed to greatly overcrowd the already full High school building, but the opening of Room 14, formerly the bookroom, helped matters a great deal and now it is settling down to a happy year of good hard work.

A few of our brilliant remarks that will interest the world at large:

In Commercial Arithmetic.

Mr. C. Those who wish to come back for assistance let me know.

Miss A. Oh, I'd like to make a date with you.

Mr. C—is visibly delighted.

One of our brightest members suggested to a teacher that *capital punishment* might be an effectual check in whispering. We suggest that the faculty begin with the three upper classes.

Heard in Algebra.

If x equals 3, $3x$ equals 33.

3×2 equals 5.

'Nuff sed 'til next time.

Mathematics is undoubtedly the freshmen's strong point.

Physical Geography.

Miss B. Has it been given before class.

Class. Yes.

Miss B. Who gave it.

Class. Nobody.

"Ifs."

If Annie McGrath is cute, is Helene Darling?

If coal is high, are Wood Low?

If the kitchen mechanic went on a strike, would Robert Cook?

If pork is fat, is Kenneth Mc (Lean)?

If a prize was offered for beauty would Edith Winn?

If Chisolm is weak, is Dana Hardy?

If Harold can write, can Katherine Reed?

If Durant is a Currier, is Americo Chaves?

If silk skirts were in style, wouldn't Eleanor's Russell?

If Lillian's a Crow, is Mildred Partridge?

If the High school can sing why can't Bill Carroll?

If Mr. Mitchell is Principal has Eva Power?

If Rachel should turn her back on Allen would Kim—ball!

If her sweater is bright red is Helen Greene?

If Donald's head is Scully is Oliver's Wood?

If Guard's a Ladd what is Wunderlich?

If these "Ifs" are old blame Marion Young.



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The June meeting of the English Club was held in the assembly Hall, Thursday, June 8, at three o'clock. All the pupils were invited, and the attendance was large. Roger Bell '11 was presiding officer, and Sanford, '12, acted as critic.

The musical part of the program, consisting of a selection by the Girls' Glee Club, a vocal solo by Miss Thomas '11, and selections by the High School Orchestra, was enthusiastically received.

The main feature of the program was a debate, the question being: Resolved that the American Revolution was justifiable. The affirmative side was taken by Bisbee '12 and Gowen '11, and the negative by Miss Bisbee '12 and Miss McLelland '12. All the debaters showed unusual skill and careful thought and study. Mr. Tupper and Mr. Lacey of the School Board and Mr. Scully and Mr. Mitchell were the judges. The negative side won. In announcing the decision of the judges, Mr. Tupper made a brief address, encouraging the pupils in their work and emphasizing the importance of English study and practice for use in one's life work.

Following the debate a "Surprise Number" was given, which proved to be delightful. Miss Tenny and Miss McIntosh sang

two duets, Tuscan Folk-Songs, with Miss Bullock as accompanist.

Original monologues were given by Cameron '12 and Currier '12. A third competitive exercise was enjoyed, this time in exposition. Miss Barr '11, Miss McConnell '13 and Miss Dickie '14 were the competitors. Miss McConnell's exposition received the greatest number of votes. After a selection by the Orchestra, a vote of thanks was given by the Club to the Orchestra, to the Girls's Glee Club, and to Parris, '13 who had repeatedly printed the programs of English Club meetings on the boards.

The meeting was a great success, and made a splendid ending for the year's work of the Club.

ALICE M. BURTT, Sec.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

The first meeting of the German Club, "Der Mehr Kunde Verein," was held on Thursday, September 28th, to elect officers for the coming year. The installation of officers was as follows:—President, Mr. Smith; Vice president, Miss Stevens; Secretary, Miss Woodman; Treasurer, Mr. Eberhardt. Miss Hunt, Miss Birch and Mr. Ober were appointed to be on the ex-

ecutive committee to assist Mr. Smith in providing the programmes for the monthly meetings. It was decided to have the meetings on the third Wednesday of each month.

The second meeting was held on Tuesday, October 17th. After the business had been discussed, the programme for the afternoon was resumed. Miss Tuttle gave a sketch of Moser's life who wrote "Der Bibliothekar," a play which the advanced class is now reading. Mr. Currier gave a sketch of Zschokke's life who wrote "Der Zerbrochene Krug," a story which the second year class has just finished. Miss Burns read a paper on the Moroccan Question, which gave a very clear idea of the situation in the European countries in regard to Morocco. Then the game "Wie ich meinen Koffer pachte" was played and was enjoyed by everyone. The meeting closed by singing some German song.

HELEN WOODMAN, Sec.

SCIENCE CLUB.

Although the Science Club has not as yet held a regular meeting, we intend to resume our activities in the near future, and, judging from the enthusiasm that has so far been shown by the members of the classes in science, it can be safely said that the Club in the ensuing year, will be even more entertaining and profitable than ever before.

The Club extends its invitation of last year to all those interested in science to become members.

JACK SANFORD, Sec.

GLEE CLUB.

The first formal meeting of the Girl's Glee Club was held Oct. 19, 1911, when the officers for the coming year were elected as follows:—

President,—Eleanor Hatch.
Vice President,—Mary Leonard.
Secretary,—Juliette Stacy.
Treasurer,—Miriam Stevens.
Librarian,—Katherin Viets,
Pianist,—Marion Young.

J. STACY, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

In this our first issue, we extend to our Exchanges, one and all, our best wishes. In addition to our old friends, we will gladly welcome new ones. We bespeak generous rivalry and promise to give and take in fine humor, it being our aim to act with a spirit of friendliness, rather than of criticism. We send warm greetings to the old friends and an invitation to exchange papers in our field of school journalism.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1912

My Ride Home.....Margaret Birch
A Messenger of Death....Alice M. Burt
The Professor at the Lemonade Stand....
Alice Cotton
Regatta Day at the Weirs..Wilton Jardine
In the Berkshires.....Abel Landall

1913

A Dusk Race.....Charles Allen
The "Milky Way"...Harriet W. Bullard
A Thanksgiving Masquerade.....
Ethel M. Egglestone

1914

The Rescue of a Traveler in the Swiss Alps,
Marion E. Bushee
The City Chap.....Edward Mead
The Spirit of 1776.....Dorothy Billings
The Pageant of Thetford.Pauline Garman

1915

The Star of Loyalty...Gladys Richardson
The Gift of the Wonderful Boy.....
Gertrude Fleming
Motoring in Texas.....Phebe Hyatt
Old Speckle.....John Salt
Alone at NightMarion Roop

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(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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EDITORIAL

What is there about Christmas time which so strangely affects us? What is the reason back of all this happy bustle and smiling preparation, which makes the world quite a different place for a time? What has aroused the glum old world and turned its frowns to smiles, its grumbling to chuckling, its getting to giving? Why, of course, nothing but the "Spirit of Christmas."

The Christmas Spirit! How much it means, and how much it includes! The spirit of unselfishness, the spirit of giving, the spirit of helpfulness, and, running through it all, the spirit of love, good-will and fellowship for all—truly this is the sum of all that makes life worth living!

Where the spirit of Christmas goes, hope and joy spring up behind it. A year filled with it would be a year of happiness; a life lived according to it would be a blessing to the world; the world inspired with it would be transformed.

So we say to you: "May your Christmas be the merriest in your life, and may you bring back the Christmas spirit in your heart, to make the New Year happy for us all."

On the evening of November tenth, a "Victor Recital" was given in Cotting Hall. Phonographic records were played of vocal solos by the greatest modern singers. violin

solos by Maude Powell and Mischa Elman, and several excellent orchestral selections.

Mr. Scully had charge of the phonograph and, between the numbers, gave some interesting information about the history of the machine. A group of students added to the interest of the program by giving facts about the construction of the phonograph and about the lives of the various singers, players and composers.

An informal dance was held at the end of the concert.

There was a very good attendance, and the program was a success in every way. Great credit is due to Miss Richmond, who planned and carried through the affair.

On Friday, Nov. 24th, during the last period, Mr. Geist, whom most of us remembered from last year, gave a reading on "Macbeth." To say that Mr. Geist gave us a clear and really adequate idea of that wonderful drama of passion, is to give him the highest possible praise.

On Friday, the eighth of December, Mr. Pitman, of the Salem Normal School, gave an interesting and very helpful talk on the history of Normal Schools and the work they are doing. He presented clearly the fine opportunities which these schools offer, in the hope that some of our students will wish to take advantage of them.

ALUMNI NOTES

According to the last "CLARION," Ruth Hawes is Mrs. F. D. Taylor of Arlington Heights. Ruth Hawes, 1909, is attending Simmons. Mrs. F. D. Taylor was formerly Lois V. Lannin, 1906.

Charlotte W. Tufts, 1909, is Mrs. Arthur E. Abbott, of Mansfield.

Roland B. Wells, 1906, Mass. Ins. Tech. 1911, is a clerk,

Gretchen Wyman, 1906, is assistant to Dr. E. A. Bradford, of Boston.

Nettie L. Fisher, 1905, Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses, 1911.

Paul Gustafson, 1905, Harvard, 1912.

Evelyn M. Warren, 1904, Radcliffe, 1908, is a Supervisor of music in public schools.

Semira Barker, 1903, is Mrs. R. Perry, of this town.

Horace Holt, 1903, Mass. Inst. Tech. 1907, is an engineer with the New England Tel. & Tel. Co.

Mabel H. Perry, 1903, is Mrs. Temple H. Fay, of Watertown.

Marion Churchill, 1902, Radcliffe, 1906, is a teacher in the Brookline High School.

Louis A. Moore, 1902, Harvard, 1906, is a retail dealer in building material with Moore & Moore Inc., of Waterloo, Iowa.

Ruth Richardson, 1902, is Mrs. Fred L. Thompson, of Waterville, Maine.

Constance Yeames, 1902, Salem Normal School, 1904, is Mrs. Frederick H. Bartlett, of Yonkers, N. Y.

Frederic C. Butterfield, 1901, Harvard, 1905, is a Professor of music in Morning-side College, and musical director of the First Cong'l church, Sioux City, Iowa. He spent the winter of 1910-1911 in Europe, on leave of absence for musical study and travel.

Dora A. Parsons, 1901, is Mrs. George Lloyd, of Arlington Heights.

Mabel Payne, 1901, is a bookkeeper and stenographer.

Grace E. Fowle, 1900, is assistant superintendent in the Free Hospital for Women, Brookline.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Spirit of Giving

"Christmas is overdone," cheerfully volunteered Marjorie at the breakfast table, the day before Christmas.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, hear the child talk!"

"Guess you've run short of dough, and are squealing."

Such were the exclamations of the family. But she had prepared herself for this. Hadn't she just finished reading an excellent article on this very thing, in a reputable magazine? So, she calmly set forth her views, or rather those of some cynic who found he could make money in deriding Christmas.

"Yes, it is overdone," she explained; "what is the sense of it all? Now, if we simply sent pretty cards to all our friends reminding them that this is the anniversary of a great church day, it would be sensible. But when we begin to spend small fortunes on our friends, buying them things they never thought of wanting, things which they would be quite content without, it approaches the ridiculous. Think how Mother has slaved and worn herself out getting us things which we won't half appreciate. Think how other people spend money on useless trinkets which had much better have been spent on coal—"

"Oh, I say, Midge, do you want us to return your presents and get coal instead? Imagine presenting Dad with a hod-full of coal and saying, 'I know you would much rather have had a Waltham watch but you will find this more useful.'" Bob laughed. He always laughed at his younger sister's notions, but he became grave in a moment, and fell to studying her. She was not a selfish girl, indeed she was of a very generous nature, and he did not like this new idea of hers.

"Nevertheless, I have simply sent cards to my friends this year, and intend to contribute my extra money to some good cause."

"Better change your mind before it gets too late. How will your friends feel when they receive only cards, after buying you real presents? Everyone won't hold your point of view."

"That's just it; it is simply a case of give and take. If you don't give as much as you take you feel cheap, and if you give more than you get someone else feels cheap. But I shall remedy all that, because I have already notified my friends of my intentions."

That night when she lay down to sleep, she laughed at the nine stockings hung by the chimney. She was sleeping in the nursery as her Grandmother was occupying her chamber. What a silly idea it all was. Was it right to encourage the children to believe in Santa Claus? She had had to read the old, old poem to the children that very evening. How thoroughly they believed in it.

"'Twas the night before Christmas and
all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicolas soon would
be there."

A rush, a rustle, and a thud. She raised herself quickly on one elbow, and there on the hearth stood Santa Claus, grunting and puffing from his exertions. He looked exactly as she had always pictured him. His plump little body, long glistening white beard, the bobbing tassel on his cap, snow on his shoulders, everything just as she had thought, even to his twinkling lit-

the blue eyes and rosy round nose. There, beside him stood a tremendous bag brimming with presents and goodies, which are so dear to the heart of a child. He straightened his clothes, as if he had had a pretty tight scrape down the old chimney, counted the stockings, and turned to his pack. But seeing Marjorie he hesitated, then advanced towards her, and said in his musical squeal, as he shook his stubby pink finger at her, "Oh-ho! So you're the girl who thinks Christmas is overdone! Why, my poor, dear little girl, how can it be overdone? Who am I, after all, but the Spirit of Giving, who returns once a year to this old world in order to make people forget themselves in remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Can the Christian spirit ever be overdone? No, my child; pity the people who tell you that, for they have not found the best in this world. As long as there are children on earth, I will return to them, and as long as I return they will listen with bated breath to the old, old poem which has kept me alive in their hearts."

He stopped for breath, chuckled, and shook all over. (We never hear of Santa Claus laughing or roaring, he simply shakes all over like a pot-full of jelly.) Turning to his pack he set to work. Noah's Arks, rocking-horses, hobby-horses, frazzly headed dolls, wonderful steam engines, doll's cradles, everything, he whisked out of the pack into the stockings. And if the stockings were pathetically small, he generously piled things on the hearth.

At length he stopped and viewed his work. Every stocking was bulging incongruously, except Marjorie's. Hers hung quite limp, just as she had left it. He stopped and gazed at it, shaking his head the while, then with a chuckle he whisked out a queer little brown leather bag from the pack labeled, "For Cynics and all other Heathen." From this bag he first pulled six brand new test tubes which he dropped into the

stocking, then a bottle of red ink landed with a crunch and a tinkle on the frail tubes. "Twelve cents," thought Marjorie dubiously. Text books of all descriptions were piled on the hearth. A number of white things greatly resembling dishcloths followed the ink and, on top of all was perched a beautiful Bunsen Burner. Marjorie groaned, "Served me right I guess."

Then old Saint Nick whisked around, bowed, and "laying his finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose."

In the stillness which followed, she distinctly heard a patter of tiny hoofs, a tinkling of silver bells, and then "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night," floated out upon the cold, clear air.

Needless to say, Marjorie dreamed of her stocking all night, and imagine her surprise when, on awakening, she perceived a huge American Beauty nodding to her from the hem of her much maligned piece of apparel. On investigation the test-tubes were found to have miraculously changed into fat sticks of candy, the red-ink into a choice bottle of Hudnut's perfumery, the dish towels into a motor-scarf, and the hated text books into a beautiful set of Dickens.

"Well that **was** a trick he played on me! No wonder Santa Claus chuckled!"

"What's that about Santa Claus? Eh?" queried Bob as he fondled a perfectly atrocious new pipe.

"Oh, nothing."

"Me luv me Santa Claus," sung Dot as she rocked to and fro incessantly on a hassock, hugging a blond headed doll to her breast.

An hour later many of Marjorie's friends were exclaiming delightedly over beautiful hot-house roses, violets, and chrysanthemums. "Well, isn't it just like Midge to surprise a person this way. I wonder where she got the idea. I'm glad I took no notice of her note last week."

MARGARET BIRCH, '12.

Moonrise on the Water

One evening in late August a party of merry young people started out in a sail-boat to watch the moon rise over the ocean.

We were carried briskly along on a fairly high wind until we reached a point outside the harbor where we could see the clear sweep of the ocean for miles and miles. Here we dropped anchor and sat watching the gray water that lapped the side of the boat.

A sudden quiet settled down on the crowd and the stillness was broken only by the creaking of the boat pulling at her anchor.

Thousands of stars gleamed and twinkled over head and the faint strains of a waltz floated on the breeze from a hotel on the beach.

Suddenly from above the horizon the moon rose, casting its beams over the vast expanse of gray ocean and tipping each dancing wave with purest molten silver.

As the moon rose slowly into the sky, our anchor was lifted, and to the music of "Home, Sweet Home," sung softly by the whole party, we sailed down the silver pathway and back to our hotel.

MARION E. ROOP, '15.

Renting a Room—a Monologue

"Good morning, I see you have a furnished room to let—first floor front overlooking the bay, I suppose?

"Oh, second floor? Well, I'll look at it.

"I could never endure these winding stairs; they always make me feel so dizzy, you know.

"Yes, the room is very pleasant but there is no fire-place, and fire places are so cheerful and so good for ventilation, don't you think?

"Are those chairs good and strong?

You see, I go to a gymnasium every week and I have to practice stunts on chairs between times. At the place where I roomed last the chairs were so rickety that several of them actually broke down and the land-lady made me pay for them. That's why I left.

"You don't want me to do that here? But I must, if I go to the gymnasium, and I surely can't drop that.

"That corner is just the place for a little gas stove; you will have one put in for me, of course, and arranged so that I can screen it off when not in use. You see, I will cook my own breakfast up here.

"I will have to pay extra if I use gas for cooking? Why, the idea! There is a house three blocks down—very desirable—where I can use all the gas I want free.

"I receive my callers Sunday afternoons, so you will allow me the use of the parlor from two to five o'clock and occasionally in the evening, won't you? I should receive them in my room sometimes if it were not for those winding stairs. By the way, you haven't a dog or a cat in the house have you?

"No? Oh! I'm so glad!

"Yes indeed, I like animals.

"Well, in spite of the disadvantage of not having a fire-place, in spite of those horrid winding stairs and the lack of a piano—for I ought to practice four hours a day—I think I will take the room. We will come in to-morrow.

"Who is the other one? Why, my dear little dog 'Fluff,' of course. Oh! he can do the cutest tricks—

"What? You don't allow dogs in this house? This is too much! Why, Fluff is not the least bit of trouble. You would only have to prepare beef-kidneys for his dinner twice a week and lamb or something like that the other days.

"You can't have him? Well, I can't come without him so I am afraid I cannot have the room.

"I guess your cake is burning. I'm sorry to have taken so much of your time. Good morning."

GLADYS GOVE, '13.

A Charade for Christmas

My first is as good as a mile,
 My second ne'er missed in a smile,
 On Italy's map my third will be seen;
 At Christmas' glad tide, my whole will
 be green.

EDITH N. WINN, '12.

Desert of Sahara,
 No. 5 Pyramid Lane,
 November 24, 1911.

To the Camel,
 Ringling Brothers' Circus,
 Boston, Massachusetts.
 My dear son Dromidario,—

It was so long since I had heard from you that I was getting anxious and was contemplating telegraphing our old friend, Giraffo, to find out if anything had happened, when your long letter arrived.

My dear boy, I am so glad to hear you are in such fine health and spirits. Do be careful and not take cold, especially as winter is coming on, and please don't eat everything the little children, who come to the circus, offer you. They seem to think a camel can eat anything! Such stuff and nonsense, as if you couldn't have a stomach-ache as well as they! And another most important thing: I heard some American tourists saying, yesterday, that there was quite an epidemic of whooping-cough around Boston. Do tell me it isn't so! Why, if you don't, I shall worry, worry, all the time for fear you catch it. You are so delicate, I know it would go hard with you. If you hear any children coughing, do turn your head away.

I have not been on any long trips lately, as I sprained my ankle day before yesterday. Don't be alarmed, sonny, it is nothing serious and I will be able to hobble about in a day or so.

The latest trip across the desert was a most exciting one. I, with several other camels, took some tourists for a long ride. On the way home, about six o'clock, we got into a sand storm. I noticed that the sky had darkened

quickly and the wind was blowing quite a gale, but I didn't think anything of it. Suddenly I looked up and saw this huge whirlwind of sand coming toward us. I quickly crouched down and the men, slipping from my back, threw a sheet over my eyes, and, taking their coats off, they wrapped their heads in them. We all lay as low as possible and waited for the storm to pass us. It lasted about five minutes and we nearly suffocated, meanwhile. My! how that sand did sting! Do you know, Dromedario, I am sore from it yet.

After the storm, our throats were parched and dry. I had not enough water in my fifth stomach to quench my thirst. The men, poor things, were nearly dying from the want of water. We started out once again and it seemed as if we would never reach the oasis which we knew to be only a couple of miles distant. But reach it we finally did and what a glad shout went up from those half-crazed men.

We rested there for nearly an hour and when we started off again the sky and air had cleared wonderfully and a bright, full moon had come up. As we came along towards the pyramids and the sphynx, those objects looked ghastly in the weird light of the moon. The desert was so dark and lonely, except for the light of the moon and our cavalcade, that as we came upon the sphynx it quite startled us.

When we arrived at Cairo we were joyfully welcomed, for knowing of the sand storm and that we were much later than usual in getting in, people had begun to worry. Though there are many sand storms on the desert, I have never been in one before.

Now, my son, if you don't want me to worry, write frequently and do be careful of the whooping-cough. Let me remind you once more not to stand in daughts and to be careful of what you eat.

Do, at least, write once a week.

Lovingly your mother,

Camel Two-humpio.

O. W. W., '14.

THE COMBAT

The harvest moon, the emblem of good cheer,
Hangs low and full in her far eastern home.

The keen cold air that fills the lungs of all

Who fare abroad, on work or pleasure bent,

Excites a new and strong delight in life,

And thanks to the Creator they extend.

* * * *

'Twas such a night as this on which this tale

Of pride and hate of beasts, dumb brutes, took place.

But be not harsh in your own views of it,

For true it is that man is not behind
When private grudge or wish does urge him on.

In this still spot there were but few abroad:

A hare from out his inky hole did slip
To gambol with his kind most merrily
In moonlight-checkered glens which lay hard by;

A sleek and wary weasel, too, sneaked out

From some niched bluff to see what was about

From which he might some warm, red blood obtain.

But was there naught of else abroad this night?

Some King, some One, who could the monarch be

Of yonder lake, and vale and wood and mount?

Ah yes, a king indeed! and even now
With haughty call he challenged all who dared

Dispute the rulership of this domain.

At first 'twas only Echo answer gave;
As though she fain would sleep in peace it seemed,

For soft it was though deep and, menaceful.

When lo! far off one faintly heard a sound,

More like the one which first did break the calm.

The moose, for moose it was, a perfect beast,

With antlers spreading full six feet and head

Erect, and ears upright, stood still, and shook

With vain delight, that now his chance had come.

Not long paused he, but making sure from whence

The sound had come, he bellowed loud and long,

Then rushed with all his mighty speed away,

To gain the top of yonder mount in time.

The hares did run, the foxes, too, the lynx

And wildcat skulked away with growl and snarl;

But none did dare dispute the right of way

Of him, their king, the chief of Waunatow.

Still on rushed he, till at the mountain crest

He stopped and looked about on all. Behind

A lake like molten silver glimm'ring lay;

Before, a valley broad, no haunt of his,
With one long river winding slowly through,

Dividing as a cleaver this new vale.

With all his might he bellowed once again,

Again the answer, near at hand by now.

The bushes cracked, the stones went rolling down

And soon they gathered more, and now the mass

Like Alpine avalanche goes thund'ring down.

When next we look, two monstrous bucks we see,

Their silhouettes against the starry sky;

Then with proud heads bent low, each rushed at each:

The ponderous mountain trembled to its depths,

While time on time these monarchs met in vain.

As ram and beam of many years ago
Did pound the walls of ancient castles
bold.

But each no sign of weakness deigned
to show;

And this might well have lasted till
the dawn,

When one wild rush was made for life
or death:

They parted not, their antlers inter-
laced,

Still scornful hatred from their eyes
gleamed forth,

They pulled, they tugged, they
wrenched to no avail,

Their source of pride now caused them
greater pain.

Thus with their antlers locked, at last
they died,

O'ercome by weakness, thirst, fatigue
and pain;

Yet through it all and till their final
gasp

Dire enmity prevailed in either breast.

* * * *

The moon serenely shines on all
around,

Still on its time-worn axis Earth
rotates,

But two of her most noble beasts are
gone,

As many more have gone while in
their prime,

And bleaching lie their bones upon the
sod.

JACK SANFORD, '12.

The Seasons

SPRING

There's a gush of streams on the
mountain side,

And the birds begin to sing;

The trees and flowers far and wide,

Now herald in the Spring.

SUMMER

Oh the summer sun sinks behind a
cloud,

And the songsters sing their best;

Sweet silence holds the earth in shroud,
And busy toilers rest.

AUTUMN

How the tall gold sheaves of the
slender wheat,

Gently toss upon the breeze;

The air is filled with incense sweet

And gorgeous are the trees.

WINTER

Old Winter has come to the hill and
the plain,

While all nature lies asleep;

The farmer has gathered in his grain,

The streams are frozen deep.

AMERICO CHANES, '13.

The Voice of Peace.

The ever shifting scenes of human life
Of nineteen hundred years the period
fill

Since angel voices over Judah's plain
Proclaimed their tidings glad of peace,
good will.

'Though often dulled by clashing
armaments,

'Though oft' unheeded amid strife and
wrong,

Yet ever gaining on its upward way,
Has lived the glorious promise of that
song.

And now the world a glad to-morrow
waits

When wars with their attendant woes
shall cease,

And men in harmony with heavenly
throng

Shall raise the song of universal peace.

ALICE COTTON, '12.

The Study of Greek*

Of late, the study of Greek, which used to be considered one of the essentials of a good education, has fallen off surprisingly. At present, it is very difficult to get enough Greek students in a high-school to form a class, while the colleges, in spite of attempts to adjust the requirements to favor Greek, find fewer and fewer students taking the Greek course. In such circumstances, we are brought squarely face to face with the question: "Does Greek deserve to be studied?"

One objection—a rather surprising one to anyone who has studied Greek intelligently—is that it is dry and uninteresting. Another is that it is a very difficult language to learn. The principal one is that raised by the advocates of the "bread-and-butter" courses. They say that Greek—with most of the other high-school studies—is not of practical use.

But now let us see what are the merits which have given Greek so high a reputation for so many centuries.

In the first place, the language itself is the most exact, expressive, perfect, and musical that has ever existed. With its wonderful verb, conjugated through three voices and six moods in three numbers and three persons, together with the crowd of expressive adjectives and particles, delicate shades of meaning may be expressed which are absolutely impossible in any other language. Moreover, an ambiguous or indefinite statement, or one inaccurately expressed in any way, cannot be made in Greek, without breaking a rule of grammar. And this expressiveness was attained, not by making a conglomeration of odds and ends from a thousand outlandish sources, as in English, but by building up a perfect instrument, balancing in every part, which could express naturally and per-

fectly every thought of the wonderful people who created it. Finally, any harsh or awkward succession of sounds was carefully avoided by the beauty-loving Greeks, so that Greek became the most musical of all tongues.

Now compare with this the Latin language—at least such as is studied in the high-school. Think of Caesar's stiff, crude, awkward, lumbering sentences, which tormented our brains for nearly two years. Think of the involved and untranslatable idioms found even in Cicero and Virgil, the beauty and sonority of whose language comes from the art of a master rather than any qualities in the Latin itself. Think of the roundabout and unnatural expressions which abound in Latin, and which are made necessary by the many deficiencies of the language. Surely it is strange that Latin should be studied as much as ever, while Greek is almost wholly dying out.

But it is in the Greek literature that we find the real reason why Greek stands out among all other languages. For the Greek literature stands far above all others. Greek was the language used by the greatest epic and lyric poets, by the most entertaining historians, by the greatest tragedians, and by the noblest writers on philosophy, morals, and religion. What other people can boast such a literature? Certainly not the Romans, who imitated them and fell below them. We are interested occasionally—by Caesar's "Commentaries," fascinated by Cicero's orations, and moved by passages in Virgil's "Aeneid," but Caesar palls before Xenophon or Herodotus, Cicero before Demosthenes, and even Virgil before Homer.

And now to consider again the objections to the study of this wonderful language. Surely you can no longer think it uninteresting, and no longer think of a Greek student as "grubbing among the Greek roots," but rather as soaring among the Greek clouds—to be a little grandiloquent. Then as to its being a difficult language to learn, it is undoubtedly true that it takes a good

* We intend to make this the first of a series of articles designed to stimulate interest in different lines of work connected with the school. We hope to receive a large number from which to select the next article, which we would prefer to have deal with a widely different subject, such as a scientific or commercial study.

deal of time to thoroughly learn the Greek forms. We strongly advise pupils looking for a "soft snap" never to attempt to learn Greek—or anything else worth while, for that matter. In the end, however, it takes no more time to learn Greek than to learn Latin, as the extra time spent on the forms is more than made up later by the naturalness and comparative simplicity of the Greek grammar, which often expresses according to the natural working of the mind what Latin—and often English too—expresses by an awkward idiom. Finally, the question again

arises: "Is Greek of practical use?" Doubtless, in this commercial and material age, it is considered more useful to learn how to saw wood than to train the memory, learn how to think clearly, and make the acquaintance at first-hand of the noblest literature of all time. Yet the time will surely come when the ability to think deeply will be considered more important than money-making ability, and broadness and nobility of mind will be esteemed more highly than shrewdness in business.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST

1912

Arlington's Athletic Prominence J. Colbert
 The Diversions of a victim Eleanor Hatch
 Forty Pennies and What They Brought
 Mildred Osgood (1911)
 A Comedy of Errors . . . Blanche Whelpley

1913

Ned's Water-Wheel Leroy Duff
 Signaling Without Wires . . Harlan Eveleth
 The Freshman's "CLARION" Theme
 Lucille Morse
 On the Plains of Montana Oliver W. Wood

1914

The Old Clock Melvin F. Breed
 The Poet's Christmas Eve.
 Marion E. Bushee
 Aegle, the Fairest of the Naiads
 B. Louise Hatch
 Extracts from a Christmas Diary
 Laura E. Robinson
 Only a Bunch of Roses . . . Grace Woodend

1915

A Perilous Crossing Ruth Crosby
 A Negro Wedding Phebe Hyatt
 The Runaways G. Jardine
 Homeward Bound Mary Keefe





FOOTBALL

Arlington 11, Belmont 0

Arlington 12, Tufts Sophomores 0.

Although Arlington had the lighter team it managed to defeat the Tufts Sophomores 12-0 on October 26. The opponents themselves made a request for this game, and took the defeat in good humor. Lowe played his usual fast game, and with the aid of Buttrick's foot and a stubborn line did the work which won the game.

In the third and fourth periods Buttrick kicked two neat goals from placement, the first was from the twenty-five yard line, the second from the thirty-yard line. In the fourth period Lowe made a brilliant run when he picked up the ball from a fluke and ran eighty yards for a touchdown, a number of the opponents gave chase but he was too fast. Kelley was put in in the last quarter and showed up well.

Lineup:—

Arlington High	Tufts Sophomores
Blair, Reycroft l. e.	r. e. Whittemore, Kindred
Plaisted l. t.	r. t. Hurley, Rice, Kerns
Dadmun, Robbins l. g.	r. g. Babcock, Porter
Buttrick c.	c. Rutter
Woods r. g.	l. g. Carlson
Smith, Currier r. t.	l. t. Power, Ramsey
Cousens, Mansell r. e.	l. e. Mendelson, Felker
Bower q. b.	q. b. Cosgrove
Colbert, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Torrey, Heustis
Lowe r. h. b.	r. h. b. Jackson
Ross, Kelley f. b.	f. b. Robbins

In spite of the wet field and slippery ball Arlington managed to white-wash Belmont on November 1, in their second game with that team. Fumbles occurred so frequently that both teams took to punting for a relief. An incident worth note occurred when Lowe made a forty-yard run by a perfect forward pass from Bower. This shows how effective the forward pass is when it is perfected. Arlington was strong on the defensive and the invaders had a hard time to penetrate the line. Wood, Smith and Ross excelled for the home team.

Lineup:—

Arlington	Belmont
Blair, Reycroft l. e.	r. e., Sandiford
Plaisted l. t.	r. t., H. Grimes
Wood l. g.	c., Heustis, Cashman
Buttrick c.	l. g., McKay
Dadmun r. g.	l. t. Neilson
Smith, r. t.	l. e., Brown
Cousens, r. e.	q. b., Gray
Bower q. b.	r. h. b., Thomas
Colbert, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Kewer.
Lowe r. h. b.	r. g., Hill
Ross f. b.	f. b., S. Grimes

Arlington 16, Wellesley 6

It is true that Arlington won the game from Wellesley by a good margin November 4, but it was a loosely and poorly played game throughout. It seemed to be an off day for the team, and to make matters worse unfortunately, "Bulger" Lowe was injured in

the first period and obliged to keep out of the game. Buttrick finally woke things up a little when he fell on a blocked punt behind the goal line for a touchdown; he failed to kick a goal.

Nothing happened again till the third period when Arlington by line plunges got in range of Wellesley's goal and Ross went over for the second touchdown. Buttrick again failed to kick the goal. In the fourth period by a number of forward passes and end runs the ball was brought to the two-yard line of the home team, Bower then performed his one act play through Buttrick's legs for another touchdown.

Lineup:—

Arlington	Wellesley
Cousens l. t.	r. e., McConnon, Ryan
Plaisted l. e.	r. t., Shephard
Dadmun l. g.	r. g., Harvey
Buttrick c.	c. Wells, Stone
Wood r. g.	l. g. Putnam
Smith r. t.	l. t., Fowle, Jacobs
Blair r. e.	l. e., Currie
Bower q. b., q. b., Norecross, Plympton	
Colbert l. h. b.	r. h. b., W. Carey, Bayley
Lowe r. h. b.	l. h. b., J Carey
Ross f. b.	f. b., Stover

Arlington 0, Tufts 1915 0

On the Tufts Oval Arlington played the Tufts Freshmen. In the first two periods the playing was entirely in the middle of the field, the ball going from one side to the other. Several forward passes were tried but the Arlington backs broke them up and prevented any gains. In the second period Arlington started off with a whirlwind pace and brought the ball to Tufts' 15-yard line; then two fumbles gave the ball to their opponents. The period ended with the ball in the same place and in Arlington's possession. Only once was Arlington's goal threatened, and that was when Arlington blocked Smith's punt, picked up the ball and, with an open field, ran to the visitors' 30-yard line where he was overtaken. At the end of the period the ball was in Tufts occupancy and territory. The

whole team played a great game, with Cousens, Wood, and Ross excelling.

Lineup:—

Arlington	Tufts 1915
Mansell r. e.	c., Harkmeather, Claff
Robbins r. g.	l. t., Brown
Buttrick c.	r. e., Whitney
Wood l. g.	l. g., Flett, Stranger
Plaisted l. t.	r. g., Teele
Blair l. e.	r. g., Armiagton, Giles
Smith q. b.	r. t., Stanger, Phillips
Cousens r. h. b.	l. h. b., Horne
Ross f. b.	f. b., Holden
Colbert l. h. b.	r. h. b., Wacks
Currier r. t.	q. b., Myzniska

Arlington 12, Stoneham 0

Stoneham was white-washed 12 to 0 November 8, on Spy Pond Field. The scoring was done by Plaisted, Ross, and Buttrick. Ross's touchdown was well earned. The second touchdown was made by Plaisted due to his quickness on falling on a fumbled punt. The two goals were kicked by Captain Buttrick.

This was the first game that Lowe, the star half-back, remained out of entirely, owing to an injured knee; his absence was greatly felt. Colbert, Robbins, and Ross distinguished themselves also. Arlington won the game, but the cheering section of Stoneham won over Arlington's by a long shot.

Arlington 11, Lexington 0

Another victory for Arlington came on November 11, when Lexington High was blanked 11-0. This was the postponed game of Oct. 28. It was Arlington's back field that shone throughout the game; namely, Colbert, Ross, Kelley, Smith, and Cousens. It rushed the ball with great force and penetrated Lexington's line with great ease. A good deal of holding in the line prevented Arlington from scoring on its many chances to do so. The first touchdown came in the first period, when Cousens plowed his way over the line. Ross added to the score in the third period by pushing his way through the entire Lexington team.

But once during the whole game did Lexington approach Arlington's goal; it happened in the end of the third period when they had the ball on the 10-yard line.

Lineup:—

Arlington	Lexington
Blair, H. Reycroft l. e.	
	r. e., J. Viano, Mitchie
Plaisted, Hooper l. t.	r. t., Watts
Wood, Dadmun l. g.	r. g., Walker
Buttrick, Tuttle c.	c., M. Reed
Robbins r. g.	l. g., Knowles
Dadmun, Currier r. t.	l. t., Briggs
Mansell r. e.	l. e., Scammon
Bower, W. Reycroft q. b.	q. b., C. Reed
Colbert, Smith l. h. b.,	r. h. b., Sullivan
Cousens r. h. b.	.. h. b., Hill
Ross, Kelley f. b.	f. b., E. Viano

Arlington 18, Winchester O

A great game; each Arlingtonian's heart is at rest now that the great victory is won!

It was an ideal day to decide which of the old rivals was the better, and the victory meant that Arlington had won its eighth successive triumph.

A great crowd watched the game; the cheers for each team rang loud and long, filling the players with great courage; each man was tuned to the key of the strife, and with a determination to win.

By whitewashing Winchester 18-0 Arlington rightly claims the Mystic Valley championship which she attains without a rival.

On the kick-off Arlington rushed the ball to Winchester's 15-yard line, where it was lost on downs, but was soon recovered on the 30-yard line; then by several plays through guard around the end, and by a beautiful pass from Bower to Mansell, who caught it fair, on a fake formation, the ball was brought to Winchester's 5-yard line as the period closed.

In the first play of the second period with the aid of Lowe, Colbert and Dadmun, Ross ploughed his way over

the line for the first touchdown; the following kick-out by Capt. Buttrick was blocked by the opponents. Cousens then punted; the ball was caught by Rogers of the visitors, who fumbled it and chased it to his own five-yard line, where he again juggled the ball, but finally recovered it behind the goal where Blair tackled him for a safety.

In the third and fourth periods it was all Arlington; two more touchdowns were made, one in each period, by Ross, who broke through the opponents' line again and again for large gains.

The superiority of the Arlington line is easily seen, since Winchester made but two first downs during the entire game.

Bower and Reycroft must be remembered for their good head work and accuracy in giving the signals; Plaisted for his fierce tackling; Lowe, Ross and Colbert for their long runs, and Cousens for his punting. Others who played a good game are Currier, Blair, H. Reycroft, Wood, Smith and Robbins.

The Record for 1911

Touchdowns.

Arlington 6	Camb. Latin	14	1	1
Goals.			T.D.	G.
" 10	Belmont	6	2	0
" 0	Lowell	12	0	0
" 17	Winthrop	0	3	2
" 11	Woburn	0	2	1
" 12	Tufts Sopho.	0	1	1*
" 11	Belmont	0	2	1
" 16	Wellesley	6	3	1
" 0	Tufts Fresh.	0	0	0
" 12	Stoneham	0	2	2
" 11	Lexington	0	2	1
" 18	Winchester	0	3	1†
			F	

Total Arlington 124 Opponents 38
—21—11

* Two field goals. † One safety.

Games with Everett and Walpole were cancelled.

HOCKEY.

A call for candidates was made by Captain Cousens. Over forty fellows presented themselves for positions. The first practice was running; called Monday afternoon, December 4.

Capt. Cousens is anxious to turn out a good team so that it may win the championship of the league and bring back the cup to Arlington to stay.

 TRACK

To the request of Mr. Mitchell for a Cross-Country Run between the High Schools of the Mystic Valley, Woburn, Stoneham, Arlington, Reading and Winchester responded willingly. It was the first run of this sort held in the league and was won by Arlington. The meet was held at Winchester Friday afternoon, November 24, over a course of about two miles. Weather conditions were wretched, the constant downpour making the route slippery and oozy; it prevented a good attendance. Candidates from Reading did not appear. The trials for the event were held November 12, and the first five men were selected to represent each team.

For Arlington the representatives were Goldsmith, '14 who finished first; Cousens, '13, third; Zwinge, '15, fourth; Landall, '12, sixth, and Adams, '15, ninth. A silver cup was given to the winning team, and three individual medals were awarded to Goldsmith of Arlington, McDermott of Stoneham and Cousens of Arlington, who finished in this order. On the following Monday morning the trophies were presented by Mr. Mitchell, and the assembled school showed by its frequent and hearty applause its interest in this event.

The prizes were surely worth the effort made to win them and were well deserved.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bang!!! Rah, Rah!!! What was that noise on the evening of Nov. 15? An explosion? No, just an outburst of joy on the part of the team and its rooters. They were holding a grand celebration of their remarkable victory that afternoon. The parade started from the High School with a grand array of torches, bugles and signs, and marched down across the field, then to the different homes of the faculty, who favored the throng with short, stirring speeches.

The crowd enjoyed a happy evening and did no damage.

 PLAY

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, November 28 and 29, the three-act comedy entitled "The College Chap" was given by the members of the High School in Cotting Hall, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Owing to the extremely disagreeable weather, Tuesday evening the attendance was not so large as might have been expected on a pleasanter night, but Wednesday evening was clear and the overwhelmingly large audience was very gratifying.

Under the direction of Mr. William O. Partridge, Jr., the piece and the parts were all pleasingly interpreted. The cast was as follows:—

CHARACTERS

Elijah Gooding, a village product	Durant Currier '12
Seth Hines, just is tired.....	Wilbur Emus '13
Art Wimpel, chief clerk, Occidental Hotel.....	Walter Kenney '12
Sam Crane, proprietor of the Occidental Hotel....	Raymond Taylor '12
Bart Eaton, factotum of the "Clarion"	Jack Sanford '12
Starr Clay, promoter of Jay I. C. Trolley line.....	Americo Chaves '13
John Drew Irving, advance agent and drummer.....	Leo Dalton '12

Will Sellum, a traveling salesman
Irvin Wolff '14
 Bell Boy-Bill, a bell-boy.....
Ralph Stiles '13
 George, bell-boy.....Osgood Holt '13
 Dave Crane, the college chap.....
Walter Hutchinson '13
 Sallie Crane, in love with art.....
Annie McGrath '12
 Mrs. Jane Crane, the mother.....
Margaret Dempsey '12
 Madge Clay, the girl.....
Eleanor Hatch '12
 Gertie Flye, the news-stand girl.....
Mildred Partridge '14
 Mrs. Mortimer Jones-Brown, a pro-
 gressive woman.Ethel Eggleston '13
 Mrs. Heziah Jenks, of the Chester
 Club.....Marion Bullard '13
 Miss Margaret Seymour, sec'y of
 Chester Culture Club.....
Marion Young '13
 Place—Chester, Minnesota.

Time—The Present.

The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Miriam Stevens, '12, Rachel Tuttle, '12, Leo Dalton, '12, Wilton Jardine, '12, Walter Kenney, '12, and Raymond Taylor, '12, to whom great credit is due.

Miss Hatch who played the leading part, was very sweet, and played her part in a most charming manner, and Mr. Hutchinson, "The College Chap" acted well. Mr. Taylor and Miss Dempsey were pleasing in their role of a loving old couple; their daughter, Miss McGrath, with her cute and fascinating personality, and her beau, Mr. Kenney, added to the quaintness. The three suffragettes, Miss Eggleston, Miss Bullard and Miss Young played their parts in an interesting way, always acting in a highly cultured manner. Miss Partridge with her puffs,

curls and chewing gum certainly fulfilled her part as the news-stand girl from N. Y. Messrs. Dalton, Wolff, and Sanborn drew much attention in their roles; the first, as an agent conducted himself in his usual manner—very business-like; the second, as a traveling salesman, was good, and Mr. Sanborn, whose part was full of pathos, was splendid. The checker match between Mr. Emus and Mr. Currier in the opening scene, was a hot one; they made an excellent pair of "rubes." The bell boys were good, too.

Candy, made by the young ladies of the school, was sold between the acts at each performance, and the proceeds are to go to the Athletic Fund.

After the show, on Wednesday evening, the posters for the play were auctioned off, a stunt which was never tried before. It proved very successful, one of the posters bringing in a bid of one dollar and fifty-five cents.

A banquet was given in honor of the foot-ball team as a final token of appreciation, and also to the cross-country team, by the business men of Arlington, at Associates' Hall, Monday evening, Dec. 4.

An important subject was brought up, that of the grandstand which the Business Men's Association intends to build next spring on the Athletic Field.

There was much singing and cheering, and there were speeches made by the gentlemen present, as well as by the captains of the two teams.

Ch. — '13.



Arlington High School Athletic Association

Treasurer's Report, Sept.—Dec. 1911.

Receipts

Bal. on hand Sept. 1, 1911	\$.02
From Dues	88.15
From Outside Sources	64.75
From Games	70.75
From Refreshments	255.82

Total Receipts \$479.49

Total Expenditure \$472.53

Bal. on hand Dec. 1, \$6.96

Expenditures

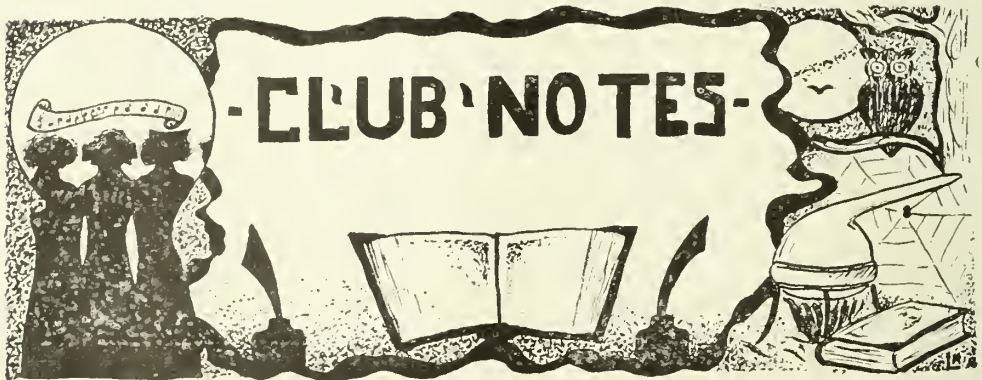
Old Accounts	\$ 73.72
Postage and Stationery	6.45
Printing	13.85
Coach	90.00
Police	21.50
Refreshments	188.18
Sundries	12.97
For Games	57.21
Wm. Read & Sons	8.65

Respectfully Submitted,

A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I find the above report correct,

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor



English Club Notes

The English Club held its first regular meeting of the school year, in the Assembly Hall, November 6, at half past three. Horton, '12, was presiding officer, and Miss Osgood, '11, served as critic. Miss Birch, '12, was appointed secretary of the club.

The literary part of the program consisted of the following pieces of original work: "Extracts from a Diary," by Miss Eberhardt, '14, monologue, "The Eternal Feminine," "Miss Hatch," '12; "A Tragedy of Unrequited Love," (Shakespearean quotations adapted), Currier '12; "Old Friends in

New Form," Wunderlich, '13, which proved to be nursery ballads amusingly set in modern newspaper form; "The Potter," a beautiful poem by Miss Cotton, '12; as a concluding number Miss H. Bullard, '13, read "How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence."

The musical part of the program consisted of a piano solo by Miss Tuttle, '12; a vocal solo by Miss Eggleston, '13; a violin solo by Dallin, '11; a piano solo by Miss M'Connel '13; and a picked chorus of girls assisted by Miss Fish, which was enthusiastically received by the audience.

MARGARET BIRCH, Sec.

Science Club

On Thursday, November 23rd, there was a meeting of the Science Club in the Physical Laboratory, with an attendance of 36. The following was the program:—

Centrifugal Force—Taylor, '12.

The Barometer—Cutler, '14 and Goldsmith, '14.

Bleaching with Chlorine—Flemming, '13.

The Torsion Pendulum—Eberhardt, '12.

The experiment on Centrifugal Force was performed by an original piece of apparatus constructed by Taylor and Bisbee two years ago. This is one of the three original experiments performed by Science Club

members. Let us encourage this original work in Science.

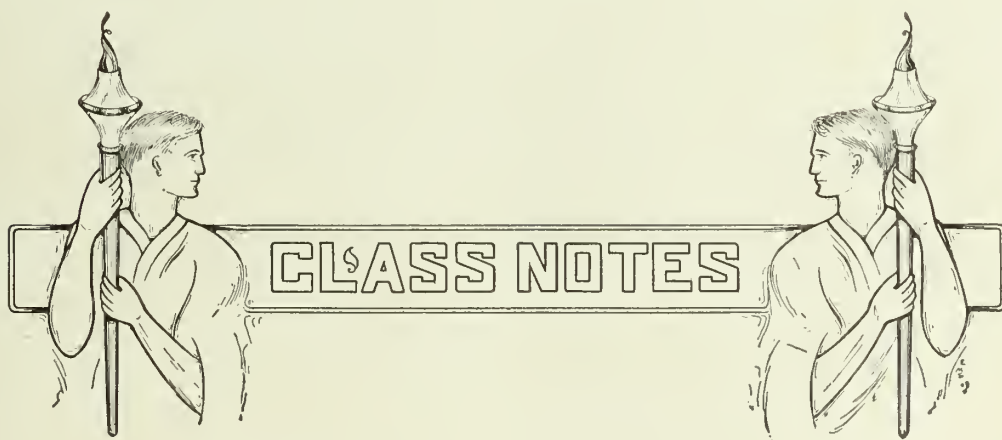
JOHN D. EBERHARDT,
for the Secretary.

The German Club

On Wednesday, November 22, in Cotting Hall, the members of the German classes heard a very interesting stereopticon lecture on the legends and castles of the Rhine, which was given by Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith took his audience on an imaginary trip from Cologne to Bingen on the Rhine, pointing out the most important places of interest, and relating many legends connected with the castles.

I am sure that it can be safely said that the club enjoyed and appreciated the lecture greatly.

HELEN R. WOODMAN, Sec.



1912

Latin translations:

"The snakes licked their chops with their glistening jaws."

"Like one who stepping on a snake with angry words puffs out his dark blue neck."

"As a snake, fresh in the bloom of youth, whom swollen winter has hid under ground, glistens with his three-forked tongue."

Wanted, for Latin IV—A snake chart.

History Review.

Miss Holt. "Why were the Spartan boys taught to steal their food?"

Mr. J. in stage whisper. "Cheaper."

Ecstatic senior. "Oh, I just love the sunsets we have these mornings."

French translation.

"The crew roosted on one perch."

Heard in German IV.

"She went quickly out of my eye and was swallowed up."

Mr. D. translating French, "Clara rolled herself on the floor while the baby tossed itself and growled on the bed."

English.

Miss R. "Where was Il Penseroso walking, Mr. D?"

Mr. D. "Inside the wall."

Miss R. "I thought only mice did that."

Teacher. "If you were going to look for the great and little bears, what would you look for?"

Chorus. "Stars!"

Miss H. "Where did you find that information about Sparta?"

Pupil. "In a book!"

In Geometry.

Teacher. "Why did you draw that line?"

Mr. S. "Because I didn't need it."

O Brilliancy, thy name is 1912.

Latin.

Miss T. translating. "The dinner was served by fifty female maids."

French.

Mr. P. "Casting a wet look around, he laughed all over his ears."

History.

Mr. L. "The Spanish were holding the mouth of the Mississippi tight."

Latin.

Miss S. "He fell into his embrace."

Mr. S. "Oh, they only do that at Keith's."

History Review.

Mr. H. "When the Spartans combed their hair they were ready to suffer anything."

Latin.

Mr. S. explaining the storming of Priam's palace, "He hit the door with his axe and then beat it."

Along the High school corridors

The people come and go;

We hear their softened foot-falls

As they pass to and fro.

Who are these crowds of people

All surging in a mass?

Why, only the visiting parents

Of the present Senior class.

1913

French III B.

"I let myself fall, on purpose, into a little crack ----"

—And Miss Viets was translating!

German II B.

Herr Sc—y, giving an example expressing definite term. "Jeden Tag ist Sonntag." (Every day is Sunday.)

According to the way some people prepare their lessons he's not the only one who thinks so.

Teacher. "— — always remember it's nothing but the second person plural with the ear (ihr) left off."

Sounds like a foot ball accident, doesn't it!

Said Herr Schmidt, "Yes, it would be all right if it was correct," and for once even the Misses Dickson didn't deign to disagree.

Who is the stupid person in our midst, that, when our teacher so kindly asks how definite time is expressed with the accusative, doesn't know?

1914

In Room 3 Miss R. had the following discussion with a Freshman, concerning seats.

Miss R. "Master —, take your own seat."

Pupil. "This is my own seat."

Miss R. "How long since?"

Pupil. "Since I've been here."

French II. French pupils take notice !
Avoid like mistakes !

Master S. translating " I do not wear my straw hat, now." " Je ne porte pas mon chapeau d'or (of gold), maintenant."

Miss T. " He must have been a rich man."

English II D.

Miss M. " What was the difference between the Saxons and the Normans ? "

Master M. " The Saxons wore gowns."

English II B. Class discussing " Silas Marner."

Miss M. " Why didn't Godfrey adopt Eppie ? "

Miss H. (very knowingly). " Because he didn't."

I'm sure the class thanks her for the information.

Miss R. in Latin.

If you call " al/y," " a/ly " its " a lie."

German.

Mr. R. translating " The hut," " Der Hut."

Miss S. " I know some hats look like huts."

English.

Miss M. " Miss B, what did you have for the topic sentence ? "

Miss B. " I had, Thanksgiving Day is a day of fasting."

English.

Miss M. " Master M., could you narrow that subject any farther ? "

Master M. " Well, you could narrow the animals down to mice."

1915

Physical Geography.

Miss B. " What is hail ? "

Master C. " Hail is frozen ice."

A bottle was inverted with water.

English.

Miss W. " Who was Cupid ? "

Miss B. " She was the son of Venus."

Apollo changed his ears to donkeys.

The fountain was chased. Did he run ?

Latin.

"The daughter of Divitiacus was captured by one of his sons." Cæsar left out one thing from his teachings, according to this pupil,—brotherly love.

Greek History.

Chaos is a confused mass of nothing.

Miss H. " Where was Athens located."

Master F. promptly. " Athens was in Sparta."

Mr. M. " Where has that boy who was in division D gone ? "

Miss B. " He's gone to C (sea)."

Oh, Wake Up! We have already stolen a couple of laps on those *Seniors* !





We greet with due thanks "*The Argonaut*," Mansfield, Mass.; "*The Recorder*," Springfield, Mass.; "*The Aegis*," Beverly, Mass.; "*The Greylock Echo*," Adams, Mass.; "*The Recorder*," Winchester, Mass.; "*The Red and Black*," Claremont, N. H.; "*The High School Recorder*," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "*The Megaphone*," Franklin Mass.; "*The Harvard Alumni Bulletin*," Cambridge, Mass.; "*The Jack-O-Lantern*," Hanover, N. H.

"*The Argonaut*" has some excellent stories. "Sweet and Low," being unusually pretty. The list of jokes is extensive and many are very clever.

"*The Red and Black*" has several ingenious cuts. Each department is good as far as it goes, but the literary material and athletic notes are some what brief.

The Winchester "*Recorder*" consists of several good stories, athletic notes and a long list of interesting alumni notes. "When 'Cupid Played the Game,'" and "A Dream," are well written and the Editorials are very good.

"*Recorder*," Springfield, contains one story worthy of mention, by name "The Last Day." Its jokes are excellent. On the whole it is a finished paper.

The "*Aegis*" has several good stories, but all are very brief. The Exchanges and class notes are interesting. Why not brighten your paper with a few cuts?

The Dean "*Megaphone*" has an instructive article on "A Boarding School in Burma," as well as other good stories. The Athletic and Alumni Notes show careful preparation.

The "*Recorder*," Boys High School, Brooklyn N. Y., is very poorly arranged but has clever cuts. There is practically no literary department, the magazine given chiefly to "Societies" and athletic notes. The criticisms of other papers are rather harsh.

"*The Greylock Echo*." "To See in Nine Minutes" is among the best of the stories in this issue. The foot-ball notes are complete. The Calendar is undoubtedly interesting to the members of your school, but cannot be appreciated by outsiders.

"Oh, Bill, what's the Knight of the Bath?"
"Why, Saturday, you bonehead!"—*Ex.*

A Harvard professor who was dining at a hotel in Boston, said to the waiter, "Bring me a bottle of Hock, hic, haec, hoc."

The waiter, who had been to college, stood by the table, and did not move.

"Didn't I order a bottle of Hock?" said the professor.

"You did," said the waiter, "but afterwards you declined it."—*Ex.*

Wife. "Our new maid has sharp ears."

Hub. "I notice the doors are all scratched up 'round the keyholes."—*Ex.*

Stella. "Do you understand baseball?"

Bella. "Perfectly; but why does that man run so hard with nobody after him."

A. "Slow, isn't it?"

B. "Yes, very."

A. "Let's go home."

B. "I can't, I'm the host."—*Ex.*

Kind minister to little girl whom he finds playing on Sunday. "Good morning, daughter of the evil one."

"Good-morning, Father," she said.—*Ex.*

TUFTS COLLEGE

Accepted by the Carnegie Foundation

FREDERICK W. HAMILTON, D. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT

DEPARTMENTS

The School of Liberal Arts

Jackson College for Women

The Engineering School

The Crane Theological School

The Graduate School

The Medical School

The Dental School

The certificate of the Principal of the Arlington High School is accepted for admission

FOR CATALOGUE, ADDRESS

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Instructor, textile or industrial school	13	Chemical Salesman	5
Mill corporation treasurer	4	In business, textile distributing or incidental thereto	28
Mill agent	4	Other business	11
Mill assistant agent	1	Wool houses	3
Mill superintendent	15	Second hand	3
Mill assistant superintendent	7	Trade Journalist	3
Mill assistant manager	3	Machinist	2
Mill foreman of department	11	Physical director	1
Assistant to superintendent	6	Minor Mill positions	7
Mill auditor and accountant	5	Student	2
Textile designer	24	Employment not known	10
In commission house	4	Not employed	5
General manager	2	Deceased	2
Electrician	3		
Assistant engineer	1		
Assistant master mechanic and draftsman	7		222

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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

Vol. XV

ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH, 1912.

No. 3

THE CLARION

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

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EDITORIAL

In sifting out the various ingredients for our paper, what is to be our guiding principle, and what our central purpose? Shall we aim to make it a magazine of high-class reading matter, written by a few brilliant Seniors? Or again, is it to be made up solely, from cover to cover, of such things as will immediately "take" with all High School students? Neither of these courses, it seems to us, is in accord with that primary rule that a school paper shall be a paper for the school. How, indeed, can a school's best interests be served either by a paper which does not represent it as a whole, or by one which merely satisfies passing interest and idle curiosity, without seeking to im-

prove or inspire? And so it would seem that our desire should be to make this paper not only representative of *all* the school, and interesting to it, but representative of its *best work*, and thus a true inspiration.

But how accomplish this? There is only one way. If the paper is to work for the school, the school must work for the paper. That means, Mr. Class Editor, that your work, whatever it is, demands a good share of your time, and the best of your ability. And you, Mr. Student, who after all have the largest share in making the paper, should see to it that it's with your best efforts, and only your best, that you man your ships which set sail for the pages of the CLARION.

Two Pratt Fund lectures have been given since our last issue. On December 15th, we were so fortunate as to hear one of Mme. Szumowska's famous concert lectures, while on the 19th of January, Mr. Gleason talked on Luther Burbank and his work. Both lectures were well attended, and deeply—in deed deafeningly—appreciated.

The annual reception of the Juniors to the Seniors occurred on Friday evening, February 9th. Dancing was enjoyed, with music by the Linwood Orchestra. As this is Leap Year, Supt. Scully, Prin. Mitchell, and Mr. Smith were asked to receive together with their wives.

Lincoln Day was observed with exercises held in the Assembly Hall. A number of pupils read selections on the character of Lincoln. Kenney '12 gave the Gettysburg speech, Miss Lowe read "The Perfect Tribute," and several of the veterans present made addresses. It proved to be a very delightful and inspiring program.

February 16th., the last period, Dr. Saunders of the Mass. Nautical Training School gave an illustrated lecture on that too little known institution. It is safe to say that few things that we have seen this year have aroused so much interest.

On the evening of the same day, the teachers, assisted by the members of the Senior Class, gave a reception to the parents of the pupils of the school. The School Orchestra and Glee Club furnished music, and refreshments were served at four decorated booths by members of all four classes. The evening was very enjoyably and profitably spent.

We extend our most cordial welcome to Miss Lowe, who has recently taken Miss McIntosh's place as instructor in English. May she quickly find a place in the sympathies and activities of the school. As for

Miss McIntosh, we feel that she is still one of us, through her connection with the Glee Club.

ALUMNI NOTES.

James Allen, A. H. S. '04, Harvard '09, died Feb. 1. During his course in A. H. S., he was identified with the school's best interests. He was president of his class two years; he was also manager of the "Clarion," manager of the hockey team, and a member of the base ball team. James was a good student, a loyal friend, a true gentleman.

A tribute from A. H. S., class of 1904.

1911

Edith Estabrook is attending the Pierce Shorthand School.

Horatio W. Lamson is a student at Technology. He is a member of the M. I. T. Wireless Society.

Rose Meehan is now a stenographer for M. W. Can & Co. of West Somerville.

Harlan Reycroft is a freshman at Harvard.

Dorothea Rowse is at Jackson, studying harder than ever. She belongs to the Lambda Chapter of Alpha Xi Delta Sorority.

Chester Whitman, with the Massachusetts Clearing House branch of the New York Life Insurance Co., is also an agent for the London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

1900

Pearl Perkins, now Mrs. James S. Shaw of Quincy, Florida, graduated from Simmons 1903, and for three years was the principal's assistant in the Walnut High School, Natick.

Annie W. Wood, Vassar '04, is Mrs. James Nowell of Winchester. Her twin, Helen C. Wood, also Vassar '04, is Mrs. Dunbar Carpenter, of Colorado Springs.

1899

Roger Homer is a member of the firm of Homer Bros. & Muir Co., Boston.

William J. Hyde graduated from the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School in 1900. He is the chief assistant in the Harvard Coöperative Society.

(Additional Alumni Notes on page 17.)

small rift appeared in the murky clouds and they parted slowly. It grew lighter, the outlines of other hills surrounding me became visible as if they had suddenly arisen during the night, and before me lay the dark mass of a large city. Then gradually it grew still brighter, the sky in the East became a deep, glowing red which mingled with other brilliant colors, soon growing fainter and more delicate, blending into an exquisite symphony of rosy hues, which proclaimed that Aurora had touched the Gates of Dawn with her dainty finger-tips and they were opened! This was transformed into a blaze of burnished copper. The great city before me seemed a molten mass of glowing, fiery metal. And then—slowly and majestically the sun arose from behind the steeples and house-tops, out of the sea. The earth was flooded with a warm, glorious light. All nature was awaking, the birds burst forth in joyous song, flowers, with their glistening diamonds of dew, lifted refreshed heads, everything was full of the joy of life and the radiant summer morn, and I felt a great peace with'n my heart.

Phoebe Campbell Hyatt, 1915.

FEBRUARY.

When winter's ocean, with its snowy
tide,
Sweeps past our windows, swirling wild
and wide;
When the dull tinge of earth's accus-
tomed mold
Is changed to gleaming, flashing splen-
dor bold;
When steely moon and glistening stars
serene
Cast frosty glory on the icy sheen,
While bells and ringing steel their echo
find
In laughing voices 'mid the laughing
wind;
When heart beats strong, and courage
mocks at fear—
Then know that frosty February's near.
C. Q. D., '12.

"I remember, I remember"

The village on the hill,
The little stream that flows below
With waters clear and still.

Will you ever forget, as the train
went rumbling through the Nashua
Valley, how you used to strain your
eyes and flatten your noses against the
car window for the first sight of that
little village nestled somewhere among
the trees on the hill-top? And on the
on the train would fly past those famil-
iar hills beneath their patchwork quilts
of green fields and brown, scattered or-
chards and little black pine groves—
till lo! from the dark foliage would
gleam a single church spire, then one
by one shingled roofs, all bright in the
afternoon sun. How you would scurry
into your little coats and tug at father's
big valise! Truly, you could have

The train would slow up; down the
steps you would go tumbling and bump-
ing with bundles and bags to fall into
the welcoming arms of arnt and uncle,
hugged the brakeman with the big voice
when he poked his head in to call, "Still
River! Still River!"

Hastily slipping free (you never could
stand too much outward show of emo-
tion) you would rush around the cor-
ner of the little station to suffocate the
faithful old mare with hugs and a ter-
rifying amount of kisses, which *she*,
poor beast, endured without so much as
trying to get away.

Then would follow a flying tour of
investigation—to make sure that every-
thing was unchanged. The row of sun-
flowers? Yes, there it was, all giving
you the same sunny welcome that their
ancestors had in each summer before.
Then down on your knees, you'd lean
far over the edge of the lily pond:
"O-ooh! A brand-new fish with funny
little flappers!" And a minute later
with distress—"Silas! Silas!" you'd call
to the station master, "where's little
lame Jimmie Frog?" You never waited,
however, to hear Jimmie Frog's fate,
but darted off to watch the horse pla-
cidly sip the clear spring water at the

mossy old watering-trough. And only after you yourself had drunk from the rusty tin dipper were you willing to climb in behind the patient mare and start up hill.

Even then, restless as ever, you would insist that the load was too heavy; that you must help poor "Katie-horse." Out you would jump and triumphantly display the one sticky sugar-plum that, by some miracle, still remained from the pocketful of the morning. As fast as your legs could carry you—they were short then—you would run ahead to coax Katie on by its sweetness. "Nice little Katie-horse, poor little horsie,"—(as it happened you were just big enough to easily reach her nose). Thus "the little horsie" was enticed on by pet names and diminutives and by the fragrant candy.

But hills always grow steeper for fat little legs. You would be beginning to lag when Katie would stop quite as if of her own accord and—well, you just climbed thankfully in and she started on. Happily you would nestle back into the comfortable depths of the carriage and drink in the cool air with, now and then, the faintest whiffs of damp moss. Oh, how still it would be along that winding road overhung with wild grapevines, and everywhere the sweetness of the clematis. A little farther on, where the tangle of trees and vines opened at pasture bars, you would eagerly sit up to call "Co boss, co boss" to the sleek mooly-cows waiting there, some lowing impatiently, the more contented ones taking a few last mouthfuls of the tender grass.

Still the old mare would plod slowly on and you, no longer drowsy, would lean over the back of the seat to watch the trees dropping gradually behind, until you could see far over their tops into the valley below, all dim shadowy green. Already the sun had left it and with slender golden fingers seemed to just touch the village ahead in a farewell caress.

Then, to the left, loomed high be-

neath a great elm, a big o'd-fashioned house set far back on a fresh green lawn rollicking and tumbling between bushes and rocks down to the narrow road. Then other houses would be passed: the home of "the woman with things in her cupboard" (can you ever forget that closet with its most wonderful stock of toys?) then the yellow brick farm house with that ever groaning wind-mill; and the little red blacksmith shop; and finally, at the top of the long hill, the post-office and store—which contained anything from a postage stamp to a church pulpit, but best known to you as the place where sweets grew.

The long pull over now, how Katie-horse would make the dust fly! It would seem as if she had left her years behind her at the top of the hill and was a naughty little colt again. But you would cling joyously on as she dashed around the curve at a dangerous rate, past the traditional town pump and village green, past the little white meeting-house and neat parsonage, past little old houses whose front door-steps straggled out on to the sidewalk,—past all these to where their shadows broke away and you emerged into the pink glow of the sun. Through the open stretch of field you could see it fast slipping behind the distant mountain. Beyond—beyond was that well-loved old family home half hidden by decrepit old cherry trees and setting back from the village street with a certain quiet dignity of its own, not unlike that of its white-haired mistress.

Like a whirlwind you'd roll up to the gate and stop. Nearly bursting with impatience and excitement you'd clamber down, rush past the dignified syringa bushes which stood guard on each side of the gateway, and the highly respectable dog who came forth to meet you with all importance—past everything, straight to the white pillared porch where a little gray-gowned figure would be waiting. "Grandma!"

* * * * *

Within, the lamps would all be lighted; old Mistress Pussy would be

gently snoring in a soft ball on the hearth, and always—never to be forgotten—the scent of Grandma's cookies in the air.

L. A. B., '13.

THE STUDY OF CHEMISTRY.

During the past fifty years no science has shown a greater progress than chemistry, and no science is at present doing, nor has done, a more worthy work for mankind.

Although there are quite a large number of students of high schools and colleges who study chemistry, there is no reason why more do not do so. It is surely not because the subject is not interesting, for no subject awakens more interest if one goes at it in the right manner. However, one who takes chemistry merely to dabble in evil-looking and still more evil-smelling mixtures, to fill the laboratory full of noxious odors, and to cause a little excitement now and then by causing an explosion will naturally not derive a great deal of benefit from it.

It cannot be because it is difficult that more do not study chemistry, for it is far easier than a great many subjects. It is very much simpler and more interesting than physics, with which it is often classed.

It may be rightly asserted that chemistry is the most fundamental of all the sciences. It is the most comprehensive, embracing astronomy, biology, physics, geology, and the other sciences. The benefits derived from the short time ordinarily spent in the study of chemistry in the high school are manifold. Of course it is highly desirable for those who afterward attend college or technical schools to have the elementary knowledge of this subject which is afforded in the high school.

When we stop and look around we see everywhere the workings and effects of this great science. For those high school pupils who do not attend any higher institution of learning an elementary study of chemistry is very serviceable as an aid to the better understanding of some of these phenomena. The raising of a loaf of bread, the cleansing action of soap, the solvent powers of water, the effects of alcohol upon the human system all depend upon the laws which govern chemistry. Chemistry has to do with the stars, the atmosphere in which we live, the food that we eat, the water that we drink, the clothes that we wear; it strongly affects our very lives. Thus we see the powerful ties which bind chemistry and human life.

Chemistry has been the means of greatly adding to the world's wealth and conserving her resources. The Bessemer process of steel manufacture has added two billion dollars yearly to the world's wealth; Kirchhof's discovery of the conversion of starch into glucose by the action of weak acids has increased the income of the United States thirty million dollars per year; the gas mantle has raised the candle power per three and one-half cubic feet of gas from sixteen to sixty; scientific burning of coal has in some cases produced a saving of nearly ten per cent. and has greatly lessened the smoke nuisance. Have not these discoveries, all of which are influenced by chemistry, greatly benefited the world at large?

Let us now consider a few of the countless ways in which chemistry has increased the public health and welfare. Think of the numberless lives that would have been lost in the mines without Davy's safety lamp; consider for a moment the great work that has been brought about by the purification of the water supply, brought about by the labors of Drown and Mrs. Richards. The safety and comfort of large audiences is greatly increased by good ventilation. Scientific farming, now chosen by so many men for their life work, depends in a great measure upon chemistry.

*This is our second article on various lines of school work. A good number were received this time, but, on the whole, the quality was rather disappointing. Start early for the next number. Have you a hobby? Is it history, or mathematics, or debating, or any thing else of the kind? Please trot it out for inspection—and start early—and work carefully.

The Pure Food Law, which has been so beneficial to this country, is the work of chemists. All medicines are really only chemical compounds; ether, which has done so much for the advancement of surgery, was discovered by a chemist. If there were no chemistry, where, then, would our medicines be?

How, now, can the study of chemistry, which is so closely related to our lives, and which has so greatly benefited and enriched the human race, fail to be interesting and profitable?

John D. Eberhardt, '12.

EVENING.

The sun has sunk beneath the distant hills,

And farmers home their footsteps turn, fatigued;

The perfume of the clover and the hay
Is wafted by the gentle evening breeze
Along the road beside the winding stream;

The hay-racks, filled with odorous, new mown hay,

Move slowly on their way to great red barns,

To wait until the morning shall return,
When lofts shall gather in the winter store;

The bells ring clear in evening solitude,
While people bow their heads in fervent prayer;

The moon has risen high in starlit heaven,

The hamlet lies in tranquil solitude.

Helen Patriquin.

FEBRUARY CHARADE.

My first is seen on Monday,
My next in anything,
In Boston hides my third to-day,
My whole ne'er told a lie, they say.
M. P. Birch, '12.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST

1912

That Exam. Alice Burt
Letting Him Know Alice Cotton
A Paraphrasing of Mark Antony's Speech
Eleanor Hatch
The Port of Boston . . . Clayton Hilliard
A Picture Annie McGrath

1913

A Valentine Maid Mary Donnelly
The Source of Lightning . . Harlan Eveleth
The Rescue Sherman H. Peppard
When Johnnie Went Camping.
Albert Wunderlich
A Few Ideas About Music
Marion E. Young

1914

When Shadows Fall. Marion Evelyn Bushee
The Apple Tree Letters . . Laura Robinson
Bantam Language Amy E. Schwamb
It Never Rains But it Pours
Bertha Yerrinton

1915

A Sunset Margaret E. Billings
The Sad End of John McGillicuddy
Minerva Mundle
A Tell-Tale Gladys Williams
My New Acquaintance . . . Ruth Woodend





HOCKEY SCHEDULE.

- Jan. 2. Stoneham at Arlington.
- Jan. 6. Brookline at Arlington.
- Jan. 8. Medford at Arlington.
- Jan. 11. Newton at Brae-burn.
- Jan. 15. Somerville at Arena (practice game).
- Jan. 17. B. E. H. S. at Franklin Field.
- Jan. 22. Stone School at Arlington.
- Jan. 24. Winchester at Winchester.
- Jan. 27. Harvard Freshmen at Stadium.
- Jan. 29. Rindge T. S. at Arena.
- Feb. 3. C. H. L. S. at Stadium.
- Feb. 5. Somerville at Arena.
- Feb. 8. Stoneham at Stoneham.
- Feb. 10. Wakefield at Arlington.
- Feb. 12. Woburn at Woburn.
- Feb. 14. Medford at Medford.
- Feb. 17. Wakefield at Wakefield.
- Feb. 23. Melrose at Arena.
- Feb. 24. Dean Academy at Franklin.
- Feb. 28. Wellesley at Wellesley.

ARLINGTON 5, STONEHAM 0.

Arlington won its first hockey game on Spy Pond from Stoneham. Invariably did the Arlington forwards break up their opponents' defence, and get within shooting distance of the goal, but team work was lacking, and so the score was not so large as it might have been. Practically throughout the game the puck was in Stoneham's territory, and when they did get through, they met with a tough proposition in Cousens and Lowe. When the Arlington forwards found that they could not score

frequently by individual work, in last half of the second period good teamwork was used which enabled Ross and Bower to score two goals each.

ARLINGTON 10, BROOKLINE 0.

Although this game was a walk-away for the home team, the visitors were not to blame for their poor showing, as it was the first time they had played together.

Percy, Ross and Bower kept the puck bouncing around the Brookline goal almost the whole game. The individual star was "Bud" Ross, who caged five goals in the second period. Buttrick and Scully at goal had an easy time, receiving but two shots the entire game.

ARLINGTON 5, MEDFORD 1.

The newspapers gave a very wrong impression about this game; they said that "bitter rivalry prevailed between the teams." There is none that we know of.

Arlington started off to play its usual clean game, but in payment it received slugging and tripping. With this kind of playing the visitors managed to get near the goal and caged a point. The Arlington line and defense soon understood this style of playing, and, in quick succession, "Bud" Ross and "Brainy" Bower made matters pleasant for the home team. After some neat team work, near the end of the first period, Percy shot two more goals.

In the second session Medford closed

in and played a defensive game, allowing Arlington to score but once. Abel Landell scored a point just before the period closed.

ARLINGTON 2, NEWTON 1.

At Brae-Burn Arlington met its first difficult task in defeating Newton. From the very start the game was very exciting. Both teams raced up and down the rink with no success. Finally on a questionable pass Newton managed to squeeze in a goal. That was the only score in the first period and up to the last three minutes in the second period. Then Lowe succeeded in taking the puck down the ice unaided, and making the score a tie. The captains decided to play off the tie; a five-minute period was played, but the score remained the same. Another five-minute period was decided upon; in the very first minute Ross, aided by the other forwards, shot, from a very difficult angle, the winning point. The team deserves great credit for the excellent game it put up.

ARLINGTON 2, SOMERVILLE 0.

The Boston Arena was where Arlington clashed with Somerville in a practice game. The ice surface in this place is much larger than the usual rink and both teams found it difficult to play together. In the early part of the first period, Lowe juggled the puck down the rink, dodging everything in his way, and shot the puck with such force that he knocked over the goal tender. The rest of the period was uneventful. In the second period, Percy pulled off a unique stunt: he shot the puck from behind the opponent's goal, hitting the goal tender in the back and scoring a point. There was a little controversy over the tally, but the referee finally made his decision: no goal. There was nothing exciting again until Lowe broke away from a scrimmage and scored once more for Arlington.

ARLINGTON 5, B. E. H. S. 0.

At Franklin Field Arlington defeated Boston English High. The first half was very slow, and team work was lacking. The Boston team made very few attempts to carry the puck into Arlington's territory, and played a defensive game. In the second half the Arlington forwards set a stiffer pace and succeeded in keeping the puck in their opponent's vicinity, and in peppering the goal, until Ross and Bower made two points each. This period showed great improvement over the first, clever stick and team work playing a great part. "Bulger" Lowe did his usual stunt of carrying the puck down the ice and scoring a point.

ARLINGTON 3, STONE 0.

Arlington defeated Stone School on Spy Pond in one of the cleanest games witnessed this season. The visiting team used a great deal of team work in the first half, and were able to get a few shots at Arlington's goal, but in the second they played a defensive game and made it hard for the individual playing of the home team's forwards, who through their egotistical efforts missed many chances to make the score much larger. C. Foote, well known in hockey circles about Boston, played a fine game for the visitors.

Goals—Bower, Ross, Lowe.

ARLINGTON 1, WINCHESTER 0.

The score of this game sounds as if it was a hard fought one, but all that saved Winchester from getting a good trouncing were the weather conditions and the inexperience of the referee. Team work and speed were useless, and the game grew into a slugging match. From the start, Arlington kept the rubber in her antagonist's zone, and after three minutes' play "Bud" Ross scored the first point. Another point was scored shortly after, but the umpire failed to call it, owing, perhaps, to the great swiftness with which it was made.

In the second period snow commenced to fall very thickly, making it almost impossible to lift the disc off the ice. Time and again the Arlington forwards shot for the goal, but without success. Throughout the whole game, Buttrick and Scully did not have one shot to take care of.

ARLINGTON 0, HARVARD '15 0.

The Stadium was the scene of the toughest hockey game Arlington has had this year. The wonderful work of "Dave" Buttrick at goal was the feature of the game and his brilliant blocking prevented what might have been a fabulous score. The forwards, although much lighter than their adversaries, were able to penetrate the defense and make things hot around the Freshmen's goal. Lowe and Landall played an important part at defense, continually breaking up the furious attacks of their opponents. During the last few minutes of the game, the College team, finding that they could do nothing by playing good hockey, began to rough up affairs. This style of play wore out the light Arlington team, who stood it till the game finished. Acting Capt. Buttrick refused to play an overtime period, as there was much to lose by the unsportsmanlike manner in which the Freshmen closed the game. Capt. Cousens was not able to play in this game, owing to a severe attack of the grippe.

ARLINGTON 5, RINDGE 1.

Rindge Technical lost the first league game to Arlington at the Arena. The teams at first seemed to be evenly matched, but before the first period closed, the superior condition of the Arlington forwards began to be noticed, when Ross, aided by Percy, broke through the defense and scored the first point. Immediately after, Bower scored another point, while the opposing team was thinking over the first goal. The second period was just as interesting, for Arlington, as the first. Great team work was used, enabling Ross, Percy

and Bower to score, in the respective order. The game might have been a shutout, had not Buttrick misjudged the goal. The team deserves great credit for winning such a well-earned game.

ARLINGTON 9, CAMBRIDGE 0.

Arlington won its eleventh victory by beating Cambridge in an easy game. The Cambridge team was never in it, and was bewildered when the Arlington forwards rushed down the rink with snappy team work. Soon after the game started, Ross found an open space and shot a neat goal. This was repeated twice again, and three more, aided by the other forward, made a total of five points at the end of the first half. In the second period Cambridge closed in a bit, and allowed but three points to be made. The whole Arlington team played well and took advantage of every opportunity offered.

Goals—Ross 3, Blair 2, Percy 2, Rey-croft, Chaves. Time—Twenty and fifteen minute halves.

ARLINGTON 3, SOMERVILLE 1.

The second league game played at the Arena was won by Arlington. The game was an interesting one full of thrills. Somerville was the first to score after about ten minutes of play. This catastrophe put a great deal of life into the Arlington seven, through which they were able to score twice before the period closed. The first goal was made by Landall, the other by Ross. The second period was full of hard fighting, and many exciting moments, one of which should be remembered—that when Lowe dashed from behind his goal up the rink, and scored the final point for Arlington. Goals—Landall, Ross, Lowe.

ARLINGTON 5, STONEHAM 2.

Everything went wrong for Arlington in the first period of this game, and the shortness of the rink and large cracks in the ice made matters still worse. In

the early part of this period, Stoneham scored two points, but that was all; the Arlington defence woke up and played such a strong game that the Stoneham team was forced to play a defensive game. However, in the second period things went on the same, till the Arlington forwards, with the aid of Lowe, made four hard goals in quick order.

Goals—Ross 2, Lowe, Percy, Landell.

ARLINGTON 1, WAKEFIELD 1.

Arlington met its first setback when Wakefield held it to a tie. The zero weather had much to do with the poor showing of the team. Both teams battled the whole first period without success. After five minutes of the second session, Ross managed to poke the puck into the cage for the first score. Nothing happened again until the very close of the period, when Wakefield made a final effort, and succeeded in tying up up the score. A period of ten minutes was decided upon, but when the time was up the score remained the same.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1912

Wed.	April 17,	Malden High at Malden
Fri.	" 19,	Alumni at Arlington
Sat.	" 20,	Lexington High at Lexington
*Wed.	" 24,	Woburn High, Woburn
Sat.	" 27,	Thayer Academy at Arlington
Thurs.	May, 2,	Newton High at Newton
Sat.	" 4,	Allen School at Arlington
*Wed.	" 8,	Reading at Reading
*Sat.	" 11,	Stoneham at Arlington
*Wed.	" 15,	Winchester High at Winchester
Sat.	" 18,	C. L. S. at Arlington
Wed.	" 22,	Natick High at Natick
Sat.	" 25,	Open
Wed.	" 29,	Waltham High at Waltham
Thurs.	" 30,	Gloucester High at Gloucester
*Sat.	June, 1,	Woburn High at Woburn
Mon.	" 3,	South Boston High at Arlington
Wed.	" 5,	Watertown at Arlington
*Sat.	" 8,	Reading High at Arlington
*Wed.	" 12,	Stoneham High at Stoneham
*Sat.	" 15,	Winchester High at Arlington
Mon.	" 17,	Gloucester High at Arlington

Arlington High School Athletic Association

Treasurer's Report, Dec. 1—Feb. 1, 1912

Expenditures	
For Refreshments	\$151.00
" Coach	60.00
" "College Chap"	112.20
" Dance	19.25
" Officials	14.00
" Postage and Stationery	3 60
" Wire for field	4.80
" Sundries	3.05
" Hockey Expenses	58.51
	<u>\$426.41</u>

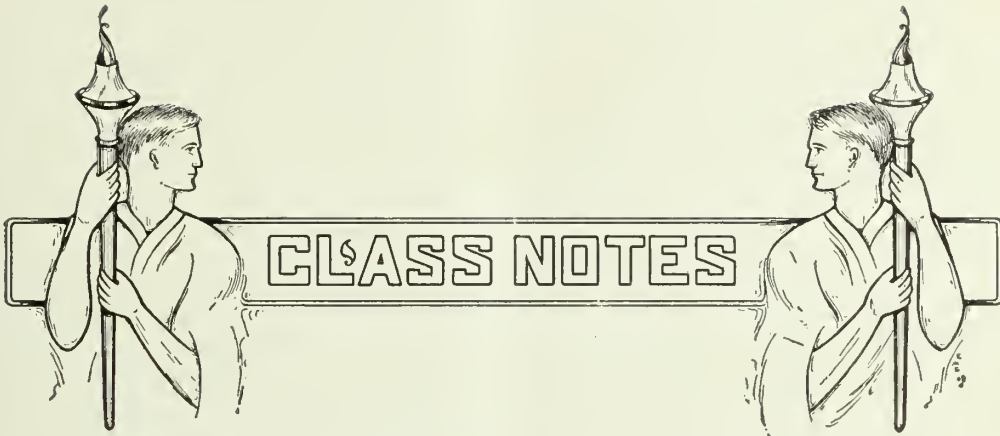
Receipts

Bal. on hand Dec. 1.	\$ 6.96
From Dues	5.95
" Refreshments	204.15
" "College Chap"	153.48
" Dance	44.66
	<u>\$415.20</u>

Deficit Feb. 1, 1912\$11.21

Respectfully Submitted,
A. H. SMITH, Treasurer.

I find the above report correct,
F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor



Class of 1912.

The first issue of *The Clarion* announced that the "Chestnut" season was over. Just watch these columns and see.

"He entwined his right hand in his locks."

"The light played with his flexible hair."

The above translations were made by Mr. P. Evidently the tonsorial art is his strong point.

History.

Miss G. "The Grecian women watched their husbands eat and sometimes they ate themselves."

Teacher, "Are you here this period, Mr. S.?"

Mr. S. "I'm here, but I don't know whether I'm here or not."

There are others.

Miss R. (opening Macbeth to Act III, Scene I); "Who is talking? Put us in touch with the situation, Miss W."

Miss W. (in a surprised and injured tone), "I wasn't talking."

Mr. D. "So Pericles handed his old wife over to another man."

Miss H. goes rowing "armed" with an oar, and skating "armed" with skates.

Look out for her when her sporting blood is up.

"He fell on his face with his left hand."

"Hector, bathed in large tears drawn by a chair."

"If ever I return to Argos as I promised my wife I would —"

"Bathed in blood, hung by thongs about his feet."

The foregoing are a few choice samples of what we can do by way of diversity in Latin translations.

I pr'ythee, gentle Reader, tell us why
When, out of naught, to make some notes
we try,
Unsympathetic classmates call them dry?

Class of 1913

NOTICE!

Big Feature of the Season!
Every Thursday in Room 2.

Where's that Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals? In French III B we hear of lambs whining and wolves being fed on horns.

"He spake thusly." This is English. Would you know it?

Latin III.

Teacher. "Filius is son and filiolus is little son; parvus is small and parvulus is —"

"A little small," finished the light-headed pupil.

Mr. C. in English III B: "

"Portia swallowed hot coals; the worried servants who heard her fall, rushed in to aid her and found the coals, which she had eaten, by her side still warm."

Ye immortal gods! What budding dramatist have we here?

English III C.

(In the study of Tennyson)

"A volume came out which struck the people's eye."

Imagine it! Actually throwing his poems at their heads!

Found: A box of fudge in Latin III.

Lost: A piece of it and a member of the class (for a day).

Heard at recess.

" But where did you ever find it? asked the damsel with the new tan shoes, as her lately missing heel was restored.

" Oh, in the Land of the Lost Souls," came the nonchalant reply.

'Twas in the year of nineteen-ought,

(What it ought I hardly know)

That A. H. S. went on a strike,

If what I tell was so.

They struck for longer hours, of course,

And harder work to do;

For things had got so slow 'round there

That every one was blue.

They'd planned to have a big parade,

But, rehearsing, grew so thin,

They changed it to a picnic stunt

To be held at famed All-Inn.

So Robert Cooked the dinner grand,

But himself got in a stew

For the Adamses no apples brought,

They both forgot their cue.

Instead, they brought a Vail along,

But the little Scully on knew

That since they had no table cloth

A veil would have to do.

The little Ladd was sent for Wood,

And " Hutchie " served for tongs;

And all the time they worked so hard,

The Nightingale sang songs.

With Buttrick as a *center-piece*

Nobody felt surprised.

The handsome, foreign *pitcher* there

As Chaves they recognized.

Well, when Holt's soup came to an end

They asked to have the Fish;

But water-colors held her back

So they had another dish.

It proved to be a " Bunny " plump,

With a tender little heart;

To make the *sauce* to be with it served,

The Plaisteds used their art.

The bread, of course, was Wheaton,

In quality unsurpassed;

But there was so little of it,

It simply wouldn't last.

A " chicken " next came in the line,

Which they knew to be just Hatch-ed

On account of freshness so pronounced,

And flavor quite unmatched.

Then Bacon, Wolff, and Partridge-pie,

With Olives as " in-betweens ;

And next was served in style with " Ice "

A salad made of Greens.

The things had all been Peppard well;

The Sophs supplied the Salt;

And everything had smoothly gone

When there came a sudden halt.

Four Lyons leaped upon the scene,

(There'd been no j um till then),

And all the guests were swallowed down

Before you could count ten.

They all were jarred but none preserved,

What lion's feast e'er is tardy?

The only reason " Bones " were left

Was cause they were so Hard-y.

1914

You have only one editor now. Class; say funny things so our space won't look so blank.

In Roman history, A, Miss Dickie informed us that Sempronius was the " college friend " of Gaius Gracchus! She meant " colleague."

Miss Y. says that Caesar found out that that the enemy had encamped *under* the mountain. Hope it didn't crush 'em.

Latin S translating; "Diviacus multis cum lacrimis Caesarem complexus (embraces.)"

"Diviacus, with many tears 'complexes' Caesar."

Nothing like translating at sight!

Editor's Note: The record of the class 1914 is evidently being reserved for the Book of Fame.

1915

Physical Geography

Miss B. "What is the greatest heat radiator?"

Master M. "Steam heat radiator."

Miss B. "Which is the youngest river, the one in Fig. 66 or 67?"

Master S. (in surprise) "The one in Fig. 71."

Miss B. "What is a moraine hill?"

Master H. "A wide hilly plain."

English.

Miss B. "What were the words Fitz-James used in sorrowing over his horse?"

Master E. "My kingdom for a horse."

Miss W. "If he was not a man what was he?"

Miss M. "A ferry-man."

Outside it was raining furiously. Inside English D was reciting on conditions contrary to fact.

Miss W. "If it were raining I should be sorry. Is it raining?"

Master P. (looking out the window) "Yes"

Master P. "When Romeo saw Juliet laying —"

Teacher interrupting. "Laying what?"

Master P. "Laying Juliet."

Algebra.

Miss B. "Go on, I can hear you."

Master B (to himself) "If you can hear me when I'm not talking, what's the use of talking?"

ALUMNI NOTES.

(Continued from Page 4)

1897

Sarah M. Henderson, Salem Normal School, 1899, is a teacher in the Crosby School.

Ellen S. Somersby, Radcliff, 1901, is a teacher.

1896

Grace E. Dennett, now a teacher in the Cambridge High and Latin Schools, graduated from Radcliff with an A. B. in 1900, with an A. M. in 1901, and from Simmons in 1907 with an S. B.

Herbert W. Kendall is a salesman in the wool business.

John M. Perkins, class of 1901 at Technology, was superintendent of the Fairview Foundry Co., and now is with the Granite City Plant of American Steel Foundries, St. Louis.

1895

Charles E. Prescott is interested in landscape engineering in White Plains, N. Y.

Chester M. Grover, Amherst '99, is a teacher in the High School of Commerce, Boston.

Clarence A. Moore, M. I. T. '99, is assistant engineer for the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Commissioner.

1894

Lindsay K. Foster, Harvard '98, is a lawyer in Boston.

George E. Ahern, Tufts, '98, B. S., is our town engineer.

1983

Elizabeth Frost, New England Conservatory '97, taught music in the Hallim Inst., Hallim, Va., and in Knickerbocker Hall, Indianapolis. She now is Mrs. Emil Michaelis of Gainesville, Georgia.

Arthur Prescott is the chief engineer for the Ogden Iron and Steel Manufacturing Co., N. Y.



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The second meeting this year of the English Club was held Monday afternoon, Dec. 11, in the Assembly Hall. The program, ably and delightfully carried out by Miss Eleanor Hatch '12, represented a Christmas magazine. The cover, "The Spirit of Christmas," was shown in a tableau by four members of the Senior class. Eberhardt '12 had charge of the editorials, and Meade '14 looked after the joke column. Miss Robinson '14, Miss H. Bullard '13, and Kenney '12 contributed to the literary department; Miss Robinson's "Silver Locket" and Kenney's continued story, "His Reception," were the original contributions, while Van Dyke's "The Story of the Otesr Wise Man," the second in our series of readings given by Miss Pellard, completed this section. The Children's Page was cleverly handled by Miss K. Reed '13 whose story, "The Skates," was of considerable literary merit. Next came the amusing correspondents' column in charge of Miss Bushee '14, and the Fashion Hints by the joint authorities, Scully, Fleming and Wunderlich '13. The Kitchen Department with its wonderfully practical suggestions by Miss Morse '13 completed the magazine proper. Several tableaux representing advertisements were arranged by Miss Birch '12, thus completing the magazine.

The delightful musical part of the program consisted of a piano solo by Chaves '13, vocal solos by Miss Stacey '12, and by Miss Shedd, A. H. S. '10, who kindly consented to help us.

About eighty were present, including members of the club and friends from outside the school.

The third regular meeting was held Monday afternoon Jan. 30; Walter Kenney '12 was the presiding officer and Horton '12 acted as critic. The main feature of the meeting was a debate on, "Resolved, That the right of suffrage should be granted to women." The affirmative side was taken by Currier '12, and the negative by Miss Young '13, with discussion from the floor. An informal vote gave the honors to the affirmative side.

Following the debate competitive compositions developing the subject assigned by the leader. "Life's Pitfalls," were read by Miss Birch '12, H. Holt '13, Miss Billings '14, P. Johnson '15. The vote was awarded to Miss Birch.

The musical part of the program consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Winn '12, a violin solo by Miss Reid '13, and a piano trio by the Misses Young '13, Nightingale and B. Yerrinton '14, accompanied by Hsley, Cook and O. Holt, who played the triangle, castinets and tamborine.

After remarks by the critic the meeting was adjourned.

Margaret Birch, Sec.

SCIENCE CLUB.

Forty-two students interested in science were present at the last meeting of the Science Club. Such a satisfactory attendance shows well the progress of the club, together with the enthusiasm shown by those who formed the audience, and those that participated in the program, which was as follows:

1. "Gases of the Atmosphere," J. Flemming, '13.
2. "Heating and Ventilating," E. Mead '14.
3. "Interesting Atmospheric Conditions," Miss Gray '15.
4. "Some Interesting Phases of River Development."
 - a. "River Valley," D. Hall '15.
 - b. "River Capture," W. Whilton, '15.
 - c. "Rejuvenation of Rivers," Miss Read '15.
5. "Surveying and Timber Estimation," T. Bell, '11.
6. "Facts Concerning Trees Used for their Lumber," J. Horrocks, '13.

It was an interesting program and those who took part in it as well as those who did not, need to be encouraged to continue their work in those departments of science most interesting to them; and also to further the experi-

mental research and original work done by the Club.

Ruth K. McLelland, Sec.

GERMAN CLUB.

On Wednesday, December 20th, there was a meeting of the "Mehr Kunde Verein." The program was as follows: "German Christmas Customs," by Eberhardt; "The Life of Schiller," by Miss Gove; "The Story of Wilhelm Tell," by Miss Crosby. Then the game, "Was ich für Weilmachten kaufte," was played.

On Wednesday, January 24th, there was another meeting of the German Club. The topic of the meeting was, "The Ancient Germans and Their Mythology." The program was as follows: "The Ancient Germans," by Miss Stevens; "Thor and His Hammer," by Miss Eggleston; "Wodin," by Kenney; "Balder," by Cameron; and "Loki," by Miss Birch.

The meetings of the German Club thus far this year have been most successful but after the initiation of the members of the beginning classes we expect to have a much larger attendance.

Helen A. Woodman, Sec.

EXCHANGES

Owing to the receipt of a comparatively small number of our exchanges, the Exchange column must of necessity be big.

"*The Argonaut*" Mansfield, Mass. Your Literary Department, Seen and Heard Column and Exchanges are good. We would suggest that you put the name of your High School on the cover.

"*The Greylock Echo*," Adams High. Your essay on "Scientific Agriculture" is well written and convincing, and "Dudley and the Burglar" is a good story. The Athletic Notes and Exchanges are good, but the latter is very brief.

"*School Life*," Melrose High. Why do you reverse the natural order of your Literary Department and Editorials? "Bobbie's Relation" and "Cynthia's Christmas Present" are very good stories. Have you only two exchanges worthy of mention?

"*Review*," Lowell High. "The Cook who Accommodated" is a fine story. The entire Literary Department is exceptionally good. The knocks are, unfortunately, uninteresting to outsiders. The Exchanges are well handled.

"*The Echo*," Winthrop High. For a first issue your paper is excellent and extremely

promising. "In Thibet," "The Foot-ball Bug," and "Shakespere was a Base-ball Fan" are all clever. Athletics, Alumni Notes and School Notes are dealt with equally well.

"*The Mirror*," Waltham High. Your stories are good but lacking in quantity. The Class-notes are bright and interesting.

How to kill a school paper.

1. Don't subscribe, borrow your neighbor's. Just be a sponge.

2. Look up the "ads" and then trade with the other. Don't be loyal.

3. Never hand in a news item, and always criticise everything in the paper. Be a coxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or base ball when you should be attending to business. Be a shirk.

5. Don't contribute, don't subscribe, find fault and criticise. — Ex.

Young wed. "I want accommodations for myself and wife.

Hotel clerk. "Suite?"

Young wed. "You bet she is."

"Pat, define strategy of war."

"Strategy of war is when you don't let the enemy know you are out of ammunition but keep on firing. — Ex.

High School Record.

First year — A comedy of errors.

Second year — Much ado about nothing.

Third year — As you like it.

Fourth year — All's well that ends well.

— Ex.

He. "My wife has got a stitch in her side."

Bill. "How's that?"

He. "She went down town to do Christmas shopping and was hemmed in by the crowd." — Ex.

Soph. "It is all over our school."

Fresh. (excitedly.) "What?"

Soph (calmly.) "The roof, little one." — Ex.

Shakspere Was a Base Ball Fan.

I will go root. — Richard III.

Now you strike like a blind man.—Much Ado About Nothing.

Out, I say. — Macbeth.

I will be short. — Hamlet.

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.—Love's Labor Lost.

He knows the game.—Henry VI.

O. hateful error.—Julius Caesar.

A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit.—Hamlet.

Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire.—Love's Labor Lost

Let the world slide.—Taming of the Shrew.

The play as I remember pleased not the million.—Hamlet.

They cannot sit at ease on the old bench. — Romeo and Juliet.

Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves grew incense.—King Lear.

He will steal, sir.—All's well that ends well.

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(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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THE CLARION

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EDITORIALS.

What narrow ideas we students get as to the real purpose of our work in High School! Some bend all their energies to getting through each day with as much credit and as little work as possible, forgetting that real knowledge comes from solid labor, not from unearned "marks." Others make "book-knowledge" their sole aim, failing to realize that the lessons of real life taught by the social intercourse of the school are among the most valuable of all. Surely we all need sometimes to shift our attention from the trivial details of the day's task, and fix it up-

on the broad view of the meaning of our work as a whole.

A class sometimes gets this kind of outlook upon its work, and by it gains that complete co-operation, which produces the greatest efficiency. Why not a school also? A school too is a team which needs to pull together. We're pounding along the home-stretch now toward the end of this year's course. Let's fix our eyes on the goal, and not glance too often at the roadside—where the green spring grass does look a bit tempting—and let our last pull be a long pull together.

On Friday evening, March 23rd, "The Cub Reporter," a play by Miss Eleanor Hatch, '12, was presented in Cotting Hall. The program opened with music by the Glee club, followed by an address by Prin. Mitchell. Then came the enactment of the play, whose ingenious plot and effective presentation were thoroughly appreciated. After the play, the School orchestra furnished music for dancing. The proceeds of the entertainment were turned over to the Athletic Association. All who participated in the affair, not forgetting those who lent such effective aid in mounting and advertising the play, are to be congratulated on the excellent results of their work.

The Annual "Senior Social" was held in the school hall on the evening of March 26th. The program included an address of welcome by Pres. Dalton of the Senior class, the presentation of a play by a number of Seniors, and a reception by the class, followed by a dance, with music by the School orchestra. The play given was "Dollars and Cents," a four-act drama by Dorothy H. Black of our last year's graduating class. It was repeated the following evening for the benefit of the public, on both occasions meeting with evident success.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mary E. Hadley, a graduate of Boston University in 1896, is now teaching in the Somerville English High School.

No answers have been received from the class of '91, and, as there were no graduation exercises in 1890 or 1889, we have no list of the graduates of those years.

1888.

Frederick W. Hadley, who took a P. G. at High School and graduated from M. I. T. in 1893, is now manager of the "Atlantic Water and Electric Power Co." of Atlantic, Georgia.

1887.

This year our school graduated a man worthy of itself; the following is the record of Frederick E. Fowle, Jr.:

M. I. T. '94, Practises Astrophysics in the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory; is a lecturer in the George Washington University; and a classifier of the "International Catalogue of Scientific Literature. Was editor of the "*Smithsonian Physical Tables*;" with C. G. Abbot has published Vol. I. and II., "*Annals of Astrophysical Observatory of Smithsonian Institute*," and various other papers.

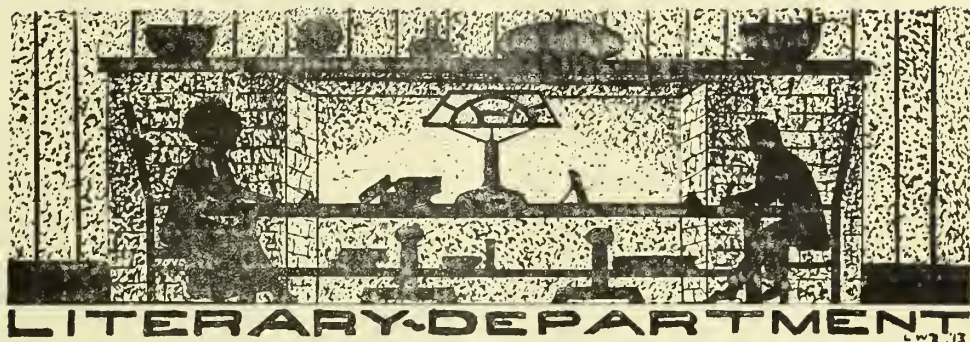
He is a member of the following clubs: Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America; Fellow-American Association for Advancement of Science; Philosophical Society of Washington; National Geographic Society; Sons of American Revolution; Unitarian Club; and the treasurer of the Washington Society of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

1886.

Frank E. Lane, Harvard 1889, is the head master of Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

Anna H. Rood, Salem Normal School 1887, after ten years of teaching in Malden schools married, in 1899, Mr. M. L. Farrow of Dorchester. She now belongs to the Dorchester Woman's Club.

Grace A. Munroe is now Mrs. Wm. Marshall of Woodland street.



PAINLESS DENTISTRY!

I had never been to a dentist. Not that I didn't need to, but because I had heard such tales of suffering and woe from friends who had frequented the dentist's chair that nothing could persuade me to go not even the promise of a gold watch, an article, by the way, which I had always coveted.

But one day while hastening down Washington Street I chanced to spy a large gilt sign on a building, which read: "Painless Dentistry." My heart leapt within me, for here was the solution of the problem. Full of confidence in the sign, I immediately crossed the street into the office, and made an appointment for the following Saturday at ten o'clock.

Very much excited, I started for home, stopping at every jeweler's window to gaze at the watches displayed. Finally I made up my mind on a certain one which struck my fancy. Into the store I went, priced the watch, and then with happy thoughts of owning it within three days boarded the car for home.

After father had listened patiently to my excited account of seeing the "painless dentistry," sign, making the appointment, and pricing the watch, he smiled a bit, and said quietly,—“When

every tooth that needs filling is attended to, the watch will be yours.” I thought he winked at mother when I expressed my confidence in the sign, but being in a mood when nothing could daunt me, I immediately ran for a mirror and examined my teeth. To my delight there appeared to be but four which were decayed. “He can easily fill those at one sitting,” I assured myself. With visions of myself as the proud possessor of the beautiful watch, I waited impatiently for Saturday.

That morning found me in the dentist's office bright and early, as happy as though I was about to be entertained by a noted humorist. A lady was in the chair, and as I waited I thought I heard a groan. “But of course it can't be a groan,” I argued with myself. “They do nothing but *painless* dentistry here.” Shortly afterwards the woman emerged into the office, looking rather miserable and dejected. I felt somewhat troubled at this, but the dentist's welcoming smile reassured me, and I sat down in the chair with unsuspecting confidence. The chair was so deliciously comfortable, and the room bright and pleasant.

“I'm so glad I'm here!” said I innocently to the dentist.

"This is your first experience in this line, I imagine."

I had a sneaking suspicion that he would have liked to laugh, but I put the thought aside and answered, "Yes. I never would come before because the girls all said the dentist 'about murdered' them every time he filled a tooth. But when I saw your sign I walked right in."

"Oh, I see, Humph!—Well I guess I can fix you up all right."

With that he set to work. After making a brief examination of my teeth, he brought forth a small square of rubber, snapped little holes in it and slipped it over my front teeth, tying a thread about each tooth near the gum. So far so good, but—when he took pincers and pushed the thread up, up half up to my nose, I was sure, my faith in painless dentistry began to wane.

But "the worst was yet to come." He grasped an evil looking instrument suspended on a long arm which stretched out toward the chair, placed in it a needle, and buzz—he was grinding unmercifully in my tooth. I grasped the chair arms with all my might, while cold shivers **ran a race** down my back. Buzz—he approached a nerve. I began to groan. He stopped, and hung up the thing. "Now I shall have relief," thought I. But ah no! I was sadly mistaken. In a jiffy he was at the tooth again, blowing hot air on it by squeezing a rubber bulb. How the tooth ached! To add to my discomfort the rubber was fast becoming moist on the inside. In rapid succession came picks and hooks of all kinds and sizes, digging here and there and pushing at the tooth until I thought the chair would give way, so great was the strain. And

off and on all the while the hot air bulb and that buzzer.

By this time I was hot with indignation. Painless dentistry *indeed!* The watch began to look less desirable. Go through this experience three times more? Never! Not for ten watches and a diamond ring.

I heard a sound, and looking to the right saw the dentist mixing something on a marble slab. Then came the filling of the tooth; jab this way, jam that; push, cram, and then a long wait, during which I carefully thought out a speech to deliver to the dentist on false advertisements.

In the midst of my imagining how I should enjoy his look of shame, back he came. Again the cold shivers chased one another down my back as he pulled strip after strip of sandpaper over the filling with all his might. Next, a regular cart-wheel of sandpaper in the buzzer machine, with accompanying thrills and chills—and all was over. Off came threads and rubber, and my first tooth was filled. I rose from the chair with feelings quite different from those I had experienced a half hour before.

"Let me see,—I can give you another appointment on——"

"Sir, here's the money. I wish for no other appointment."

"And may I ask why not?"

"You ask *why*, when you have eyes and can read that sign hanging out there? Good-day sir." And I walked out with all the dignity I could command.

On the way to the car I passed the jeweler's window where the watch I had set my heart on was displayed. But I passed by with eyes averted, and sniffed. "Who wants a watch, anyway? They're *always* getting broken, and then—there's the town clock."

A. M. B. 1912.

MY MAY BASKET.

Beside my open window
 I watched the fading light
 And listless, saw the tulips
 Folding their petals bright.
 A rustle in the lilaes,
 And then a whisper shrill
 A light step on the pathway,
 A pause, and all is still.
 The door latch rattles softly
 And then the knocker falls,
 Startling the heavy silence
 And echoing through the halls.
 Outside, a hurried scamper
 Of small feet on the grass,
 A nervous laugh, a whisper,
 And two swift shadows pass.
 There by the door I found it,
 That precious basket small,
 Some bits of colored paper
 And flowers—that was all.
 But in the dark I kissed it
 And lit my lamp to see.
 The love of those dear children
 Had changed the world for me.
K. E. R. '13.

FAIRY TALES.

A comfortable wide branching, apple tree stood near the house. Its last sweet-scented blossoms blew lazily down and fluttered to rest in the green grass. I snuggled deep into the old hammock and watched the clouds as they scurried through the white apple blossoms.

Hazily it came to me that the big, round, soft gray cloud was Cinderella's coach, and the little pieces floating along in front were the horses. Two tall footmen at the side might be the lizards

and the mice; another large cloud was the old witch, and whole crowds of smaller clouds were the party at the ball, with Cinderella and the charming Prince in the midst.

The buzz of bees and many tiny insects opened Pandora's box for me. I then journeyed back to the far away land of Pandora and Philemon. A small cloud, passing by just then, was Hope, the one spirit left in the box.

Still swinging I saw an ugly misshapen cloud which I knew was the Beast. Watching closely, I soon found Beauty in the enchanted garden.

The sun, slipping out, touched a fleecy mass of cloud with yellow light, which I knew must be King Midas and his little daughter in their world of gold. The sun disappearing, the gold vanished, and I knew that King Midas had washed away the golden touch, and with his vial had restored his treasures to the own beautiful selves.

I watched for a long time a queer familiar-looking cloud as it followed slowly after the others. With a flash it came to me that that was Rip Van Winkle and the little black speck close behind was his dog. I heard the rumble of barrels in the mountains and the shrieks of the little elves. As Rip Van Winkle was about to be restored to his old home and forgotten friends, a big splash of rain brought me hastily from the hammock, and from my dreaming, into the house.

Eleanor Breed, '14

"L. D. C."

"Good-bye — good-bye" — cried a chorus of voices, as the train bound for Boston drew out of the little Bethel station.

A pretty girl in a trim dark blue traveling suit, who was in the parlor car of the train, leaned out the window and fluttered her little white handkerchief back at the group on the platform until the train rounded a turn and they were lost from her sight.

Then she settled back in her chair and took account of her luggage. Yes—her suit case, with her umbrella and tennis racket strapped on it, her coat and her luncheon ("Mother always remembers the little things," she thought, when she saw it), were in the rack above her head, her purse was in her skirt pocket with her train tickets, and money in it, and surrounding her were the box of chocolate, her brother Bob had given her, the "newest book out," which Dolly, her chum, had said was just "corking," Jack's bunch of violets, thrust in her belt, and magazines galore that friends from far and near had given her—yes—everything was there.

She sighed, and then tried to interest herself with Dolly's book, but soon her mind wandered, and she found herself thinking—

"I wonder if Janet Gray has changed much. Why! I haven't seen her since she left college almost two years ago. I do hope someone will be sure to meet me at the station. Janet said if she couldn't be there she'd send her brother. Wonder what—"

"Pardon me!" A low masculine voice interrupted her train of thoughts and brought her back to earth with a start. A young man stood before her, smiling and holding out Dolly's book. "Pardon me, Miss Dorothy Alden, but I think this is your book."

Dorothy was confused, and blushed adorably—so he thought. "Oh yes!" she said. "Er—I was reading it, a few

minutes ago. I must have dropped it." Then she realized she spoke to a total stranger, so she stiffened perceptibly and with a cold "thank you," tried to concentrate her thoughts on her reading.

"Oh! you are entirely welcome," answered the man affably. "Don't mention it. Do you like the story?"

She appeared not to hear the question, and continued her reading.

"Oh! I say, Miss-er-Alden!" he exclaimed after a few minutes of silence. "If I were you I wouldn't read upside down. It is quite injurious to the eyes, you know."

She hastily turned the book around. Then—"I can't imagine who told you my name was Miss Alden. You seem to jump at conclusions. That may be the name in this book, but often people borrow books."

"Ah! I see," mused the man. "You don't mind if I sit here, do you? You see—I'm interested in that story."

He received no reply.

"I suppose I did jump at conclusions," he said, breaking the somewhat strained silence, "but if you aren't Miss Alden, may I ask who are you?"

The golden head bent lower over the book, "what on earth shall I say?—quite nice looking—awfully impudent—wish he'd go—no I—" were the disconnected thoughts that ran through the lowered head.

"You're not offended, are you?" he asked. "Really, it isn't a very nice thing to ask. Well, since you won't tell me I'll make another jump. Aren't your initials L. D. C.?"

Up flew the girl's head. "How did you find out?" she demanded. "You must be a wizard."

"Oh! not at all! You see I couldn't

help but see them." He looked up at her suit case and laughed.

For a moment she didn't know just how to take his manner. Then she joined in the laugh, and before she knew it he drew her into conversation.

The time slipped quickly by, and before long they were almost at the station, where she was to get off. He took her suit case down for her, and helped her into her coat. Then he asked:

"Do you get off at Chester?"

"Yes."

"Oh!—I live there."

"You what?" she gasped.

"I live in Chester. The train is slowing up. Let me take your suit case, please. By the way,—do you know Janet Gray? She lives—"

"Know her!" exclaimed the girl. "Why I'm going to visit her. She was my roommate in the freshman year at College."

"I thought so," murmured the man. "Perhaps this telegram may interest you."

She took the slip and read—"Mr. Allen Gray, 000 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Meet L. D. C. on 3:15 train from Bethel to Boston. She gets off at Chester.

Sister Janet."

M. B., '15.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR.

Hush! How still! not a ripple disturbs the silvery sheen of the little lake, dropped like the mirror of a cloud goddess, down among green hills. The smooth opalescent surface of the water holds a perfect reflection of the glory of the sky above, the great sun, sinking behind blackly silhouetted hills, at-

tended by ranks of particolored clouds with trailing streamers of roseate mists, piled billow on billow, which slowly, slowly fade to the hue of the cool, pale heart of a chrysoprase, and darken at last, as if the queen of the night had swept them up into her sable robe. How still! Hush! Then—sweetly, softly, thrilling out through the twilight,—the song of a nightingale, growing fuller, even more beautiful, till at last, one exquisite, liquid note, ascending to the dark arching heavens above, seems to blossom into the star which hangs, like a jewel pendant from the tip of the crescent moon.

Laura Robinson, '13.

A-SAPPING.

The cold gray sky blushed with the kisses of the rising sun, and against its rosy glow the purple Ossipees were sharply outlined with that peculiar clearness which accompanies only zero weather. But the golden chariot had been scarcely an hour on its course when a change of temperature was evident; the sparkling crust gradually softened under the influence of the steady rays and on the March morning shirt-sleeves were in vogue for there was no damp east wind to chill to one's very bones; only the dry clear climate of the mountains.

Over the crest of the hill there came two sturdy farmers, and very picturesque they looked, moving across the white landscape in their woolen caps and shirts, with little round bear paws fastened to their feet—for they were going a-sapping.

No doubt it would be far more fitting to have had them enter a black tumble-

down shack, and emerge with clumsy wooden buckets to hang on the trees: but, alas, improvements had reached even this isolated spot, and in the midst of the beautiful maple grove, on the side of a steep hill, stood a very modern looking shingled sap-house.

After a little they came out laden with pails and tubes, and in the side of each stately tree bored a hole, inserted a tube, on each tube hung a shiny tin pail, and then departed till the time should come for gathering.

So all day long the grove lay deserted, and silent except for the constant dripping of the sap, as drop by drop the limpid fluid flowed. Finally as the pails filled, this noise too ceased, and absolute quiet reigned, as, slowly but surely, the life-stream was drained away from the silent majestic giants, only to be eaten on griddle-cakes.

Bright and early the next morning came the men with their gathering pails to find each tin receptacle nearly two thirds full, for the warm spring day, following a snapping cold night, had sent a thrill of life through each trunk, and to its call the sap had risen well.

Through the line of pipes the precious water went racing down the hill, to tumble into a huge tank, and from the tank into the boiling vat. Now under the vat was placed dry birch-bark, which, touched with a match, quickly kindled the smaller wood, and this, in its turn, sent up hungry little flames to lick the pitchy pine logs that crackled and roared at the touch. So, to the tune of the flames, the liquid boiled away, and grew thicker and thicker until from the three hundred and twenty gallons of sap, ten gallons of golden-brown syrup was obtained. The faucet was opened and into the huge can the sticky

substance ran slowly, while the cooks prepared for another lot.

Thus, with but a short noon hour, the whole day was spent, and sixty gallons of maple-syrup stood ready to be carted away to the distant station, and from the station to busy Boston, there to gladden the hearts of innumerable little boys and girls as a wholesome substitute for candy.

Harriet Bullard, '13.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 1, 24, 54, 28, 15, 54, 44, 25, 39, 7, comes the last of June.

My 36, 17, 27, 25, 14, 31 is the highest class in school.

My 50, 11, 54, 40, 12, 36, 43, 41, 54, 24, 33, was a dramatist.

My 21, 2, 37, 40, 34, 22, is a favorite sport.

My 4, 31, 46, 48, 37, 56, is a language which we study.

My 8, 6, 54, 37, 38, 26, 31 is a person in the school.

My 32, 25, 16, 45, is what we would like to come true.

My 29, 3, 18, 35 is what we eat at recess.

My 53, 25, 54, 7, 9 is in our High School hall.

My 5, 13, 30, 42 is an old form of you.

My 11, 25, 16, 55, 30, 31, 22 is a study of political and civil affairs.

My 23, 47, 7 is what we do not have much of during school hours.

My 19, 25, 24, 50, so is what we should all strive to be in our lessons.

My 52, 49, 51, 36 are our class assessments. My whole is taken from a Scandinavian Edda.

Edith N. Winn, '12.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.*

History is that department of knowledge which treats of the life of people. That life may assert itself in the activities of home with its manifold affiliations, and we say we are dealing with social problems. This is one phase of history. Again, that life may express itself in the development of national resources, on international intercourse, in the several spheres of man's relations to his God; these are economic, political and religious phases of history. Dates, episodes or events are but indices in this great life-movement. The real study of history takes into thoughts, motives, human tendencies and environment.

The study of some phase or epoch of the World's History, occupies focus a conspicuous position in each of the several courses in the High School curriculum. Pupils contemplating a college career are strongly advised to take Greek and Roman History courses in High School, and indeed it might be well if every high school pupil were required to know the history of Rome and Athens, the progenitors of our present degree of civilization.

It is a recognized fact that a majority of pupils have a natural apathy to historical study, taking it up only, because of home advice or college entrance requirements. What is the reason for this innate dislike? Surely not because the work is uninteresting, for the fact alone that we are living in a locality rich in traditions in ideas for social advancement, and in memories and relics of real warfare, should stir

up enthusiasm in any one's heart for the subject. It is nothing more or less than the fact that we don't go about the studying of it in the right way.

When studying history in the grades the pupils were given a certain number of pages to learn, sometimes almost verbatim, and machine-like they absorbed a motley array of facts, dates and campaigns, but these lacked the necessary degree of cohesion, and the pupils failed to grasp the evolution of events, the trend of civilization. Quoting from our History instructor, "Of what value was the learning of this mixture if they failed to retain it and to have it always at command?"

Upon entering High School, history should be taken up in an entirely different manner. Pupils should have outgrown their former limits of comprehension, and should now enlarge their perspective, and by broadening out their minds adapt themselves to as liberal a view of the World's History as is possible. They should no longer regard the battle of Marathon, merely as fought in Greece, 490 B. C.—Miltiades victorious over the Persians—but should also take into consideration the motives which prompted the Persian invasions, the worth and environments of the two opposing races, and the effect on our civilization; traceable to this defeat of the Persians.

The practical advantages derived from the study of history are many and valuable. It is absolutely essential to a liberal education; indispensable to statesmen, generals and literary men, and an unquestioned asset to the conversational powers of every one.

As has been amply and sometimes painfully proved, a large percentage of our high school pupils do not know

* This is the third and last of our series of articles on different school studies. What do you think of the plan? Do you think it worth continuing? Save your opinion for next year's staff.

even the essentials of geography. Specific instances of this deplorable state of affairs were given some time ago by pupils in the Senior American History Class, of whom one stated that Chesapeake Bays is somewhere in Asia Minor, and another declared that Charleston Harbor is in Chesapeake Bay. Historical research, through its auxiliary map-work, offers such students a much needed opportunity to brush up on their geography.

In conclusion allow me to say that though I can not offer, like my chemistry friend, any concrete example of men who made commercial fortunes from the study of history, yet if fame derived through literary efforts and excellent statesmanship, and benefits conferred upon man's progress count for anything, then the study of history must take precedence in all our educational institutions.

Walter T. Kenney, '12.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST

1912

On April Fool's Day	DURANT S. CURRIER
The Land of the Midnight Sun	ELEANOR S. HATCH
Her Fate	ABEL E. LANDALL
Fooled	GEORGE PERCY
The Usual Way	HELEN A. A. WOODMAN

1913

A Hard Day for Mary	DORIS DEVEREAUX
The Lucky Seventh	JOHN K. FLEMING
The Good Luck Fire	M. McCONNELL
The Highwayman	RALPH STILES

1914

A Fish Story	D. E. BILLINGS
The Gray Glove	MARION EVELYN BUSHEE
The Terrors of the Deep	B. LOUISE HATCH
Yarns	LAURA ROBINSON

1915

"If"	ANNA M. DONOVAN
Dialogue Between Two "Fans" at a Ball Game	PERCY JOHNSON
Trolley Scenes	MINERVA M. MUNDLE
The Moonrise	ALICE G. READ
After the Phantom	R. S. SMITH

A FRIEND



What is the matter with the Athletic Association of this school? Instead of the membership list growing larger, it has decreased. Perhaps in the last number of the "*Clarion*" you notice directions: "How to kill a School Paper." Well, in this case the killing has been executed, and in grand style. Last year there were 210 members against 141 this year; that is a very poor showing for a school of this size. Some one murmurs from behind: "Well, we don't get a show; it's only a certain bunch that gets everything," but let it be known that it is that certain bunch that "sticks." Many promising fellows have been out for different teams; they stay around for a few days, practice a little, and that is all. They complain outside that they are not given a chance and that there are favorites, but never go up to the one in charge and ask for an explanation or tell him what they are out for, or what they would like to do. The coach can't go to each one separately. He looks after those who show most interest and let him know they are interested. That's his business and what he is engaged

We assure you that he will glad-
his part provided that each one
out his end properly.

As for the young ladies who are members, and who derive no benefit whatever, the association thanks them most heartily for their kind support.

BASEBALL.

Under the supervision of Coach McCarthy, the baseball season opened, and much promising material was displayed. The first game was with Malden and the score was 12 to 5 in their favor. Although the game was lost, the new recruits showed ability, which needs stiff practice to bring out.

ARLINGTON 2, MELROSE 6.

The second game was lost to Melrose at Arlington by the score 2 to 6. This poor showing was caused by the absence of veteran players, errors, and poor judgment. A little application to lessons would remove the first cause.

ARLINGTON 6, WOBURN 5.

On April 24th the first league game was played at Woburn and won. New life was put into the team by the return of several of the old guard, whose experience steadied and aided the newer players. General good playing characterized the game.

TRACK.

An interclass meet was held on Spy Pond field, Friday, April 26th, by the High School. The great number and interest of the participants made this event very exciting from beginning to end. The stars of the meet were W. Reycroft and G. Goldsmith. The course of the events was as follows.

100 Yard Dash.

Won by W. Reycroft, '13.
Second, L. Cousens, '13.
Third, A. Smith, '12.

220 Yard Dash.

Won by W. Reycroft, '13.
Second, Cousens, '13.
Third, Adams, '15.

440 Yard Dash.

Won by Reycroft, '13.
Second, Adams, '15.
Third, Landall, '12.

880 Yard Run.

Won by Landall, '12.
Second, Goldsmith, '14.
Third, Zwinge, '15.

1 Mile Run.

Won by Goldsmith, '14.
Second, Maclean, '13.
Third, Sinclair, '14.

2 Mile Run.

Won by Goldsmith, '14.
Second, Zwinge, '15.
Third, Adams, '15.

High Jump.

Won by Ober, '12.
Second, Jardine, '12.
Tie between Smith, '12 and Rowse, '13 for third.

Broad Jump.

Won by Adams, '15.
Second, Jardine, '12.
Third, Rowse, '13.

Shot Put.

Won by Plaisted, '12.
Second, Chaves, '13.
Third, Lowe, '13.

120 Yard Low Hurdles.

Won by Rowse, '13.
Second, Adams, '15.
Third, Jardine, '12.

Relay Race.

Won by 1913.
Second 1912.
Third 1914.

Score	1912	1913	1914	1915
100 yards.....	1	8	0	1
220 yards.....	0	8	0	1
440 yards.....	1	5	0	3
880 yards....	5	0	3	1
1 mile.....	0	3	6	0
2 mile.....	0	0	5	4
Broad Jump.....	3	1	0	5
High Jump.....	5½	½	0	3
Hurdles	0	5	0	0
Shot Put	5	4	0	0
Relay	3	5	0	0
Total	23½	39½	14	17

HOCKEY.

Melrose 1, Arlington 0.

The last league game, with Melrose, closed the hockey season for Arlington.

The game was played at the Arena and was attended by a record crowd from each school, who cheered their team and opponents again and again, till the building rang with the outburst. Arlington expected great things of its team, but unfortunately, it was an off day for some of the Arlington

players, who failed to live up to expectations.

There are many things to be remembered about this game; the wonderful goal tending of "Dave" Buttrick, to whom the whole school should make a low bow of appreciation for holding down what might have been a fabulous score: "Brainy" Bower's excellent playing, till he was disabled, and the noble efforts of the rest of the team and substitutes. Last of all do not forget that it took three over time periods to decide the fate of Arlington's crack team.

The lineup:

Arlington	Melrose
Landall f f.	Lately
Ross Blair, f. f.	Wolley
Bower, f. f.	Harrison
Perey W. Reyeroff, f . . f.	Wanamaker
Cousens, cp cp.	Cochrane
Lowe, p p.	Brady
Buttrick, g. g.	Giles

The hoekey games with Lexington and Woburn were not of very great interest. The first was defeated by the score of 18 to 0; the latter was beaten 12 to 0. These are both record scores.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A banquet was given to the hockey team by Capt. Lewis Cousens at his home. It was a most charming affair, and was enjoyed very much by those present. After the feast each member signed his name to the menu cards, which made unique souvenirs. The performing of tricks, telling of stories, and singing ended the happy evening.

PLAY.

A most interesting Musieal Faree written by Louis Ross was given for the

benefit of the Athletic Association at Cotting hall, April 18th. The music was written by Harrie Dadmun and Chaves, and the lyrics by D. Currier, L. Ross and W. Reyeroff. An appreciative audience attended, and showed by their frequent and enthusiastic applause, that they were enjoying every hit of the show. The hits of the evening were George Lowe and W. Reycroft, in their respective roles. The rest of the cast were also very good. Great credit is due to Miss Lowe, to whose coaching the show owes its great success.

Characters.

"Doc." Baeon, a Young Medical Student	John Colbert, '12
Bill Turner, Somewhat Lazy,	
	Harrie Dadmun, 12
Raleigh Ripley, A College Grind,	
	George Lowe, '13
Ned Randall, the Brains of the Room-Mates.	H. Buttrick, 13
Bob Foster, A Jolly Sport,	
	Louis Ross, '13
Mr. Randall, Ned's Father,	
	Merry Chaves, '13
Lillie Randall, Ned's Sister,	
	Wendall Reycroft, '13
Sam Wheezer the Janitor,	
	Arthur Smith, '12

Scenes:

Act I, A College Dormitory,	Morning
Act II, A College Dormitory Room,	
	A Day Later
Act III, A College Dormitory Room.	Afternoon of Same Day

Musical Numbers.

I.

Sung by Bill
Music by Dadmun, words by Ross

Goblin SongSung by Sam
 Music by Chaves, words by Ross.
 Did He Know ThatSung by Bob

II.

I Had But Fifty Cents ..Sung by Ned

III.

InsufficiencySung by Sam
 Music by Chaves, words by Reyeroft
 Is It Right....Duet by Lillie and Bob
 Music and words by Chaves
 Red and GreySung by Cast
 Music by Chaves, words by Reyeroft

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL A. A.

February 1, April 22, 1912.

Receipts.

From Refreshments\$283.70
 From "Cub Reporters" 75.65
 From Dues 2.30

Total Receipts\$361.65

Expenses.

Deficit, Feb. 1st\$ 11.21
 For Refreshments 246.14
 For Hockey 19.00
 For Brine & Co. 9.18
 For Read & Sons 8.40
 For Postage & Tel. 2.60
 For Printing & Stat. 7.50
 For Sundries 10.92
 For Baseball 3.25

Total Expense\$318.20

Bal. on hand, Apr. 23rd....\$ 43.45

Exchanges: Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH,

Treasurer.

I find the above report correct.

F. C. MITCHELL,

Auditor.

EXCHANGES.

The *Herald*—Holyoke High School, contains three excellent stories, two of which received Honorable Mention in the *Herald* Prize Story contest. The Society and Athletic notes are well written.

The *Edward H. S. Oracle*—Edward Little High School, is one of the best of our Exchanges. The stories are all unusually good and the locals clever. The Astrologess must have caused a great deal of time as well as ingenuity. The Exchanges are too brief.

The *Pioneer*—Reading High School, "Musician to Her Majesty," "Twins," and "Hannah Wood's Story," are very good stories.

The *Red and Black*—Stevens' High School. Your literary department is exceedingly short. The Alumni notes are good.

The *Holten*—Danvers High School. The literary department is excellent. The Exchange column is good and your cuts are clever.

The *Aegis*—Beverly High School. Your paper is conspicuous for it's absence of cuts. The Exchanges are excellent and the "Efficient Man," is a very instructive essay.

Latin Teacher translating: "Tell me, thou slave, where is thy horse?"

Student: "In my pocket, but I'm not using it."

Professor—"A fool can ask a good many questions a wise man can't answer."

H.—"I wonder if that's why I flunked in the Exam."—*Ex.*



ENGLISH CLUB REPORT.

The fourth regular meeting of the English club this year was held Monday afternoon, February 26th in the Assembly hall. Miss Cotton was the presiding officer.

An amendment was made to the constitution changing the day on which the meetings are held from the first Monday to the last Monday of the month.

Miss Cotton had a delightful Dickens's afternoon planned with original dramatizations from David Copperfield and the Pickwick Papers. The persons taking part were:

"David Loses His Fortune"

"Our Housekeeping."

Currier '12 David Copperfield
Miss Read '13 Dora
Miss Reid '13 Julia Mills

"Mrs. Bardell's Mistake."

H. Holt '13 Mr. Pickwick
Miss Bateman '13 Mrs. Bardell
W. Burke '14 Master Bardell
O. Holt '13 Mr. Snodgrass
W. Reycroft '13 Mr. Truman
L. Rimbach '14 Mr. Winkle
A. Wunderlich '13 Sam Weller

"Breach of Promise Case."

J. Eberhardt '12 Elder Weller
W. Kenney '12 Judge
J. Fleming '13 Sergeant Buzfuz
Miss M. Bullard '13 Mrs. Cluppins
P. Johnson '15 Jury

Appropriate setting and costumes added much to the pleasure of the performances.

Dickens characters were planned by Miss D. Billings '14 in which members of the club took part. They proved very ingenious and were guessed by the audience to be "Oliver Twist," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Bleak House."

Miss Winn '12 read a paper: "An Appreciation of Dickens," which was interesting and helpful.

The musical part of the program consisted of a piano solo by H. Peterson '15, piano duet by Miss Young '13 and O. Holt '13, and a vocal solo by Miss Hill '13. These selections were greatly enjoyed.

Miss Cotton is heartily to be congratulated on the success of her meeting.

A meeting of the English club was held Monday the 25th of March at half

past three. Eberhardt '12 presided as leader and Miss McLelland '12, acted as critic.

The chief feature of the meeting was a talk on: "The School Paper," given by Miss Angell, who is a graduate of Somerville high school. This proved to be interesting and instructive, and although our paper has few of the faults which she named, we realize that there is always room for improvement.

The next number on the program was a Travel Talk Contest in which Miss Darling '13, Miss M. Billings '15, and Cameron '12 took part. Miss Darling took us to Mexico by means of a very interesting description; Miss Billings went on a world-wide tour, and was enchanted by moonlight scenes in Venice, in Rome and in India. Cameron went on a honeymoon trip to Saint Petersburg. Under the circumstances he was able to give us a fairly good description of the streets, stores and hotels and the club awarded to him the vote for the best Travel Talk. All, however, were good and attentively listened to by the club.

Choice sketches by the "Kitchen orchestra," led by Sanford '12, lightened the program, and we are sure they were heartily appreciated.

The meeting adjourned at 4:45 o'clock.

Margaret Birch,
Secretary.

INTER-CLUB MEETING.

On Monday, April 29th, at half past three, a joint meeting of the High School clubs was held under the auspices of the English Club. All the members of the clubs were invited to be present, and also the parents and

friends outside the school. Sanford '12 was the presiding officer.

The meeting was opened with a selection by the Orchestra Club. Then the German Club took the floor. A selection from "Wilhelm Tell," was given by Miss Alsen '14, and a selection from "Jungfrau von Orleans," was given by Miss Tuttle '12. These were excellently recited in German and were much appreciated by the audience. A quartette composed of Miss Eggleston, Miss M. Bullard, O. Holt and G. Miller, sang: "Die Wacht am Rhein," and Miss Eberhardt closed the German exercises with the recitation, "Die Lorelei."

Next, the Science Club was represented by Messrs. Dallin and Evelth, who gave a splendid demonstration of wireless telegraphy. They had complete apparatus on hand, and from time to time received genuine messages which greatly interested the audience, one being from the Highland Light Station, Cape Cod, and the other from an outward bound vessel in Boston Harbor.

The Glee Club then gave two selections conducted by Miss McIntosh. This formed a pleasing contrast to the lecture.

After a second well-applauded selection by the orchestra Miss Lowe, for the English Club, read Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," which was illustrated with tableaux arranged by Misses Eleanor Hatch, Louise Bateman and Harriet Bullard.

These were enthusiastically received, and well they might be for they showed great artistic talent and keen appreciation of the beauty of the poems, in their fine arrangement and lovely settings.

The following participated in the

tableaux: Misses Dorothy Bateman, Helene Darling, Alice Cotton, Maria Allen, Margaret Burns, Edith McClare and Dorothy Munch. Some delightful little children were brought in to appear in several of the tableaux.

Punch and home made candy were served by the English Club during the social time following the program. The attendance was all that could have been desired and the afternoon was a great success.

Margaret Birch,
Secretary.

GERMAN CLUB.

For the February meeting of the German Club, Mr. Smith succeeded in securing Mr. Professor Luetge, the German exchange teacher of Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H., who spoke to us in German and told us about the German school system and the courses taken in the German schools. He spoke slowly and distinctly which enabled us to understand the most of what was said.

We hope to have Professor Luetge speak to us again either in the latter part of May or the earlier part of June.

The March meeting was given up so that the members of the club might attend a lecture on German by Mr. Newman, give in Jordan Hall.

Helen R. Woodman.

SCIENCE CLUB.

C. Hilliard '12 opened the meeting of the Science Club, Thursday, February 29th, '12, in Cotting Hall. He announced that B. Dallin '11 would give a brief talk on "Wireless Telegraphy," assisted by H. Eveleth '13. The subject although difficult and somewhat

complicated proved interesting, and showed a studied knowledge of the subject.

Miss Breed '15 read a paper on "The Formation of Glaciers," which was followed by a "Comparison of Rivers and Glaciers," by R. Hall '15. We next learned some information about the past geological history of our town from Miss Gray '15, who read from "The Geology of Arlington."

The third number on the program was an illustrated lecture on "Glaciers" given by Mr. John F. Scully. We were shown parts of Switzerland, Lake Lucerne, Mt. Blanc, and "Le Mer de Glace." There is hardly much need to speak of the interest and enthusiasm shown by the fifty-two students present in this part of the program, for Mr. Scully made his short talk very interesting indeed, and the Science Club appreciated it very much.

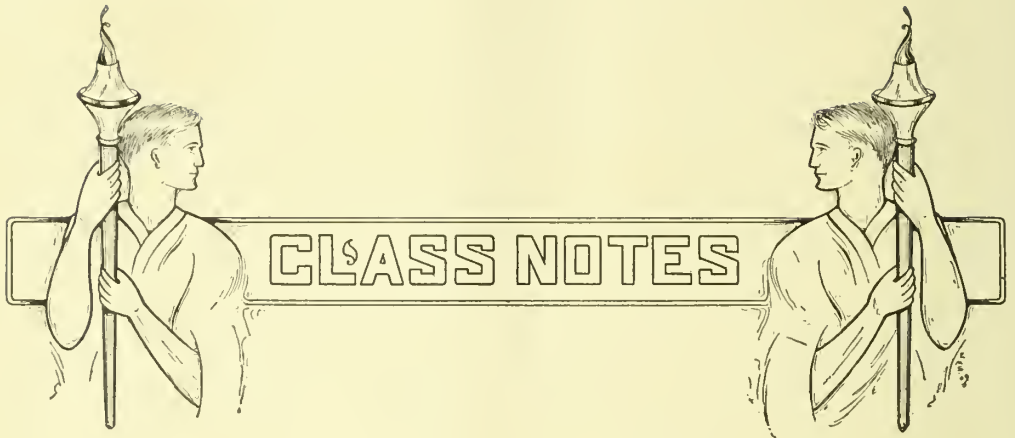
S. Ober '12, was unanimously elected chairman of the next meeting.

A meeting of the Science Club was held in the Physical Laboratory, April 15, 1912. There were not so many students present as usual, but those there enjoyed the following program:

- I. "Carbon Dioxide,"
Miss D. Munch '13
- II. "Respiration in Plants"
G. Kimball '14
- III. "The Mill and the Leaf,"
(comparison) . . . M. Crocker '13
- IV. "Bacteria as Fertilizer,"
Mr. G. Miller '14
- V. "Distillation," (an experiment) T. Bell '11
- VI. "Surveying"

Owing to the absence of S. Ober '12,

(Continued on page 24)



1912.

IF?

Teacher, "Why isn't your work done, H—rt—n?"

H—rt—n, "I couldn't make my brain move."

Teacher, "Was it a case of large bodies moving slowly?"

Heard in Latin: "Dido was seen going along a dark road, unchaperoned."

Shocking!

The time was 12:57 and thoughts turned toward the noonday repast. The English teacher asked—"What was Milton's reason for writing 'Lycidas'?"

P——unexpectedly replies, "Yes."

"I wasn't asking you to dinner," retorted the teacher.

Latin: "He made a great display of his face."

Wonder who it was.

Use St-c's Court Plaster. Infallible for cuts, bruises, and chronic conversation.

In Latin: Miss T—, (adgnosco veterio vestigia flammae.)

"I recognize the footsteps of an old flame."

Tell us who it is, Rachel.

Now wouldn't it be funny
If Eberhardt should start
And leave his trigonometry
To take a course in Art?

If Plaisted rose, when called upon,
From off the wooden bench,
And won a prize for talking
To Professor Pape in French?

And in the course of these spring
months,

If Horton rose to fame,
By making hits with bases full
And saving a league game?

If Currier renounced the stage,
And never acted more?
And Percy, on a windy day,
Should lose his pompadour?

If Ober, in a pensive mood,
Should write some poetry,
Instead of lengthy treatises
On electricity?

If the "Clarion" held an auction
And all back numbers sold,
And Taylor got seven fifty
For a copy two years old?

If Dalton couldn't find the "ads."
To make the staff look blue
By cutting down the pages,
From twenty-nine to two?

Well, probably these crazy things
Will none of them come true.
But, if they did, they'd make us laugh
Now, don't you think so too?

1913.

The Juniors appreciated the kind invitation to the lecture on Marblehead, but wondered if the Historical Society realized how much of that sort of thing the class already had.

Teacher of mathematics:—"Of course you know what that is, but a little later on you won't know." Encouraging prospect! But not so bad as this:—"The more one works, the less one succeeds." That's what our French teacher tells us.

On being questioned as to the punctuation of a certain sentence, one fair pupil blithely remarked that she would put a period at the end of time.

German II A: Teacher:—"Name the different classes of impersonal verbs."

Pupil:—"Pure, impure, and those that are neither pure nor impure."

Extracts from Junior English papers in which they are doing the "*Spectator*" act in an imaginary local paper:

"The public will please keep off the lawns about the High School. Those lawns are for the use of the pupils."

"The joint meeting of the Clubs was fine, but—'O you fake messages.' How ever we see that, 'the Wizard' has received his license."

"The sudden influx of candidates for membership in the English Club was astonishing: we are glad to get some more victims into our clutches. (Was it the punch and home-made candy that did it?)

"Notice: We Juniors hire children under seven years of age for our stage. Keep it dark; don't let the police get hold of it! The children must be absolutely fearless and warranted not to howl when placed in a cradle, even if there is a bump or two."

"What we want to know is: *Who made that punch?*"

1914.

English II. D.

Miss L. who had just read a "Clarion," theme asked: "How do you like that story?"

Complimentary pupil: "Fine! It was also read very well!" (Somebody blushed!)

Master M. saw Java flow from Mt. Vesuvius.

History II. A.

L. R. said Caesar had gall (Gaul) for five years! No slang allowed in school!

Latin II.

...sed tristis capite demisso terram intueri. (but sadly, with bowed heads, they gazed upon the ground.)

Miss Y—but with their heads above water, they saw land. It must have been a shipwreck.

Master R's becoming poetical, for he says the wind *sighs* through the masts of the Roman ships.

Miss P. declares that Caesar carried away the tenth legion on horseback.

Genius burns in this class; sometimes it burns so loudly that Miss R. says she will have to get an alarm bell to quiet it. All the better; it will add a little more noise!

French II.

Master S. translating in a high, thin voice: "*Me voici*," "Me here!"

Even the sophs. get brilliant sometimes. Who is the budding genius that wrote these quaint lines?

Turn failure into victory.

Do not let your courage fade;
If you're handed a lemon,
Why, just make the lemon-aide.

1915.

Physical Geography.

Miss B.—"Name another important continent."

Miss C.—"Switzerland."

Miss B.—"What is water composed of?"

Master H.—"Air and earth."

"Oh! Oh!" Only Miss G.—shrieking when a mouse ran across the floor in Room 11.

English.

Miss W.—"What is the meaning of the verb, augur?"

Master H.—"A tool."

Master H.—(correcting a sentence:)
"He took the girl away and stabbed her in the distance."

Bright Pupil—"He then told her he was him."

In the background was some hills, all around of which trees were growing, also a mountain. (From a description of a hay-field.)

The following is a quotation from Lowell's, "Vision of Sir Launfal," written from memory by a very bright pupil.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth to see if it be
in tone.

And all things in softness lays.

Barren days are forgotten

And the green hills and valleys take
their place.

Riches and money ill-begotten

Are to this month of sunshine, a men-
ace;

Beautiful cowslips peep slowly forth
from out of the ground

And beautiful Nature is without a rival
or a branch;

And in the early morning tale

A beautiful bird beside his mate

He sings to the wide world—and she
to her nest

In the nice ear of Nature, which song
is the best?

Ye gods! It's enough to make Low-
ell turn in his grave!

(Continued from page 21)

Miss Flewelling, presided over the meeting. E. Mead '14, was chosen chairman for the next meeting.

Ruth K. MacLelland '12.

GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club gave a concert in Cotting Hall, April 12, 1912. The club was assisted by Miss McIntosh, Miss Fish, Miss Lowe and Miss Young.

After the concert, dancing was enjoyed.

Juliet Stacy, Secretary.

TUFTS COLLEGE

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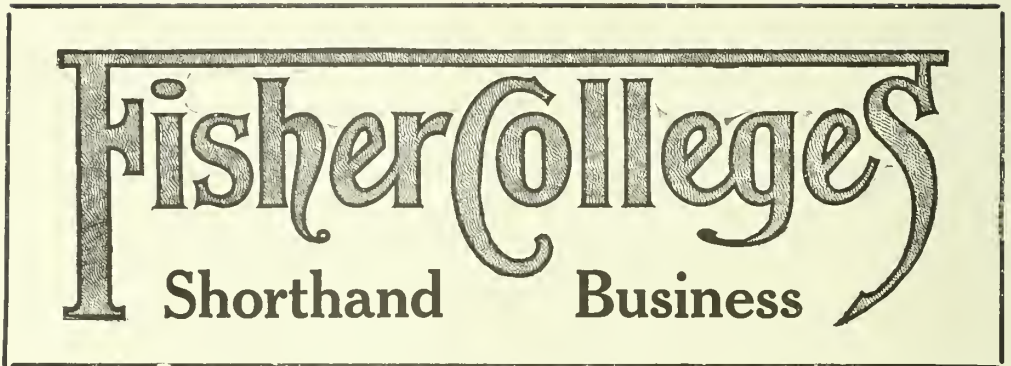
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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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ARLINGTON, MASS., JUNE, 1912

No. 5

THE CLARION

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EDITORIALS

What a glamour hangs about that word: "Graduation!" What a glorious, never-to-be-forgotten event it has always seemed. Yet, after all, how does it differ from those many other upward steps which have brought us thus far on our life-journey? What is it but a mere shift of scenery, after which our climbing must go on as before? The progress we have made in school is but one stage in the progress which must continue through life. Thus the same will to strive toward higher things is needed by you who linger a little longer in the happy companionship of the school-

and by us who now take leave of one another to continue our work in different fields. May you who remain grow day by day to fill a larger place in the life of the school. May this paper, through your efforts, reach a far higher standard than ever before. May our school itself have an influence even more helpful than in the past. And may we who go on never let the dustiness of the way steal from our sight the heights beyond towards which we have set out.

The French play: "*L'Ete de la Saint Martin*," given on the evening of May

17, proved to be very successful. It held the interest of a fairly large audience throughout the evening, and fully accomplished its main purpose, to give our French students—both those who took part in it and those who listened—an understanding of the spirit of the language better than can be gained from ordinary class-room work. Those who participated and M. Pape and Miss Trask, who trained them, may feel well repaid for their work by the real benefit which they gave.

The cast was as follows:

Briqueville Bertram Dallin
 Noel John Fleming
 Adrienne Ethel Eggleston
 Mme. Lebreton Harriet Bullard
 Domestique Wilton Jardine

There were several other numbers in addition to the play, and each contributed to make the program an interesting one. Among them were the following:

Piano Solos.

La Lionjera Chaminade
 Mlle. Munch.

Polonaise Militaire Chopin
 M. Dadmun.
 Recitations.

La Cigale et la Fourmi . . . La Fontaine
 Mlle. Bateman.

Le Corbeau et le Renard . . La Fontaine
 M. Horton.

Adieux de Marie Stuart . . . Beranger
 Mlle. Burtt.

Songs.

Souvenance Chateaubriand
 Ma Normandie Birat
 Milles. Clare. Leonard. Bullard. Burtt.

On May 29th, the veterans of the Grand Army were once more our guests at exercises in observance of Memorial Day. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Scully, and each of the veterans addressed us briefly. There was also some music by a chorus of Sophomores, and by one of Juniors and Seniors. Only three of the old soldiers could be present, but their words left us with a truer understanding than before of that great struggle about which we may hear many times, but never without a new feeling of gratitude for the work done in the past, and of inspiration for the work to be done by us in the future.

Owing to the shortening of the Graduation program, we are able to include in this number several papers in addition to the regular Graduation parts.

Have you solved Miss Winn's enigma in last month's "*Clarion*"? It was a very ingenious piece of work. If you haven't seen it, stop right here and try to work it out, for here is the solution: "Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path."

Graduation Exercises

Thursday Evening, June 20, 1912, Town Hall, Arlington

CLASS MOTTO

"They who believe, achieve.—*Kaufmann.*"

PRAYER.

REV. FREDERICK GILL

"*Unfold Ye Portals*" - From "The Redemption"

CHORUS OF SEVENTY

Class Exercises

(a) Salutatory - - - F. LEO DALTON

(b) Our Motto - - - WALTER M. HORTON

"*The Knight and the Yeoman*" - - - *Nichol*

SENIOR CHORUS — MELODY IN TENOR

(c) Prophecy - - - MARGARET P. BIRCH

"*Carmena*" - - - - - *Wilson*

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(d) Valedictory - - - ALICE M. BURTT

a. "*Lovely Night*" - From "The Tales of Hoffman"

b. "*It Is Good to be Alive*" - - - *Fairland*

SENIOR SEMI-CHORUS

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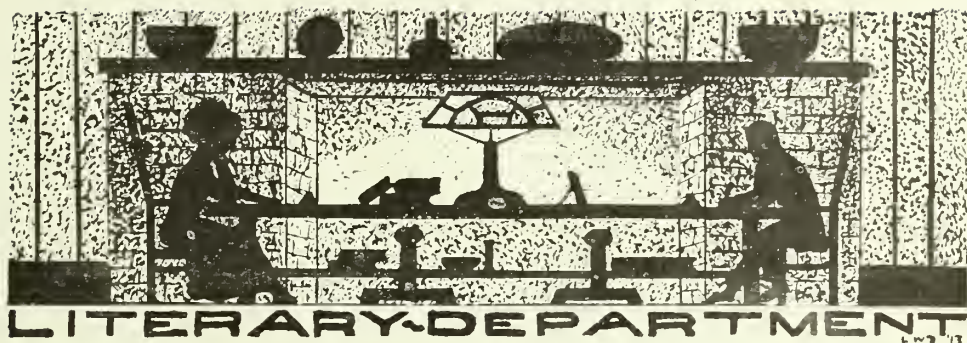
"*Excelsior*" - - - - - *Schnecker*

Graduates



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ELEANOR BISBEE
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CLARA LOUISE WHITE
JAMES ALFRED WIGGINS
EDITH NEWCOMB WINN
OLIVER WISWALL WOOD
HELEN AUGUSTA WOODMAN



The Literary Department includes in this number the four graduation parts and other senior papers. The group of monologues and the blank verse were written for a competitive recital of original selections.

THE GRADUATION PARTS

SALUTATORY.

Friends of the Arlington High School and of the Class of 1912: in behalf of the graduating class I extend to you most cordial greetings to these exercises.

This experience is old yet always new to the participants. Every moment is big with meaning. We feel sure of your sympathy and interest, since most of you recall vividly, at this time, a similar experience in your own lives. Many of you have graduated from this same dear old school.

Among the younger of the alumni, we think of four who really belong to 1912 but who stole a march on the rest of us and received their diplomas a year ago; tonight two others, after a full year's work in higher institutions, are here to receive their diplomas together with us. Ambition was rampant in our class, as you see.

However, even our self-confidence falters a little as we ask ourselves: "Are we ready for the future upon which we

are this night entering?" In former years the saying was current that the school fits for life. Commenting on this on more than one occasion, our Principal has said that it not only fits for life but that it *is* life, a very real and pleasant and profitable part of our actual lives; and thus we have found it throughout our course, in the various activities of the school. We feel that our experience has been life itself, that we have met and mastered difficulties as they arose; therefore, we may feel confident that we are prepared to meet the conditions of a new environment to compete with others who mean to win, to struggle successfully with others who love to struggle.

That our class exercises may meet with your approval, that the orator of the evening may bring inspiration to you as well as to us, and that your good wishes may attend us as the evening draws to a close, is the wish of the Class of 1912.

OUR MOTTO.

To win, to achieve—what man has lived since the world began who has not had that desire in his heart? Whether for crowns and wreaths or dollars and cents, whether for much or for little, whether nobly or selfishly, we all strive toward some goal of achievement.

We who tonight step out into a wider range of activity are also anxious to achieve, and achieve great things—who ever heard of a class that was not? That is why the motto we have taken is so fitting, for it is one which points out the secret of achievement. "To believe," it says, "is to achieve."

That seems a rather amazing thing to say. Can it mean that because we graduates are brimful of hope, and believe that we are to do a great work in the world, therefore all our rosy dreams will crystallize into facts? No, not that, however much we might wish it. Can it mean that if a man plunges with reckless confidence into a great undertaking, he is sure to succeed? Far from that. It means that every worth-while task is to be taken up in a spirit of hope—not shirked because its completion seems hopeless—and that it is to be carried on with unwavering assurance of success—not given up because one's efforts seem unsuccessful. And then, will the fulfillment always come? No. Until ideals are all realized, until all dreams come true, so long will men strive for what they cannot attain. Yet who would have it otherwise! The hope of success leads on to higher things than success itself can give. Whether or not he reaches the goal, he who believes achieves.

Now we of the Class of 1912 stand ready to prove the truth of the motto

we have chosen. The final evidence will come in the work which we do—and the way we do it. I don't know what the nature of that work will be. Some of us perhaps, will struggle up to the point where the world will recognize our achievements. If we do, it will be because we have striven on with a spirit of steadfast confidence. That is the spirit which has won in the past. That is what has brought to pass the things which have counted. That is what has woven the fabric of history, and laid the foundations of civilization. But not all of us will have our efforts honored with fame, or even with notice. A very good thing that it's so. The world needs good farmers and housekeepers as much as great statesman and philosophers. Whatever may be the form of work that we choose, we know that if we pursue it hopefully and happily to the end, we shall have achieved that which is most worth while, for what else can measure up to that crowning achievement, a life well-lived? And what is it to live well but to do faithfully the work which is given to us, doing our share toward making the world just a bit better than before.

 PROPHECY.

The Class of 1912, deeply appreciative of your presence here this evening, has decided to take you into its confidence. The little tree which you see here is a magic tree, the gift of our fairy godmother. On the leaves are the secrets of our future, as yet unknown to all. With a wave of her wand it appeared, and in a brief quarter-hour from the moment of the detachment of the first leaf, the tree will disappear. Re-

membering the forlorn plight of Cinderella, who thoughtlessly disregarded the capricious command of the fairy god-mother to depart at twelve o'clock, in accordance with the wish of the class, I will now proceed to detach the leaves and read with all haste lest the appointed moment come and go, leaving still some precious secrets undivulged.

Anna A. Ahern—Artist of international repute. Her companion pictures of the North pole and South pole are as much in vogue as: "Wide Awake," and "Fast Asleep," used to be. (Annie was always sure of three A's on her card, beside the one in music. There's something in a name.)

Eleanor Bisbee:

Behold the learned Eleanor,

In journalism engrossed.

Confess, O high-browed maiden,

Do you know bread from toast?

Margaret Burns:

In the good old days at High School
In daylight she used to toil;
But now that she's in Simmons
Margaret Burns midnight oil.

Elizabeth Burns:

Here's to Elizabeth—

First in athletics,

First at the polls,

First in the White House.

Alice Burt:

Girl with the eyes of a startled faun,
And voice of an evening breeze,
You're going to take the world by storm,
When the world your beauty sees.

Sara Callahan:

In a far-off land of rubber trees
Where the monkeys swing on vines,
And the flowers perfume every breeze,
She's converting human minds.

Minnie Christenson:—Her pets are bees; her honey the best on the market. (Minnie was always a sweet child.)

Mary Cody: Mary's successful lectures on the destruction of the fly were followed by a series on the destruction of the germ. The war cry is now: "Swat the Germ."

John Colbert: The good die young, but John will live to a ripe old age and make his mark as a comedian.

Alice Cotton:

A chubby darling, baby wise,

Smiles into Mother Alice's eyes.

Phyllis Crosby:

'Mid clover fields and new-mown hay
Phyllis and Thyrsis (?) dwell for aye.

Mary Crowley:

Mary, in her studies, was never known
to shirk.

Now she's very busy, in city settlement
work.

Lillian Crowe:

Proposed to at a tender age,

She quite disdained a beau,

And now she's granted suffrage,

So Lillian can Crowe.

Durant Currier: Modern children enjoy "Father Gander," which has supplanted "Mother Goose," as a nursery book. Whether Durant's success lies with his illustrations of his jingles, grown-ups cannot decide.

Florence Dacey: She will make her fortune when she decides to reveal to womankind how she curls her hair.

Harrie Dadmun: Crossed in love he leaves dear old Arlington and goes to New York, where he lives nearly three days before he is smitten again with the pangs of first love.

Bertram Dallin: Combining his musical talent and his wireless telegraphy knowledge he will produce marvelous "wireless music," which will bring him at once fame and fortune.

Leo Dalton: The head of the heads

of the business firms of the United States. Offices in all the large cities.

Margaret Dempsey:

Peggy, Maggie, Margaret, Marguerite.
All these names sound very sweet.
But happy now she is, I ween.
To sign just "Mrs. Ima Dream."

Annie Dickson: Celebrated woman debater:

"Convince a woman against her will.
She's of the same opinion still."

Beulah Easter:

And she is famous for her sonnets?
Oh, no! she's trimming Easter bonnets.

John Eberhardt:

Only this and nothing more:

S.B.; A.B.; M.A.; LL. D.;

M.D.; D.D.; B.M.; F.I.C.

Helen Greene:

When Helen's hair begins to curl
'Tis said, she'll be a wealthy girl;
In France and Denmark she'll be seen,
Travelling in her limousine.

Eleanor Hatch: An Italian honeymoon—what bliss!

Elizabeth Healy: Healy's "*Health and Happiness*," is a book which should be in every home.

Clayton Hilliard: Hilliard the Bold—the first aviator to cross the Atlantic. Time 3 hours, 20 minutes, 40 seconds.

Walter Horton: Three times a widower he will become discouraged and devote his time to chemical research work.

Wilton Jardine: Bachelor Hall, despite the many fair maidens (brunette) who took advantage of Leap Year.

Mildred Jones: A renowned sculptor: she will win fame by modeling from memory a bust of Captain Smith, which will be placed in the Jamestown Library.

Annie Kelley: She will spend her life

on the Shakspeare—Bacon controversy. ("There is much to be said on both sides," as Sir Roger said.)

James Kelley: Uncertain. He can't decide whether to be an expert typewriter or a salesman for Fourpenny Classics, or Foreign Ambassador.

Walter Kenney: He will make himself the idol of the Arlington people by inventing a noiseless lawn mower. The original machine he will present to the Arlington High School.

Abel Landall:

Weary and bent, bald head and hook nose,

Worn to a shadow, buying her clothes.

Arthur Leary: He may be found in charge of the Swan Boats in the Boston Public Gardens. Six tickets for twenty-five cents.

James Lyons:

He used to be a jockey,

And at that he won his fame;

But now he's found his life-work

With little Lyons to tame.

Annie McArdle: By 1920 she will be the most perfect artist in the world. She will color all the seed catalogues in the country.

Annie McGrath: Sensation in New York circles. Millionaire Van De Pyle leaves fortune to his private secretary, Miss McGrath.

Kenneth McLean: as president of Jackson College, he is one of Arlington's most popular and esteemed citizens.

Ruth McLelland: Arlington district nurse.—Children cry for her.

Shatswell Ober:

If you wish to see the great world
And every possible scene,

Take a ride in that famous biplane
The "S. Ober" flying machine.

George Percy: One of the 400, and still unmarried. Every ambitious New York manna has designs on him.

Philip Plaisted: Philip will find his proper sphere starring as Prince Wee Wee in Barnum and Bailey's.

Frances Robbins: Poultry dealer. Fancy prices for Robbin's eggs.

Ruth Roop: Thrice married, her name reads thus: Ruth Roop Rollins Randall.

Eleanor Russell: Eleanor (nee Russell) from Chelsea precincts hails. She loves her little family, in which blonde hair prevails.

Jack Sanford: Erstwhile conductor of the A. H. S. Kitchen Orchestra, now director of the Royal Orchestra at Berlin. The ginger he formerly put in his ale, he now uses in swinging his baton.

Arthur Smith: The handsome meat cutter in Mr. Hutchinson's employ. We know at least one family which trades there invariably.

Juliette Stacey: New attraction at the Arlington Auditorium: Hear the 20th century Juliet sing: "O Romeo, Dear Romeo," to the tune of "Maryland, Sweet Maryland." Young men in the gallery are requested not to try to catch her eye, lest the prima donna have the giggles.

Miriam Stevens:

In her castle in Spain,

Serenaded each night

By her troubadour lover,

All is "sweetness and light."

Raymond Taylor: He will refuse the presidency of Technology, decline the honor of a congressional seat, and remain content to be known as "Wizard No. II, successor to Thomas Edison."

Sadie Tenneson: Trained in domes-

tic science at home and in college. Only blue eyed bachelors need apply.

Rachel Tuttle: Future Dean of Radcliffe. An honor to 1912.

Florence Webber: Successor to Madam Szumowska as concert player and lecturer. \$100 a night.

Blanche Whelpley: Children's entertainer. When your four-year-old has a party, procure her services and she will rival the ice-cream.

Clara White: The inevitable suffragette, arrested Monday, June 19, 1919, for throwing stones at the Arlington City Hall.

James Wiggins: A veritable Sir Roger with a charming country estate. (We'll come out for our twentieth reunion, James.)

Edith Winn: The accomplished aid to Mr. Burbank, has recently made good her name by inventing an odorless onion.

Oliver Wood: He will buy out Tiffany's shortly, and then, curiously enough, Wood diamonds and jewelry will be all the rage.

Helen Woodman:

Her fate without doubt will be that of the young lady from Lynn.

"Who was so exceedingly thin,

That when she assayed

To drink lemonade,

She slipped through the straw and fell in."

(We trust Helen will wear a life-preserver.)

VALEDICTORY.

Our four happy, happy years of High School life are over, and even those of us who have been most impatient for the future and all that it holds feel

a touch of sadness and a pull at the heart-strings tonight. We have formed friendships with one another which will stand the test of time; we clearly recognize now that our teachers have been all that the name implies,—instructors, counsellors, friends; our gratitude overflows as we think of our superintendent and principal and remember their untiring watchfulness over our every interest, their constant encouragement, and efforts to inspire us to the cultivation of sterling character and high achievement.

What a store of learning we ought to have after thirteen consecutive years of energetic attention to the acquiring of knowledge! Be that as it may, at least we believe that the foundation has been laid, broad and firm, for the structure of a worthy lifework and of true service to the world. Thus does satisfaction mingle with our regrets; we have let more than one opportunity escape us, we have been at times indifferent and unappreciative, but we have conquered many a difficulty and persevered, else we should not be here tonight.

"Dear old A. H. S.!" Our hearts will never fail to thrill in response to the strains of the school and field songs; and to you, who love the school even as we do, our fellow townsmen and members of the School Committee, the class of 1912 in its turn desires to pay its tribute of gratitude and honor.

And now indeed has come the moment for the last word. Dear classmates, teachers, leaders, friends, whatever lies beyond this veil of the future of which are so conscious on this occasion—as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one."

THE PICTURE MOTHER.

Back from a winding walk of sombre trees
Arose the granite walls of Brackley Hall,
A mansion, like its owners, dread severe.
Throughout its spacious rooms a loving girl,
The Baron's only daughter, Rosamond,
Had shed the sunshine of her merry heart,
'Till, summoned by the Baron, there
 had come,
To paint the portrait of fair Rosamond,
A youthful artist, still unknown to fame.
He painted her among her garden flowers,
Laughing and sporting with the butterflies,
When heart and life and all the world
 were May,
And as he painted her day after day,
Their simple friendship deepened into love.
So in the pictured face he put that love
With all the youthful ardor of his soul.
Then when his long and precious task
 was done,
He asked the Baron for his daughter's hand.
In rage the Baron scorned his humble state,
His lofty fancies, and his life of toil.
But Rosamond, preferring love to ease
Had married him against her father's will.
The Baron disinherited his child,
Banished her picture to a distant room,
Shut up his heart, and never smiled again.
For only six short years did Rosamond
Remain to give her happy, helpful lover

She died, and left a little crippled son
To be his father's only joy and care.
But soon the father followed Rosamond,
And little crippled Dick was left alone.

Then the old Baron took his daughter's
child,

Whose days were numbered, as the doctors
said,

And left him to the care of servitors.

So Dickie, like a flower in a cave,

That drooping, still will struggle toward
the light,

Pined in the gloomy house and groped
for love;

'Till one old servant of the Baron's staff,
Whose heart was still responsive to a
child's,

Led little Dickie to the distant room
Where the fair portrait of his mother
hung.

Then little Dick was happy from that
hour.

He daily to that room would go to play;
And merrily would sing a childish song,
A happy jumble of bright things and
gay.

Song.

The butterflies skip,
And the bumblebees hum,
And into the garden we come.
O, mother we'll dance
On a sun-shiny day,
And then with the birdies we'll play.

At night when the stars
With a wee, blinkie light,
Peep over the garden wall,
You'll stand by my bed
And watch over me.
I won't fear the darkness at all.

One day as Dickie by the picture stood,

A sunbeam, falling through a beveled
pane,

Had cast a rainbow on the child's fair
hands.

In pure joy he laughed—a bubbling
laugh,

Like singing water in a forest spring.

The Baron chancing by the door had
heard

The sound, and entering the room in
haste,

Beheld the hated picture and the child.
"Where did you learn of butterflies?"
he asked.

"My picture mother taught me," Dickie
said.

In anger then he summoned all his
house

And told them if again the child were
found

Within that room the picture would be
burned.

Now slowly, month by month, poor
little Dick

Grew weaker, sadder, and more pitiful.
Pining for want of mother love and
care.

The Baron's doctors shook their heads,
and said

That nothing could be done to save the
child.

So quietly upon his bed he lay
Watching the sunlight upon the walls.
And often he would try to sing again

"The butterflies skip,
And the bumble. . .

And then the plaintive song would die
away.

One day the kind old servant missed the
child,

And, hurrying fearful to the distant
room,

He found him there—a little lifeless
heap.

Fallen before his own dear mother's
feet.

With tender hands he raised the life-
less child,

And as he did, the picture mother
smiled.

ALICE M. COTTON, 1912.

MONOLOGUE—THE POINT OF VIEW.

(Mary Arnold to her mother at the
dinner table.)

"Quarter of two, and Max not home yet. Where can he be?—Nothing to keep him that I know of, except perhaps to practice cheers. There's a game this afternoon. I don't know where. I did know who it's with, but I've more lessons than usual because I missed my last study period. We had a lecture in the hall. Yes, it was—very interesting. It was on: 'The Relation of Health to Success.' The lecturer made it plain that if we expect to succeed, we must take care not to break down our health by keeping late hours, overeating, or dissipating in any way. I hope Max heard what he said about overeating. 'Whom the coat fits, let him put it on'—you know.

"Aside from the lecture my program was the same as usual; study first, English second, and so on.—In English? The 'De Coverley Papers.'—Yes, I do ever so much. At first I thought them rather uninteresting, but now that I've read them more carefully I can enjoy the quiet humor. Sir Roger is such a lovable, naive old man. But O mother! I met my Waterloo today in Algebra. Cloek examples, and they are awful! Did you ever have them when you were

in school? Well, you don't know what you escaped.

"Two o'clock! Crazy fellow, he evidently cares more about cheers than dinner. I have it. Here's the explanation. Jennie Garland stayed too. I'm wise Maxie. You can't fool your twin sister. Well, I'm going upstairs to study now. Don't let Max make you think he's been practicing cheers *all* this time, **mother**.

"Here he comes now, flying down the street like a lunatic—coat open, necktie flying,—he does wear such fiery ties,—and not a sign of a book. I'm *ghed*! I'm not a boy, aren't you. Mother?"

(Max to his mother.)

"Dinner ready? I'm famished. Oh, never mind about warming anything. Just on with it. I'm due on the field in fifteen minutes. Yes, I know I'm late, but I had to stay to practice cheers. Well, no, not *quite* all this time on cheers, but almost all. My books? Why today's Friday! Now ma, listen to reason. If I should study today, how much would I know by Monday? There are two days and a half between now and then. And I've a study period first thing Monday morning, and I can do them then. Only four, French, English, Algebra, and Latin.

"How did things go today? Same as usual. Oh no, I forgot. We had one variation,—exciting event,—lecture in the hall sixth period. My study period, of course. Interesting? Humph! just about as interesting as Unele Frank's sermons. I didn't listen to a bit of it. It was something about—er—business and overeating. I found the '*Clarion*' more to my taste. Not only then but in Eng-

lish class too. We're having the '*De Coverley Papers*, and they're dry. Really there's no sense to them. Catch me spending my precious time studying *those* things!—Don't begin to lecture me, 'I prithee,' for as soon as we have something worth studying I'll study, and you know, ma, I'm quite a shark at Algebra. We're having clock examples. They are bully.' May doesn't think so then? Well ma, she's only a girl. It takes a *boy* to do hard things, as I've said before.

"It's going to be a great game this afternoon. On the field, at three. Cambridge High. Sure we're going to win. (Prepares to leave the table.) Nope, nothing more, not another mouthful. I'm 'crop-full.' But Milton used that word, why shouldn't I? Yes he did,—in '*La Penser—*,' '*La Penser—*,' in one of his poems. I heard the Seniors reciting it.

(Calls up stairs) Hi there May, coming to the game?—Oh lessons! Gee whiz! Before I'd be a girl!"

A. M. B.

MONOLOGUE—THAT HISTORY

"It's just half-past two now, and I'm going to get right to work and put one solid hour on my history, and see if I can't really *know* it for once. (Doubtfully turning and returning pages of book.) I wonder what he gave us for a lesson. I meant to mark it. I never know where to begin or where to leave off. I suppose I ought to begin where we ended last time, (but I don't even know where that is,) and study the rest of the book; then I'd be sure to get it right. I can't seem to get hold of the

new fangled way of studying history by reading a half dozen authorities and then stopping. I forget it all. This is the way Mother learned History, and she knows a heap still.

Well, making a wild guess, I'll begin with Abe Lincoln, and study as far as I can. He was a dear old fellow anyway: I know I would have liked him if I had known him, so as long as I know a little something about him, probably this chapter will come easy to me. Let's see. (Reading.)

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809. He first lived in Indiana; then moved to Illinois."

Now I must see if I can look off the book and say that much.

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Illinois. Then he lived in Kentucky and er—Indiana. What *was* that date 16—? No, 17—? No, 18—? Oh dear, I knew I couldn't remember that date. I never could remember to keep dates in my mind, you know. When I was in the grammar school, (that was long ago,) I remember one day when the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing gaily—Oh fudge, I'm wandering from the subject. What was I talking about? Oh yes, Abe Lincoln. I was trying to think of that date. Well, I'll just take a peep at the book, then it will all come back to me. Our instructor says: "It's not what you learn, but what you remember that counts. I think that's a very clever remark. Now, I've gone and lost my place. Here it is. 1809—1809—1—8—0—9. I'll see if I can say the whole thing.

"Abraham Lincoln was born in—er 1809. (Ah, I got you, Steve!) in the state of—which was it, Indiana or

Kentucky? Oh, I'll have to look again. (Disgustedly.) It is neither; it's Kentucky! I'm afraid I'm not concentrating my mind very well. That reminds me—I heard someone say the other day that in High Schools nowadays, pupils were taught a conglomeration of everything and not much of anything.

"Algebra, for instance," he said, "what good does it do in after-life?" and he went on to wager that not five pupils that have graduated from our school during the last ten years, (those that didn't go to college of course) ever did a problem by algebra since. I thought of telling him what the Principal says, "Even if algebra doesn't come in handy afterwards, the pupil has at least learned the power of concentration." (Dreaming) I guess that's what's lacking in my anatomy,—the power of concentration.

Well, this isn't getting my history done. I guess I'll go and get an apple first. I like to be chewing on something while I'm studying. I can study a great deal easier and somehow I seem to remember better too. (Gets apple and comes back eating it.) These apples are great! Now I'm *ready* for some good stiff studying. Let's see, I was at Abe Lincoln. Poor old Abe is getting sadly neglected.

"Lincoln was born in Kentucky." (Ah, I must see if that is right). Yes, that's right. Now what *was* that date. I'll look it up again. Of course! 1809. I knew that all the time, but I just couldn't express myself. Those apples are sweet but they're so small; I guess I'll go and get another one. I wish they weren't away down cellar. I waste so much of my valuable time going after them. Sensible thing for me to do;

go away down cellar and then bring up only one small apple. Well, I'll hurry down and bring up a whole plateful; then I can go right ahead with my history. (Enter with several apples.) Now, I'm fixed for a while.

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809 (Hurrah!) in Kentucky, (Hurrah!) I've got it. They say that the minds that take longest to grasp a thing have it for good when they get it. I must have a mind like that—He lived first in Indiana and then in Illinois. I'm getting along fine, but knock on wood, (tapping forehead.) Don't brag, I've only just started. I don't want any more of these apples, do I? No, of course, I don't, I might like some cookies, however. (Come back with cookies.) These are good grandmother's cookies. I don't mean the kind that grandmother used to make, but that's just the name of them. I remember when I was a little girl, I used to go to see my grandmother every Saturday and she used to make cookies for me,—and one day when I was feeding the hens—(ha, ha, it was so funny.) I—wandering again, weary Willie. Back to history, foul fiend.

"His family was miserably poor, and Lincoln got very little education. Oh, here's Winnie coming. Hello, my friend. Have an apple or a cookie, or both? Then you must sit right down and keep quiet because I've made a new resolution, I'm going to *study* my history. Oh, you're going to do your own lessons? Well, I don't see what you brought them down here for, why didn't you do them at home? No, you needn't go, I didn't mean to be rude. But you know we've tried studying together before and never succeeded. But

it will be all right today because I simply *won't* talk. Now here goes. If I study out loud will it bother you any? No? That's good. I'll see if I know as far as I've gone.

"Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809. He lived first in Indiana and then moved to Illinois. His family was miserably poor and he went to school only about a year." (Lucky fellow!)—I do believe he would have felt truly sad if he had known he was making history for us poor posterity to worry over.

"Winnie, (suddenly) do you know what happened in class today? (Pause.) Well, you don't *have* to answer. You needn't pretend that you are so engrossed in your studies that you don't hear me. I know perfectly well you haven't any more power of concentration than I have. Well, (haughtily) I shall not trouble you again. What? got it done! Your shorthand? Why, don't you work quickly! Well, anyway, shorthand is easier than history. When it's done, it's done, that's all. You never know when your history is done. But now I'm bound I will put my mind on my history.

"Lincoln wrote his sums on a wooden shovel, then shaved off the surface so he could use it again. How unique! He was a clever man, was that Lincoln.

O Winnie, see who is going down the street! I don't like her new suit, do you? I don't think red is a very pretty color for a spring suit, do you? It isn't bad for winter but—well

"—he used to write his figures on a coal shovel and then shave them off so he could write some more in its place."

Finished your English! Say, I didn't know you were so smart. I never gave you due credit. I'll tell you what to do

now: go into the parlor and play that new piece you bought last week; I forget what you said the name of it is—Yes, that's it. I'll keep right on studying just the same. Be sure to leave the door open so I can hear you.

"Lincoln was first admitted to the bar in Illinois, was then elected into the legislature, then into Congress."

That *is* a pretty piece. I like the way she plays too. It sounds fine, but I mustn't waste any more time listening to it, although I can't help hearing it.

My goodness, that can't be Mother calling me so soon. Yes, it is. Set the table for supper! Why Mother, I can't yet. I don't know my history. Is it possible that it's quarter of five. I know, but I can't leave it till after supper. I have other lessons to do, and an hour's practising besides, but I suppose I'll have to if you say so, but really I ought not to. (Sadly). I've spent over two solid hours on that old history this lovely afternoon, and *now* I don't know it. I think it's awful mean to give us such long hard lessons. Well, I've done the best I could, that's all that is expected of anyone—I can't possibly spend any more time on it, and it isn't my fault if I don't know it. Just think, two solid hours of hard study and now I don't know it!

(Closes book with bang.)

ANNIE G. McGRATH, 1912.

MONOLOGUE—"BLISS TO BLISTER."

(Enter Harry with school-books, whistling. After putting books on desk he stops thinking, then turns and calls):

"Hey, ma, did Billy Simms say he

was going to the last dance at Thorton's with Fliss Reynolds?—Huh?—You're not sure? Well, I know he did! (With shrug of shoulders, he sits down to desk to study. Something troubles him. After attempt to forget his anxiety, he says): Confound it! I've got to get to that dance at Thorton's somehow! There's Billy Simms going with Fliss—and Fliss is the whole thing with the fellows this year! Gee! I wish I was in Billy's shoes! or I wish—I wish I went to dancing school. Well, if I can get there anyhow I'll be satisfied (thinking) I wonder if—couldn't I—
—is that?—now there's "Socrates" Bloomer! Wouldn't "Socrates" be willing to take me along under his wing instead of a girl! Say! that's some idea! Soc doesn't care much for girls, girls are so superficial! Soc's ma sent him to dancing school to get some grace into those stiff joints of his! That's what! I'll call him up! (Starts for telephone which is across the room, when telephone rings. He stops astonished.) Who can that be? (Advances to telephone and answers it.)

"Hello—This is Harry Brooks—Oh hello! Theresa—Who!—What!—Yes, I'm for Roosevelt, but politics aside, what—er—did you call me up for?—To the last dance with you? Sure, I'll be glad to go—Thanks ever so much—What?—Oh yes, Billy Simms is going with Fliss Reynolds. Most any fellow would be crazy to go with her—Oh no, no, she's too steep for me!—no, all right—Saturday night, good-bye. (Hangs up receiver and gets up laughing).

"So now, I'm going with Theresa. Theresa, oh, you Theresa! Theresa is a dear girl! 'm, Theresa is a sweet

damsel! We can talk about Teddy and Taft. Well anyway, I won't have to bother Soc. Soc can take his dear self. (The telephone bell rings.) What! again! (Answering) Hello—why hello Fliss!—What! What'd you say?—Go to Thorton's last dance with you!—Yes, yes—it rather surprised me. Yes—yes, well, I'd like to go with you but—but I—I—(aside). What in botheration will I do! Well, I'll tell you Fliss, I'll call you up later. I've—er—I've—er—got to ask my mother first. Yes—good-bye. (Hangs up receiver and gets up.)

"Oh say, this is fierce! fierce! Here's Fliss inviting me to go with her and I just promised Theresa I'd go with her! Confound Theresa! I say, confound her. Ye gods and little fishes, descend upon Theresa and—and—er—excruciate her, whatever that is! Theresa ought to go with "Socrates." She and Soc would make a fine pair. They could talk politics to their heart's content. Fine idea! I'll suggest that to Soc tomorrow! (Goes to desk and sits down.) But I told Fliss I'd call her up and tell her if I'd go with her. If I say I'll go with her what excuse will I give Theresa? It's a shame to dump Theresa but this—this is an extraordinary occasion! Could I—er—tell her I had a previous engagement? But even if I did, where did I get it? Oh bosh! I'll start again. Methinks I now have an idea! How's this? The postman brought me a letter this morning from a girl, inviting me to the dance and I just found the letter after telephoning with Theresa! (Laughs and makes beeline for telephone, searches in book for number, then takes up receiver.) Give me Exeter 115 M. Hello—This is Theresa isn't it? Yes, I thought I recognized your

voice. This is Harry. Say, Theresa (elegantly) owing to the displacement of a letter,—a letter I say, an invitation for me to the dance, I—er—am forced to confess in all bereavement, dejection etc., that I—er—can't. Yes that's it, I can't go with you. (Laughs). What am I laughing at, did you say? Was I laughing? Well, you see, Theresa, it's—er—this way, haven't you ever heard of people laughing out of—er—sheer sorrow? Huh? Yes, yes, that's my case, yes. Who is it I'm going with? Fl—, oh! I don't think I'd better tell you! no! Yes, it's too bad I can't go with you, but, you know,—er—such things will happen! Another case of "Here today, gone tomorrow." Yes, all right. Goodbye; oh say, I'm awfully sorry of—course! Yes, goodbye. (Hangs up receiver.) Dearie, honey-bunch and sweetness! I'm awfully sorry of course, of course and of course!

(Goes to desk and sits down.) That was a happy thought of mine! Well, it's quite natural isn't it? Such a thing might happen. 'Twouldn't be at all surprising. Might! Now I'll call up Fliss. (Gets up, indulging in a little poetical expression.) Oh ho! woops m'dear! now, "To Fliss! Fliss! wonderful Fliss, here's where we go from Fliss to bliss." (Goes to telephone, picks up receiver.) Hello, central, give me heav—, give me

Exeter 115, no, NO! give me Exeter 31857. Hello—say Fliss, Fliss, (very fast and joyful.) I can go with you, yes—yes—say, I'm more than pleased! Yes when shall I call for you? Shall we walk or take a car? Better walk, huh? Yes, take's longer, yes! Oh, I say, I think it's bully! You'll excuse my raving on, like this, you know, but you see—er—*what! what's that!* did I get that right! Say it in French. Try Esperanto. You say, you can't go with me now! (groans.) Oh, I say, what's up? You say, what? you found a *letier from Bill Simms inviting you to the dance, after talking with me?* And your mother had mislaid it? Oh say, this is too much! (Groans.) What's that? (Suddenly alert.) What are you laughing at? What? Out of plain grief nothing! I should think you'd be ashamed to laugh at a fellow in my plight, ashamed! Yes, yes—I know. Such things will happen! "Here today, gone tomorrow." Yes, yes—Goodbye. (Gets up, as if looking for something.) Glass of carbolic acid, please, someone! And she does n't seem a bit sorry! Then to think of my boo'ful poetry. (Repeats in mockery.) "To Fliss, Fliss, wonderful Fliss, here's where we go from Fliss to—" Fliss to bliss? bosh! from *bliss to blister*.

DURANT S. CURRIER, 1912.



Owing to the early call for the material of this number, two track events, and four ball games (three of which are league games) further comment will be omitted. We sincerely hope the team will win the championship.

ARLINGTON 16 THAYER 6.

In a loose game of ball Arlington defeated Thayer Academy. Up to the sixth inning the visitors held their own but soon the bats of Arlington made things look different.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Bower, ss	2	1	2	2	1
Percy, lf	3	0	2	0	0
Blair, cf	2	4	6	0	0
Lowe, 2b	1	3	3	5	0
Cousens, 1b	3	9	1	0	0
Ross, 3b	3	2	0	1	3
Kelley, 1b	0	0	0	0	0
Plaisted, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Reycroft, c	0	5	1	3	0
Buttrick, c	1	2	1	0	0
Zwinge, c	0	1	0	0	0
Sweeney, p	1	0	0	0	0
Chaves, p	3	0	2	0	0

Totals 19 27 16 12 4

Thayer Academy.

	bh	po	r	a	e
McLaughlin	0	2	0	0	0
Bates, c	0	0	0	0	0
C. Read, 1b	1	7	1	0	0

Small, c	2	9	2	2	0
W. Reed, 3b	1	1	1	0	1
Cates, ss	1	3	1	2	1
McClure, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Lawson, p	1	1	0	4	0
Chapman, 2b	1	1	1	2	0

Totals 7 24 6 15 3

Arlington	3	0	2	0	2	5	4	0	0	16
Thayer	0	0	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	6

Two base hits—Cates, Ross, Chaves, Blair. Three base hits—Lowe, Percy, Bower, Cousens. Home run—Chaves. Stolen bases—Buttrick, Ross 2, Chaves, Bower, Lowe. Base on balls—off Sweeney 2, Chaves 1, Lawson 2. Struck out by Sweeney 3, Chaves 6, Lawson 4. Hit by pitched ball, Bates, Percy, Chaves.

ARLINGTON 11 NEWTON 10.

At Newton Arlington got away with another game. Inexcusable errors at critical moments of the game gave most of the runs to the home team but the heavy batting of Arlington overbalanced them and won out.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Bowers, ss	1	0	1	0	2
Blair, cf	2	0	2	0	0
Percy, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Lowe, 2b, 3b	2	3	1	3	0
Chaves, p	2	1	1	5	0
Ross, 2b, 3b	1	3	2	1	4
Cousens, 1b	3	11	2	0	0
Plaisted, rf	1	2	1	0	0
Reycroft, c	1	2	1	1	3
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	14	27	11	11	9

Newton.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Hyatt, lf	0	2	0	1	1
Nash, 1b	3	12	2	0	0
Beal, 3b	1	2	1	2	0
Whitney, p, rf	0	0	1	1	0
Terrio, cf	1	1	2	1	1
Tapley, c	0	0	2	1	0
Harris, 2b	0	1	0	0	0
Hyslop, 2b	1	0	0	0	0
Wellman, c	3	9	1	2	2
De Rucha, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Spaulding	1	0	0	0	0
Higgins	0	0	0	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	10	27	10	13	6

Arlington.....1 5 2 0 0 2 1 0 0—11
 Newton.....1 2 0 1 1 2 0 3 0—10

Sacrifice—Blair, Hyslop, Plaisted. Two base hits—Percy, Chaves. Three base hits—Blair, Lowe, Reycroft. Base on balls—Whitney 1, Spaulding 3, Higgins 1, Chaves 5. Struck out—Higgins 4, Whitney 4, Chaves 7. Double play—Lowe, (unassisted), Hyatt to Nash. Passed balls—Chaves, Higgins.

ARLINGTON 4, ALLEN SCHOOL 8.

Arlington met defeat at the hands of the Allen School. Kelley pitched a fine

game for Arlington, but his support was far from what it should have been; frequent errors lost this game.

Allen School...2 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 3—8
 Arlington.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—4

Runs—Flaherty 2, W. Lowe 2, Blair, Hurd, C. Flaherty, Harris, Cousens, Plaisted, Lowe, Kelley. Two base hits: C. Flaherty, Ross, Buttrick. Three base hits: Harris, W. Lowe. Stolen bases: Flaherty 2, Blinn, H. Lowe. Base on balls: Harris 3, Kelley 1. Struck out: by Harris 11, Kelley 8. Hit by pitched ball: Cousens.

ARLINGTON 12, STONEHAM 11.

Arlington won the second game in the Mystic League series from Stoneham. The game was quite interesting at times, and caused many spontaneous outbursts from the rooters. In the ninth the climax came when the visitors were one ahead and Arlington had two on bases and two out; Dave Buttrick then slammed out a much needed single and won the game.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Bower, ss	1	0	2	2	0
Blair, cf	2	1	1	1	0
Lowe, 2b	2	1	1	1	0
Percy, cf	0	3	1	1	0
Cousens, 1b	0	14	1	6	1
Plaisted, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Ross, 2b	0	0	1	2	1
Buttrick, c	1	6	1	0	1
Kelley, p	0	0	0	0	0
Chaves, p	1	0	1	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Total	9	27	12	12	3

THE ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

Stoneham.					
	bh	po	r	a	e
Dempsey, 2b	1	2	4	0	1
Lannon, 1b	2	1	2	0	0
Laughlin, 3b	1	1	1	3	0
Thompson, 2b	2	11	2	0	0
Montague, c	1	9	0	0	1
Mullany, ss	0	0	0	0	2
Keating, cf	3	1	1	0	0
Holden, p	1	0	0	4	0
Longmore, rf	1	1	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Total	12	26	11	7	4

Two base hits—Bower, Laughlin.
 Three base hits—Keating, Lowe. Stolen bases—Lowe 3, Bower, Blair 2, Thompson, Dempsey 2, Lannon 2, Chaves. Base on balls—Off Kelley 2, Chaves 1, Holden 2. Struck out—By Kelley 1, Chaves 4, Holden 9. Sacrifice hits—Blair, Holden. Double play—Percy, Cousens. Hit by pitched ball—Percy 2, Ross, Dempsey.

ARLINGTON 14 WINCHESTER 3.

Another league game was brought into the Arlington camp through the defeat of Winchester. The whole team played for all that was in the game and accomplished a great deal.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Bower, ss	1	1	1	3	6
Keaney, ss	0	0	0	0	0
Blair, cf	3	2	3	6	0
Lowe, cf	5	0	4	1	0
Percy, lf	2	2	2	0	0
Chaves, p	2	0	1	4	0
Cousens, 1b	1	10	1	0	0
Scully, 1b	0	0	0	0	0
Ross, 2b	1	0	0	1	0
Plaisted, rf	0	2	1	0	0

Robbins, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Buttrick, c	0	6	0	2	0
Reycroft, c	1	4	0	1	2
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	16	27	14	12	2

Winchester.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Lawson, cf ss	0	1	0	3	0
Penaligan, c	1	12	0	1	1
Goldsmith, lf	0	1	0	0	0
Goddu, p	0	1	0	5	1
Rogers, 2b	0	0	0	0	0
Hilton, cf, ss	0	0	0	0	2
Pierce, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Prince, 3b	0	0	1	1	2
Freeman	0	2	0	0	0
Maguire	0	10	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	1	27	3	11	6

Arlington.....5 3 1 0 2 0 0 1 2—14
 Winchester... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2—3

Sacrifice hits—Goldsmith. Stolen bases—Bower, Blair, Lowe, Buttrick, Percy, Pierce 2, Prince 3, Hilton. Base on balls—Goddu 2, Chaves 7. Struck out—By Goddu 10, Chaves 8. Passed ball—Buttrick. Hit by pitched ball—Hilton.

ARLINGTON 4 CAMBRIDGE 3.

It took Arlington ten innings to defeat Cambridge in one of the fastest games this season.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Bower, ss	2	1	0	2	1
Blair, cf	0	1	1	0	1
Lowe, 2b	3	4	1	1	1
Percy, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Reycroft, c	2	4	1	2	0
Ross, 3d	1	0	1	1	0

Cousens, 1b	1	8	0	1	Lowe, 2b	4	5	2	2	0	
Plaisted, rf	2	2	0	0	0	Percy, lf	1	2	0	0	0
Wood, p	0	2	0	0	0	Plaisted, cf	1	1	0	0	0
Chaves, p	0	1	0	3	0	Chaves, p	1	2	1	1	0
Buttrick, c	1	7	0	0	0	Cousens, 1b	1	6	1	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Buttrick, c	0	5	1	3	0
Totals	2	30	6	9	4	Kelley, rf	0	0	1	0	0
							—	—	—	—	—

Cambridge.

Totals 5 27 7 11 5

	bh	po	r	a	e
J. Dee, ss	1	2	1	0	0
Flynn, rf	2	0	2	2	0
Green, c	1	6	0	3	0
O'Connor, 3b	0	6	0	1	2
Harlow, cf	1	5	0	1	0
Sands, 1b	0	6	0	0	0
Reardon, 2b	0	3	1	0	0
T. Dee, rf	0	1	0	0	1
Bean, p	1	0	0	4	0
McCarthy, p	0	0	0	1	1
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	6	26	4	12	3

Arlington	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	— 6
Cambridge	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	— 4

Two base hits—Lowe. Stolen bases—Blair 3. Lowe, Bower, Percy, Harlow. Base on balls—Woods 2, Chaves 2, Bean 4, McCarthy. Struck out—By Wood 3, Chaves 8, Bean 3, McCarthy. Sacrifice hits—Cousens, J. Dee. Double play—Lowe. (unassisted.) Hit by Pitched ball—Cousens.

ARLINGTON 7 NATICK 5.

In a hard fought game Arlington nosed out a worth while victory from Natick. Lowe was the heavy sticker.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Lowe	1	1	1	2	5
Bean	0	5	1	2	0

Natick.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Sheehan, lf	0	1	0	0	1
Grady, cf	0	4	2	1	0
Howard, ss	2	1	1	3	1
Casey, 2b	2	3	2	0	1
Murray, 3b	1	4	0	1	0
Rourke, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Srye, 1b	0	4	0	0	3
Welch, c	0	10	0	2	0
Cassacant, p	0	0	0	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—

Totals 6 27 5 10 6

Arlington	2	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	— 7
Natick	1	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 5

Two base hits—Bower, Howard. Three base hits—Casey, Percy. Home run—Casey (Lowe). Sacrifice hits—Welch and Percy. Base on balls—Off Cassacant 3, Chaves 5. Struck out—By Cassacant 9, Chaves 5. Double plays—Cousens and Chaves 2. Passed ball—Buttrick. Wild pitch—Cassacant. Hit by pitched ball—Cousens, Chaves.

ARLINGTON 2 WALTHAM 3.

This game was one of the best ever played by the team, who took advantage of every play and made the home team hustle. Kelley was very effective throughout the game.

Arlington.

	bh	po	r	a	e
Bower, ss	1	1	1	3	1
Blair, cf	1	3	1	0	0
Lowe, 2b	1	0	0	1	0
Percy, lf	0	2	0	0	0
Ross, 3b	0	1	0	5	2
Cousens, 1b	0	11	0	0	0
Plaisted, rf	0	0	0	0	1
Reycroft, c	0	3	0	0	0
Kelley, p	0	1	0	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	3	24	2	11	4

Waltham.

	bh	po	r	a	e
McCabe, 1b	0	11	0	1	0
Randles, 2b	0	0	1	5	1
Cobb, cf	1	1	1	0	1
Fagan, p	0	0	1	4	0
Ashworth, c	0	9	0	0	0
Johnson, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Duffy, 3b	0	3	0	1	1
Healey, ss	0	1	0	2	0
Varley, lf	1	2	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	4	27	3	13	3

Waltham	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	—	3
Arlington	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2

Three base hits—Blair. Two base hits—Johnson, Lowe. Sacrifice hits—McCabe, Ross. Stolen bases—Randle, Cobb, Duffy. Base on balls—Off Fagan 9, by Kelley 5. Passed ball—Reycroft.

M. CHAVES, '13.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

April 25—June 5, 1912.

Receipts.

Balance on hand	\$43.45
From Refreshments	160.45
From Refreshments	65.43
From Dues	2.10
From Base Ball	3.60
Total	\$275.03

Expenses.

Refreshments	\$140.20
Postage and Printing	9.94
Hockey	5.00
Track	10.62
Base Ball	89.69
Sundries	1.75
Total	\$257.20

Balance on hand June 5, 1912, \$17.83.

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. SMITH,
Treasurer.

I find the above report correct.

F. C. MITCHELL,
Auditor.



THE ENGLISH CLUB.

The final meeting of the English Club is to be held Thursday afternoon, June 13th, in the hall, too late for the details to be published in this issue. The special feature of the program will be a competitive recital of original selections. The selections will be judged for excellence in composition by three out of town judges. Miss Stacey, '12, will sing and the orchestra will play. As last year, this final meeting is an open one. All members of the school and friends outside are invited to be present. The program complete will be printed in the first Fall number of the "*Clarion*."

THE GERMAN CLUB.

The last meeting this year of *Der Mehr Kunde Verein*, was held Monday afternoon, May 27th. The program for the afternoon was turned over to the new members. The program was as follows:

"Some Famous Castles," Donald Scully; "Berlin," Harriet Bullard; "German Markets," Grace Roop;

"Leipsic and Marburg Universities," Fletcher Tuttle; and "Cologne Cathedral," Amy Schwamb. Those talks were illustrated by stereopticon views.

The meeting was well attended and successful which shows what the next year's *Der Mehr Kunde Verein*, will do.

HELEN A. WOODMAN, Secretary.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

The last meeting of the Science Club for this year was held Thursday, May 23rd, in the Physical Laboratory. Owing to the absence of E. Mead, '14, who had been elected chairman of this meeting, Miss McLelland, '12 presided.

The first number on the program "Photography," was given by A. Wunderlich, '13. This was followed by "The eye as a camera" by J. Eberhardt, '12. The third number "Ploughing by Dynamiting," was given by J. Horrocks, '13. S. Ober, '12 then explained "The Composition of the Fire Extinguisher," which proved very interesting. The last number "Invisible Ink," was demonstrated by S. Peppard, '13, and much was learned from this part

of the program of the value of messages written in "invisible ink," and how the receiver may read them. Although there were not many present, those there agreed that it was an interesting meeting.

In the last issue of the "*Clarion*," appeared an error in the Science Notes. Miss G. Woodend, '14, was the author of "*Bacteria as Fertilizer*," and Mr. G. Miller, '14, of "*Distillation*," (an experiment), and Mr. T. Bell, '11, of "*Surveying*."

In behalf of the Science Club, I wish to extend thanks to all who have taken part in the programs of this year, and hope that the club will continue to do good work along original and research lines in the future.

RUTH K. McLELLAND.

EXCHANGES.

The E. L. H. S. "*Oracle*" contains a number of good stories, "The Garden of Perplexity," and "In Time of Need" being particularly interesting.

The stories in the Lowell High School "Review" are exceptionally interesting. The Exchanges must have required much work and care.

The "*Sassamon*" has good editorials and Athletic notes.

The "*Recorder*" continues to be an interesting magazine. The literary department, Exchanges and School notes are very well written.

Prof. (To forgetful student.) What's your head for anyway?

Student.—To keep my necktie from slipping off.—Ex.

A Modern Melodrama.

Overture—Melody in L.

Cast—Villain—Dog and Girl.

Scene—Around Indian Creek.

Synopsis of First Act—Villain throws girl in creek; Dog jumps in, drinks up creek and saves girl.

Second Act—Villain tries to escape. Dog coughs up river—villain drowns.

Curtain.

—Ex.

Brutus—"Hello Caesar, how many eggs did you have for breakfast?"

Caesar—"Et tu, Brute."—Ex.

He. Don't you think that you could learn to love me?

She—Well I might. I once learned to love spinach after a good deal of effort.

—Ex.

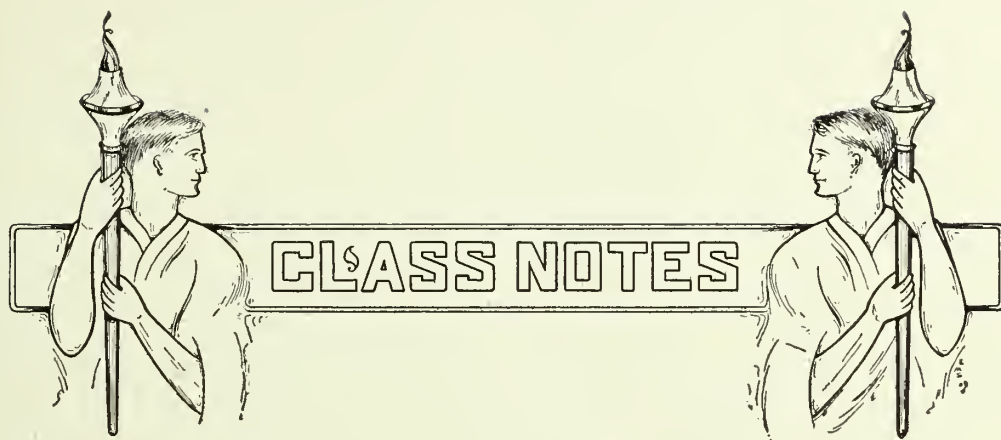
Doctor, after examining Pat, who had been run over by an automobile: "Madam, I fear your husband is dead."

Pat feebly: "No, I ain't dead yet."

Mrs. Pat, in sobs: "Hush, Pat, the gentleman knows better than you."

—Ex.

N. B. All jokes handed in for publication should be written on tissue paper, so that the editor can see through them.—Ex.



1912.

Latin: Miss H—translating: "The dog rolled over his own back."

He must have been playing solitaire leap-frog.

History: Mr. P.—explaining how the Romans procured their slaves. "Sometimes they would clean out a whole province."

Miss H—: "Express that in good English, Mr.—P."

Mr. P—: "Sometimes they'd sweep a whole province."

Latin translation: "He held his eyes fastened to the stars."

Latin: Mr. S—: "There are too many trills in your translations Miss St—c—. Your translations are too much like your laugh."

Miss St—c—, quickly, "Oh, I'm always sure of my laugh."

A Tragedy in a *Jardin* (c).

The only sound to be heard is the *Russell* of the *Winn* through the *Birch* tree. The curtain rises disclosing a *Greene* nest. One by one the eggs *Hatch*, and *A hern*, some *Robbins*, two *Tuttle* doves and a *Crowe*, emerge. A

Woodman strides forward, carrying a load of *Wood* and brandishing a gleaming axe. Whereupon the birds rise and sing in chorus:

"*Woodman, Woodman, Spare that Tree.*"

But he is relentless. The tree falls. Sadly he gazes upon the dead birds. The *Roop* had killed them. Just then foot-steps are heard approaching on horseback. *Daniel* rushes from the *Lyons'* den, shouting, "Halt! Who goes there?" A voice from the darkness replies: "It is I, Lieutenant Jack *Dalton* of the 21st United States Infantry, and I have come for the papers." Where upon the birds rise and sing in chorus:

"Ta ta ta ta ta" to the triumphant strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Quick Curtain.

Society News.

Florence—Easter Sunday.

Romeo (?)—*Juliette*.

One of the most magnificent weddings of the season was solemnized yesterday at the Church of the *Christen-son*, when Romeo (?) and *Juliette* were

united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The bride was arrayed in a sumptuous bridal toilette of *White Cotton*, spun by a famous Florentine *Webber*. She carried a shower bouquet of *Dacey* (s), and was given away by her *Dad* (mun.) Just before the ceremony, while the bridal procession was forming, a *Courrier* brought a note from the groom saying:

"I won't be *Abel* to get there for ten minutes. I have a pressing engagement with the *Taylor*.

Yours,

Romeo. (?)

The bride *Blanche* (d) with fear, and shrieked, "Oh, *Kennedy* (can he) get here on time?"

True to his word the bridegroom arrived in ten minutes and the ceremony was performed without further interruption.

After the reception the bride and groom departed for *Clayto(w)n* in a *Sterens-Duryea* car.

Among the notables present were John Paul *Jones*, General *McLelland*, and the poets *Burns* and *Tennison*.

If here

Your name does not appear

Don't mind a bit

it wouldn't fit.

1913.

Mother Goose in A. H. S.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
We chanced to miss the trolley-car and
walked to school together;
But as we turned the corner, we heard
the gong's loud din—

Oh, we'll never be late! We'll never be late!

We'll never be late again!

I had a little pony,
Kept carefully hid away;
I lent it to a class-mate
To use, one luckless day.
He used it then forgot it,—
They found it on the stair;
To use my little horse again
You bet I'll never dare.

Presented entire by a Junior member of the Greek class:

Master C. translating: "The baggage animals stretched out for a long distance—"

I have examined the above and find it to be a joke.

W. HORTON.

(Forgery!—W. H.)

Latin III., Simultaneously: "And George did it."

Further appropriate quotations for that notorious class:

"Suit the action to the word"

(Result)

"No voice in the chambers:

No sound in the hall."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." (and a new bookbinding is needed.)

"Let the dead Past bury its dead."

Owing to certain restrictions a significant fraction of Latin III.'s history will remain unpublished.

Greek pupil translating: "And they took off their clothes with their daggers." Merely! Hope they had safety-pins when they put them on again.

Master O'Keefe in English recitation:

"—and when he come back—"

Teacher, correcting: "When he *came* back."

Master O'K., proceeding with dignity:—"and when he *returned*—"

Are there not some youths in our midst who might have given to Dr. Goldsmith some points on the wooing of the "Jessamy Bride?" or to Sir Roger in his pursuit of the fair Widow?

Isn't it nice to have the grass so high on the bank around the athletic field? So cool and secluded, and of course, it doesn't matter if you can't see much of the game.

A propos of the French play—that brunette wig made more difference on F. . . .g than it would on some of us.

Clever in E—l—h, wasn't it, to pick up those messages at the inter-club meeting last month. He certainly is a wire (less) puller.

What kind of showing will 1913 make when it comes to Blake Book awards? "Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever."

By the way, shall you learn the July and August creeds?

We will not say of our school as Macaulay (or someone) said of the English nation:—that it is like a keg of (its own) beer, froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, but sound and sweet in the middle. No! The Seniors have proved themselves good stuff—we are sorry to see them go; and the freshmen will be all right when they are properly seasoned. As for us—well, we hardly need to blow our own horns!

A 1913 Casabianea.

The boy sat in the corner seat,

And all but him had fled;

The sunbeams through the window
beat

Upon his sleeping head.

Yet innocent and still he lay,—

He should have been in class;

They came to summon—went away;

The teacher let it pass.

The time rolled on—he did not stir;

The Freshies all around

Grew restless quite—things 'gan to
whirr,

But the sleeper heard no sound.

They called aloud: "Say, Emus, say,

What you dreaming 'bout, old man?"

But all unconscious there he lay,

While whispers 'round him ran.

"Ho! sleepyhead!" again they cry,

And still he heeds them not.

Around his head begin to fly

Erasers thick and hot.

Upon his brow they pattered down

And in his waving hair;

But he was dreaming sweetly on,

And ne'er a rap did care.

There came a burst of thunder sound!

The bell!—where could he be?

He raised his head and gazed around;

What he heard was—"He, he, he."

Well, vacation is here; but cheer up!
It doesn't take long for September to
appear.

1914.

We Sophomores have certainly pursued the "even tenor of our way," this month: no one has done or said anything erratic to write up for our worthy paper, this month, (not that we are ever brilliant!) But they say, "Happy is that nation whose annals are brief," and perhaps it's the same with classes.

In English Mr. M. was speaking of the use of slang: "We all say 'Let George do it.'"

Bright pupil, quickly: But George is never around."

Notice: If anyone finds a boy answering to the name of George, kindly request him to stay "around."

In French, Sir Pupil: "*Mais les pauvres pecheurs...*" "But the poor sinners...."

In Latin: Miss S. informed us "that Hannibal tied fagots on the wings of the bullocks." It should have been—"tied fagots on the horns of the cattle." She confessed that she thought a "bullock," was a kind of a god!

The blastings for the excavations of the new town hall are a source of great unrest in Room 10. That shrill whistle blows—everyone jumps and put his fingers on his ears to shut out the sound of the coming blast. Miss Robertson says, "*Children, children, be quiet; don't make such a fuss.*" But when the fatal moment comes she jumps higher than anyone!

Just because you are in an "Honor Division," it doesn't signify that you always do well. In geometry the other day one "Honor" pupil stood up almost a half an hour trying to get the explanation of a theorem through her head. Such brilliance!

A brief summer and junior dignity (ahem!) will descend upon us. Won't it be fun to be in one of the "two upper classes?" We are just at the Half-way House now and we hope that the

last two years won't bring any steeper climbing. Welcome to our places, O Freshmen!

1915

If we don't say much in this commencement number—it's because we have been taught that children should be seen and not heard on important occasions.

However, lest readers should fear that we are too 'umble, like Uriah Heep, we may say that we feel ourselves by now to be a well established and indispensable part of A. H. S.

In Latin: Pupil translating: "Caesar led a ditch across the hill."

In Algebra: Miss B: Is there a perfect square in the numerator?

Miss M.: "Yes, the denominator."

Miss J.: (after announcing class-work) "Mr. E—why aren't you working?"

Mr. E. I haven't any paper, and I can't do them anyway."

Miss J.: "You have a good brain, Mr. E—, and I can supply you with a block."

In English C the astonishing statement was made that "the end of his life was that he was murdered. He died when he was murdered."

We wish every member of our class a happy vacation and we hope that all may come back in the fall rested and ready for another pleasant year of school life.

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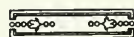
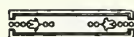
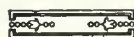
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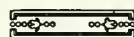
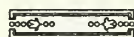
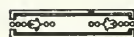
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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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THE CLARION

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EDITORIALS

To every member of the Arlington High School, the "Clarion" extends hearty greeting and a sincere wish for the success of the coming year. For some of us it is the last year; let us fill every moment with worth while work or play, and make it a year of pleasant memories unmixed with regrets. For as many more, it is the first year; try to make the good beginning which will insure future success and to make yourselves as soon as possible in harmony with the school of which you are soon to be so important a part. Let us every one begin by having an ideal. Good resolutions are all very well, but with nothing behind them—or rather,

before them, they seldom last long. Let your idea be what it will, so long as it is a worthy one, but have an ideal, and follow it, and work for it, and strive for it, and even if you never attain it be assured that—

"To travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and true success is to labor."

The school has suffered seriously this year in the loss of three of its faculty, Mr. Smith, Miss Flewelling, and Miss Lowe. We can only wish them all future happiness and good fortune, and welcome their successors, Miss Tewksbury, Mr. Gordon, and Miss Porter, with the earnest wish that their stay in Arlington

High School may be a long and pleasant one. We hope soon to make the acquaintance of Miss Burdette and Miss Wood, the Freshman teachers at the Locke School.

On Friday evening, November 1, a reception to the parents of High School pupils was held in the Assembly Hall. An unfortunate storm prevented as large an attendance as there has been in previous years, but those who ventured out were rewarded, we hope, by a very enjoyable evening. The receiving line was arranged in groups around the hall and members of the Senior Class acted as ushers and served refreshments from attractively decorated tables. Music was delightfully furnished by the orchestra, the Girls' Glee Club, and the recently organized Boys' Glee Club.

The eighteenth of September marked an anniversary of unusual interest to many both in and outside of Arlington. It was the eighty-fifth birthday of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, an old resident of the town, whose delightful poems and stories have made him dear to a multitude of readers. A committee of five members of the English Club, Harriet Bullard, Louise Bateman, Katherine Read, Walter Horton, and Harold Holt was appointed to arrange for a gift from the High School. It took the form of a beautiful basket of New England fruit and yellow poppies, accompanied by the following note:

"To him whom New England, in particular, proudly claims with admiration for the author and love for the big-hearted fellow-citizen, the High School, through its English Club, brings a New England offering, wishing that the basket might renew itself as did the pitcher of Baucis and Philemon, and that the September poppies may bring him golden happiness throughout the year."

Mr. Trowbridge's acknowledgment, which will be carefully preserved in

the records of the club, is as follows: "To the English Club, and others of the Arlington High School.

"My dear Friends:

"Your sumptuous basket of fruits and flowers, brought to my own hand by its radiantly smiling bearers, proved one of the most delightful incidents of my recent birthday. The beautiful gift, with its generously appreciative note of greeting, helped to reconcile me to another return of the inevitable anniversary, and to make the day an exceptionally happy one.

"With heartfelt thanks to all for the graceful remembrance,

"Sincerely your friend,

"John Townsend Trowbridge."

ALUMNI NOTES.

The following bits of information have been gleaned from recent graduates. Information of this kind will be gladly received:

1910.

William Scannell is in the employ of Cobb, Bates and Yerxa in a responsible position.

Ray Mauger is employed as commission agent in the market business in Merrick, N. Y. He has won recognition and considerable money by writing a series of articles on his work.

Helen Stearns has left Radcliffe temporarily to teach in a rural school in Vermont, near the old family homestead.

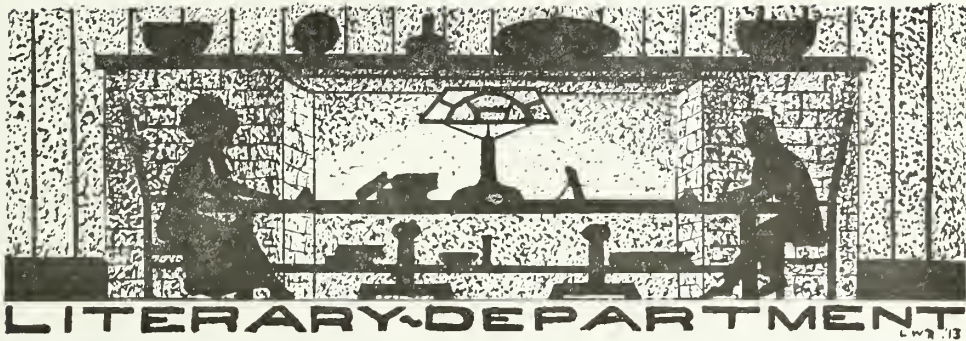
John Buckley has entered Tufts College this fall.

1911.

Helen Lyons is in Salem Normal School; also Blanche Whelpley and Sadie Tenneson of 1912.

Jennie Prince and Elizabeth Healey, 1912, are employed as stenographers in the Watertown Rubber Co. The graduates from our business department seem always to win good positions.

Continued on page 19



THE LITTLE OLD ATTIC PLAY-HOUSE.

If you would come with me to that play-room of the past, unlatch the high, old, panelled door and ascend the time-worn, humpy stairs. But first take care to leave the door ajar; otherwise, when you come down again, you may find yourself with nothing better to do than to sit on the bottom step and jiggle the old rusty nail in the lock until somebody comes to your rescue. It happened thus to us children once upon a time, and we were saved from risking our silly little heads to the strength of a kite-string "rope ladder" only by the timely arrival of old black Bertha. But come! One more turn of the dingy attic stairway and we may stop at the top to gaze through the multi-paned window on to the misty, far-away mountains. A fairy scene it always seemed to us, with its pigmy-like orchards and tiny patches of dark, plowed ground and green meadow lands intermingled, deep in the valley below.

And wait! Do you see the old "xylophone" there under the window-casing? Laugh if you want to, but the time was when a little romping girl would leave off her role of tom-boy for the more romantic one of fair, enchanted princess and, perched on the window-sill of her prison tower, would undo her long yellow pig-tails and pound on the poor old rattly keys of the xylophone, singing vociferously

all the while to the mountains far away and to a very vague and misty fairy prince.

But you are becoming impatient. Where is the little play-room, you wonder. So now we must hasten past the rows of funny, cow-hide trunks, padlocked and dusty, over the squeaky boards of the floor—how they always groaned just as we went past that opening of the dark, unexplored passageway under the eaves, the "hob-goblins' cave." Quick! this is unhallowed ground, but once inside the play-room you are safe. There, duck your head; the doorway was never made for big people. Aha! if that same old villain of a spider hasn't spun his web right in front of the little window again. Or perhaps it is only a descendant of our old-time enemy. However, it matters little, for the unappreciated labor is swept away in a twinkling, and we peep out into the world beyond. The same old apple trees are stretching friendly arms up towards us and a stout, familiar-looking robin nervously takes note of us out of the corner of his eye.

Now, to turn within again: it is all unchanged and yet so different. How everything has shrunk! The things that seemed so wonderful once—what are they now? But the memories come crowding faster, faster, and we see that it is in them the wonder lies. Let Memory but peep into the tiny gable-room and all is transfigured,—we see things as in the years gone by,

in the rosy light of childhood. The dingy white-satin slipper hanging by the window becomes as of purest crystal—"Cinderella's slipper," into which the lassie of the yellow pig-tails more than once forced five fat rebellious toes while she hid the unprivileged foot by sitting on it.

Who is the lady over yonder, staring at us with her wide blue eyes? Dear old Christabel with her corn-tassel hair. Please don't laugh at her. Christabel never was a beauty, but she was good and so comfortable to have around. One could spank her and bang her, or, if desired, throw her 'way down stairs, for Christabel was most sensibly put together with sawdust and good strong cotton cloth, so there never were any inconveniences to be suffered, such as a broken nose or fingers. Here, under the top part of Noah's house-boat, lies the remains of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. See her little white kid hands. Alas, there is little else to see, for her head,—her waxen head, was gone long before our day,—beautiful but far too perishable, according to our aunt's sad testimony. Beside the poor headless body, in the little trunk, is her elaborate trousseau, all delicately fashioned in the styles of long ago. Look, here is the dainty satin gown and veil, deep yellow with th years, the quaint be-ruffled black silk coat, the queer little poke-bonnets. Everything was ready for her wedding with "Little Boy Blue" when the sad blow fell (not of the axe, in this case; rather of auntie's best tea-pot which unfortunately slipped from her youthful fingers with a double calamity). Poor Little Boy Blue! He is still patiently awaiting the little bride, though his golden curls have been quite eaten away by the moths and his suit is no longer blue. As children we always wondered why our much idolized aunt would never let us take away Marie Antoinette's unused finery to deck out our own modern dolls. Now we see—a sacrilege it would have been indeed!

After all, perhaps what we loved best was the battered little tin kitchen with its quite luxurious stock of utensils, including everything from a doll's wash-boiler to a miniature muffin-tin. Just take a peek into the pantry. What could be more entrancing than that tiny make-believe bunch of asparagus; that wee, wonderful short-cake, and the dish of tapioca pudding—or is it scrambled eggs? Whichever it may be, we always got around the troublesome question by serving it twice at a meal, first as eggs and then as pudding. And that? That is chocolate layer-cake, at least it was until too many people had tasted of it, and we had to call it angel. A busy life, indeed, was led in that small culinary department. Many a time the youthful cooks became so engrossed in the manifold tasks of arranging a course dinner for a highly aristocratic, even if slightly battered, array from doll town, that they would be recalled to the needs of their own stomachs only by—"Hi, thar!" And the bent heads would bob up to behold black, beaming Bertha, arms akimbo, grinning with all her teeth, as she stooped low to look through the portal of our fair domain. "Dinner bell b'en ringin' fo' de las' twenty minute! Chicken cold an' biscuit all fell flat, waitin' fo' yo' chillens thar. Neber yo' min' them li'l strawb'ry short-cakes, but take to marchin' lively down that sta'rway now!" All in an awful voice was this announcement made, and, the miniature banquet forsaken, we would scamper away, only too glad of big Bertha's protection past "Goblin Land." Yet, even as we went pattering down the stairs, we were counting up in our little heads the minutes before we could be back again.

But hark! Surely it isn't—can it be—yes, it is. No memory, this, but a "real, live" dinner-bell. Dinner again from the capable hands of beloved old Bertha—what a treat! And still, after all, the most comfortable feeling comes, just as in the days

when we tumbled down stairs in socks and ankle-ties, in the knowing that we can come back again "bye-um-bye."

L. A. B., '13.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of one hundred five letters, and form a familiar quotation from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

My 37, 3, 5, 23, 10, 50, 29, 17, 20, is a girls' college.

My 28, 63, 8, 14, 60, 45, 54, was the lover of Thisbe.

My 96, 11, 21, 30, 84 was the last king of ancient Troy.

My 12, 38, 15, 61, 6, 65, lies north of the United States.

My 33, 93, 22, 73, 9, is the general inclination.

My 31, 25, 94, 79, 46, 32, is a geometrical figure.

My 67, 91, 24, 7, 49, is an educational institution.

My 13, 42, 101, 104, 10, are mournful cries.

My 1, 34, 66, is a child's plaything.

My 51, 36, 103, is a personal pronoun.

My 81, 55, 35, 40, is to dispatch.

My 53, 88, 44, 47, is to fumble.

My 24, 80, 26, is a dull brown color.

My 62, 87, 97, is a negative.

My 41, 89, 58, 90, 100, is to move about with ease.

My 82, 77, 83, 68, is an implement.

My 71, 86, 52, 59, means slender, or slight.

My 27, 95, 48, 78, 74, is to direct.

My 105, 92, 75, is a domestic animal.

My 99, 102, 98, is excessively warm.

My 85, 19, 72, 64, 39, is the same as exhibited.

My 57, 76, 56, 43, is a sheep-pen.

My 16, 69, 18, is to obtain.

Marion Evelyn Bushee, '14.

THE KING OF THE BOW.

The sun was setting behind the far-off mountains of Persia in a halo of glowing red, which colored the clouds and made the whole western sky seem on fire. A bireme was speeding down the Euphrates, with its dou-

ble tier of cars swinging rhythmically to and fro, in time to a sweet, haunting melody, sung by the galley slaves. A flute-player was leading the song, which rose and fell with dreamy softness, making a fit accompaniment to the glory, shed by the dying day, which flashed from the oars, like molten gold.

On the high stern of the beautiful bireme were several couches, covered with Persian rugs of great thickness and beauty.

The occupant of one lounge rose and stretched himself with a yawn, disclosing his six feet of brawn and muscle. He was a handsome youth, of three and twenty years, and extraordinarily tall. He had the strength of a bull, but carried it easily and gracefully.

"By the beard of my father," quoth he, "the sun sets passingly beautiful this eve. I think I never saw a sight more grand. But you Babylonians need mountains to make the scene more wild."

"Nay, Aroto, do not try to better the works of Ahura Mazda, or he may be wroth."

The speaker was a young girl whose face was veiled, but whose long, golden hair was visible, bound round her head with a gold band. She was tall, but not so tall as the young giant at her side, and was clad in a mantle of soft Persian cloth, while around her neck was a gold chain, on which hung a great red topaz, such as only king's daughters wear.

"Ho!" the silence was broken by Amuro, the sturdy captain, "yonder comes a strange-looking craft, and manned by good, stout slaves, by her speed."

"By all the gods, see the fanatics on her quarter deck howling and dancing."

The face of Amuro darkened, "I have heard," said he, "of a certain Babylonian galley manned by the priests of Bel-Marduk, who believe that the more unbelievers they suc-

ceed in killing, the better place they will get in the cold regions under the earth. They prey upon the Jews, who worship the same god as we, and slaughter them by hundreds. Belshazzar, who is counseled by these priests, closes his eyes to all their misdeeds. I have grave suspicions that they mean us harm. See that wicked looking rom on her prow, with which they maul their victims."

"Then let us prepare to receive them warmly," said Aroto, "Below there, send up my hunting bow and a quiver of arrows. Amuro! order your slaves to stop singing and to arm themselves for battle. Bernisa, kindly go below."

Aroto threw off his long cloak and, after helping his lady below, seized his great bow and easily strung it.

The two galleys were rapidly nearing each other and the last rays of the now half-obscured sun shone on the armored men, making them gleam like fire. The priests set up a wierd, wailing chant, as they approached, and danced with such zeal, that one or two fell into the water and were left unnoticed by the rest.

"By Astartes, this is a pretty showing for a peaceful country. When I return home, I shall report these doings."

"Look! look! on the shore," came a wail, "if we land we shall be eaten."

Sure enough, there on the shore were six great lions, lashing their tails and roaring excitedly, attracted by the chanting noise of the priests.

"Be not afraid," cried Amuro, "they are king Belshazzar's lions, which he hunts for sport."

"Stand by," called the flute player, and with a grinding crash the two ships came together, the great beak of the priest's galley, tearing and mauling the beautiful bireme of the Persians frightfully.

The priests swarmed agilely into the other boat, but were greeted with a shower of arrows, and a terrible struggle began. Screams and shouts arose, and the deck was crimsoned

with the blood of both offenders and defenders.

Aroto stood calmly shooting deadly shafts into the melee, and at every twang of his great bow a priest gave up his ghost.

But now a greater shout arose.. The galleys had drifted apart, and everyone was running about in terror, as that of the Persians was found to be sinking. The other was slowly backing away, manned by a few wounded men, leaving their comrades to perish.

The sun had set, and darkness fallen, when Aroto, seizing Bernisa around the waist, jumped into the water and swam lustily for the shore, holding his bow and arrows clear of the water and keeping a watchful eye on Bernisa, who was also a good swimmer.

The bank was soon reached, and they clambered up with joy, turning to see if they were alone. Alas, but for a few piercing shrieks from the drowning slaves, they could distinguish nothing, as it was now dark.

"We must get to shelter quickly or we shall be captured," whispered Aroto, as taking Bernisa by the hand, he led her quickly through the undergrowth into the dark jungle, which indeed was so terrifying that Bernisa shrank back in fear.

"I dare not enter., she cried, "Let us abide till day comes again."

Aroto, with a scornful smile, shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "So be it."

"But there may be another way out and if you do not mind being left along a short time, I will see if I can discover one. But if you hear anyone coming hide under this bush, and do not move. I shall return quickly," and kissing her, Aroto stole away into the black jungle.

Bernisa sat shivering for some time in the chill night air. She was half dazed by the suddenness of it all, and when she heard a branch crack behind her, and turned joyfully, expecting to find Aroto, she found her-

self looking into two hideous, glaring eyes, which concentrated themselves on her own and held her powerless. Save for a stifled scream, she could utter no sound, and only stood gasping in horror as those spots of fire drew slowly nearer.

Once a low rumble, which seemed to shake the ground, issued from the creature, which she knew must be a monstrous lion.

Suddenly, behind the first pair, two more eyes appeared, and the beast gave vent to a whine of rage. Poor Bernisa was praying fervently to her god to send her a speedy death, when the bigger brute crouched for the spring.

Meanwhile, Aroto glided silently and swiftly through the brush, searching diligently for a path or sign of humanity. He had come quite a way, farther, in fact, than he thought, and was about to return in despair when suddenly afar off he heard a faint scream. Immediately there was a crashing of branches, as with a roar two tawny forms leaped toward the sound and sped away.

"The lions," cried Aroto, "I had forgotten," and with a moan of anguish, he was off like a deer after the lions, for well he knew their object. He put forth all his mighty strength into his legs and ran with the speed of an arrow, hurdling high bushes in his path, and scratching his legs till they bled, but paused never for an instant.

The two lions, hearing their pursuer, stopped and ambushed themselves with marvelous cunning in the path of Aroto. As he drew abreast they sprang simultaneously, but he was too quick for them, and dodged under them, without slowing his speed, receiving only a deep furrow down his back from a lightning stroke of one lion.

He now fitted an arrow to his bow as he ran, praying that he might be in time.

Bernisa, now that her last moment had come, became self-contained, and

calmly awaited the spring of the great beast. She saw his tail twitching nervously as his great muscles grew tense for the final lunge.

His great body left the ground, like a stone from a catapult, but she did not hear the twang of a bow, as she had fainted, and the great body of her tormenter lay beside her in his death throes, a great arrow protruding from his right eye. Again came the twang, and with a scream of agony, the second lion dropped.

Aroto was proving his title indeed, and now standing over Bernisa he waited for the two others who were pursuing him.

They emerged from the jungle in great leaps and bounds, roaring with fury. There was no time for two arrows so, after transfixing the breast of the foremost with a long war arrow, which plunged in up to its tail-feathers, Aroto drew his short sword and bracing himself, met the remaining animal with a terrific blow which severed its front paws like cheese. After that it was soon over, and Aroto sank down exhausted.

When morning dawned, the early light found them shivering in each others arms, with the carcasses of four dead lions around them, one of which was a monster.

They were discovered and picked up by a passing barge of their own nationality, and carried home safely.

Soon after a great war broke out, and the heathen gods were vanquished by the Persians, who took their revenge for the treatment of their king's daughter, at the hands of these Babylonians.

Years after the children of Bernisa and Aroto liked to finger the soft fur of a gigantic lion skin and hear the story of that night.

Lawrence S. King, 1916.

WHAT IS IT?

My first is in Senior, in Junior, too;
My second in rain-drop but not in
dew;

My third is in find, but not in seek;
 My fourth is in take as well as in
 keep;
 My fifth is in try, but not in succeed;
 My sixth not in action but in deed;
 My seventh we find in nine and ten;
 My eighth, in woman and not in men.

My first is in time, but not in year;
 My second in both words, there and
 here;
 My third is in inch, but not in rod;
 My fourth is in queer, but not in odd;
 My fifth is in forty, in thirty, too;
 My sixth is in me, but not in you;
 My seventh is in table, but not in
 chair;
 My last is in wind, but not in air.

Now, Seniors, this should be quite
 clear,
 For on this page it doth appear.
 Look north and south, to east and
 west
 And you'll find the answer to your
 quest.

M. McConnell, '13.

SPECIFICATIONS FOR A BABY.

"Oh, dear me suz!" Betsey deposited Seraphina Marie carefully on her head in the sand-pile and turned to her small brother who was patting a mud-pie into shape. "Bub, isn't this just the loneliest place that ever was? I hate it! Nothin' but sand and wind and, and—nothin'ness."

"Plenty o' noise," said Bub, laconically, without looking up.

"Huh! what's noise for comp'ny?" asked Betsey shrugging her diminutive shoulders, and looking disgustedly at the huge steam-shovels, derricks and dredges which were ceaselessly digging, digging to open up the "big ditch" from Panama to Colon.

"I wish we had somethin' to play with," broke out Betsey again, "somethin' 'live. I'm tired of playing with Seraphina Marie. She's so lippy. I'd like somethin' that could sit up by itself, and could cry and be real in-t'resting."

"I know what let's do!" Bub stood up and shook the sand from the creases in his little knickers. His face wore that illumined expression which is common to those who have just had a bright idea. "I know," he repeated. "You 'member the things daddy was a-writin' t'other day, that he said was sp—er, speci'cations, and when we ask him what a sp—well, what that was, he said that when he wanted anything he sent one o' those speci'cation things to Washington and they sent the thing down to him, so let's send an' ask 'em to send us a—a baby to play with."

Bub took a breath after his long speech, and looked at Betsey, who was hopping up and down like a little maniac.

"Goody, goody!" she cried, "Come on! I know where the speci'cations are! Come on!"

Perhaps it was lucky for the two conspirators that Mother was not at home, for she might not have allowed them as free an inspection of Daddy's desk as they allowed themselves. After a hurried search they found a pile of blanks all printed with—"To the General Purchasing Officer, Washington, D. C. Dear Sir:—These are specifications for—"

"I'll fill it out," cried Betsey, and after "These are specifications for" she wrote straggly—"a baby."

"Tell 'em it must be black," said Bub. "It won't show dirt then," he added practically.

"Hum," remarked Betsey, writing busily, "a black one, please, and please have it have teeth, too. It wants to know 'how long?' What shall I tell them, Bub?"

"Oh, eight inches, I guess. You couldn't carry anything bigger'n that."

"All right," replied the small scribe, "ate inches. Oh, dear! it wants to know 'Probable cost.' Why, I thought they'd give it to us. Let's leave that out. Look, Bub! It says 'Chief Engineer, Panama Canal' down here at the bottom. We aren't that,

you know. I'm 'fraid if we left it like that, they'd think it was daddy who was sendin' this. What'll we do?"

"Put 'son and daughter' on top o' 'Chief Engineer.' We are that."

"All right," responded the 'daughter,' "an' say let's put 'Betsey, 7' and 'Bub, 5', then p'raps kaowin' our ages will help 'em in picking out a baby fer us. There. I've finished, and here's an envelope all ready with 'General Purchasing Officer,' on it. There, that's done!"

Many weary days passed, Betsey had to content herself with lippy Seraphina Marie, and Bub made innumerable mud-pies. But finally the day came for the arrival of the packet from the "States." Betsey and Bub were in a suppressed frenzy of excitement until the little boat docked. Boxes and bundles were slid down from the hold to the wharf, but there was not one that Betsey and Bub thought might contain a baby, and at last they turned sadly away. But at this moment the captain appeared at top of the gang-plank carrying a box in his arms. The captain was a great friend of Betsey's and Bub's and now he walked directly toward them, smiling broadly; he followed the children and touched Betsey on the shoulder. The disappointed little faces were turned toward him at once and he said, "Aren't you the people who sent specifications for a baby to Washington?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Have you got it?" cried Betsey and Bub in one breath.

For answer the captain handed Betsey a big, white envelope sealed with important-looking government seals, which she broke without ceremony.

Soon, however, a puzzled look overspread her face, "Oh dear! I can't read this. There are awful long words and they're spelled so funny. You read it, daddy," she said to her father who had just joined the group.

So Daddy took the letter and read—"To Betsey and Bub:—Dear Sir and Madame, In accordance with

specification No. 110115 A, sent by you, we are sending herewith a baby. We have followed specifications as closely as possible and the consignment has been pronounced O. K. by government inspectors. Hoping that the baby will meet with your approval, I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. A. Murray,

General Purchasing Officer."

"Oh!" the children heaved a rapturous sigh. "Give it to us now, please, Mr. Captain." The captain set the box carefully down and took off the cover. From the depths of the straw inside came a sleepy "wa'ff;" then a little round black head appeared, a wide red mouth opened to show rows of little pointed teeth, a— but then a joyful shout rent the air—"A puppy, a puppy!"

After awhile Betsey looked up from her interested examination of the little bull-dog. "Look, Bub," she said, "what does it say on its collar?"

Bub bent down, fat little hands on fat little knees. "B-a-b-y" he spelled carefully. "Baby, o' course."

L. E. R., 1914.

THE BREAK IN IRON.

I was the office boy of Grant and Co. or of Mr. Grant would be more definite. He was a hard, old crooge about whose history nobody seemed to know much. A cross, ugly, old cove! Starting life by selling newspapers, he was now the all-supreme head of the largest department store in the city of New York. Mr. Grant had less emotion or sentiment than the bronze statue of Roosevelt out there in the square. In fact, his face was a mask of iron, and his mouth, a miniature gatling gun which volleyed forth orders and commands that sometimes made me feel like diving down the elevator shaft.

"Buzz! Zing!!" (That pestiferous doorbell.)

"Here Boy!!! Wake up."

"Yes, sir." (I jumped as if Jack

Johnson had landed me a corker under the bean.)

Well, I beat it down to the door to see who in Sam Hill wanted the Governor. Believe me, I was knocked clean daffy. There was an old woman standing there in tattered rags, a poor, thin, half-starved creature, whose wasted form indicated her pitiful condition, poor thing.

"My child, is Mr. Grant in?"

"Yes'm, but if you think you can beg anything from him, you might just as well try the stone wall outside. Er—er—uh—here madame, I got a quarter you can have. I guess the "Movies" and the "Eat-Him-Alive Bill" story can wait another week."

"Thanks, my child, but I must see Mr. Grant."

"Boy!! What in thunder's keeping you?"

"Visitor, sir!"

"Well!!! Who is it?"

Then the poor old woman brushed past me and I thought the music had begun.

"It is I, sir. Couldn't you just lend me some money—"

"Hey, you scamp! What did I say about admitting beggars?"

"I dunno," I responded sullenly; then beat it to my little desk at the end of the office where I could listen.

"God of mercy! Madame your name? Heavens! Can it be—er—er—Mother!! (I heard a chair fall, another smothered exclamation and really—a—a—smack.)

"My Bobby!!"

"Mother, your runaway boy tried to find you again so many years ago, but couldn't. I almost died from hunger and sorrow. Then I suffered hardships so great that I finally steeled my heart against the world and mankind. I had no friend,—no mother." I heard him sob and er—er—well, don't tell Jim—er—er—I guess I did, too.)

Felix Dowsley, '14.

THE STORM.

A dead calm lay over all. Nature seemed to be waiting for the great storm king who was sending his heralds before him. The immense body of water before me was motionless. The sky above was covered by ominous-looking clouds scudding over it, only to join others and pile up into heavy banks of rolling vapor. An occasional gull darted across the scene, now pausing, gracefully poised in mid-air for an instant, and next flapping away into the distance uttering harsh, discordant cries.

Then the air stirred, a moaning wind rose ruffling the hitherto peaceful sea into a thousand angry little whitecaps. The sands swirled and eddied about, flying hither and thither, never still, now piling up in large banks only to scatter in another flurry across the smooth beach. The waves grew larger; great breakers came rolling in shore, dashing against the rocks, the spray flying high into the air.

At last the rain! First, merely a few large, warning drops and then—the deluge. It came down in blinding sheets and beat upon the wild sea and level shore! The wind shrieked and howled in wild fury and seemed trying to tear from its foundations the house itself! It was so dark I could hardly see. The view was magnificent! There was strange beauty and majesty in the raging of the elements. The glorious ocean was never still, wave after wave coming in, as it broke, looked like a hundred little hands creeping, crawling up in an endeavor to grasp the land and tear it back as it receded, only to be met by another. The wind tore along carrying swirls of sand and blowing sheets of water with it. Everywhere reigned pandemonium! I turned silently from the picture outside to the glowing fire within.

P. C. H., '15.

THE EVENING STAR.
 Off in the heavens—off so far,
 Shines the wonderful evening star;
 Many a time has she shone like to-
 night,

Many the morn has she taken her
 flight,
 This beautiful evening star.
 Donald C. Douglass, '16.

 HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1913

How "The Kid" Won His Spurs Daniel Cameron
 Advice Helene Darling
 A Taxi Tragedy Leroy Duff
 "An Eye for an Eye" Harold Holt
 The Brook's Prophecy Florence Joseph

1914

Going Up! Pauline Garman
 Leaves from Johnny Fraser's Diary Mildred Partridge

1915

How Fans Differ Leo Kelley
 After the Storm Alice Read
 A Visit to Mars John Thornton
 Unloading a Fruit Steamer Joseph Zwinge

1916

Development of Trial by Jury Marion Allen
 Moving Pictures Emmet Keenan
 Dick Weston's Luck (?) Margaret Munch
 Wood Gathering in the Forest Beatrice Proctor





ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers for this year:—

President—Lewis Cousens.

Vice-President—David Buttrick.

Secretary—Helen Greene.

Treasurer—Mr. G. I. Cross of the Faculty.

Board of Directors.

Faculty—Supt. J. F. Scully, Principal F. C. Mitchell, Sub-master F. V. Gordon.

Undergraduates — Daniel Cameron, '13, Hamlyn Robbins, '14, Daniel Hall, '15.

Alumni—S. Trafford Hicks, '06, Robert C. Clifford, '08, Harlan Rey-croft, '11.

FOOTBALL.

The football season opened with much promising material.

The veterans on the squad are,—Capt. Rey-croft, Mansell, Wood, Currier, Buttrick, Robbins, Bower, Cousens, Ross, Blair, Lowe.

The new men are,—Dowsley, Keanney, Kelley, Campbell, Chaves, Ilsley, Tuttle, Duncan, Caterino, Rim-bach.

Football Results.

Arlington 14.	Stoneham 0.
Arlington 7.	Mechanic Arts 23.
Arlington 14.	Wellesley 0.
Arlington 0.	Rindge Technical 21.
Arlington 20.	Winthrop 0.
Arlington 53.	Dedham 0.
Arlington 7.	Alumni 6.

Arlington 0, Milton 7.

Arlington 0, Lowell 21.

Arlington 7, Salem 7.

Arlington 19, Winchester 0.

Football Notes.

Thanksgiving morning the team played the Alumni at the dedication of the new grandstand. The Alumni won.

At the beginning of the season Wendell Rey-croft, '13, was elected captain.

In Mechanic Arts and Rindge we found opponents who were rather too strong for us.

Against Dedham the team ran up the largest score ever made by a foot-ball team from our school.

The loss of Dowsley, '14, was a severe one, as he was one of the most promising men in the line.

For the last two weeks Dr. McCarthy has been ably assisted by "Unk" Gilbert in preparing the team for the final games.

Now we have defeated Winchester on their own field.

Captain Rey-croft has been unable to play in the last four games on account of an injury he received in a scrimmage game with Belmont.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM.

This fall a new form of sport has won prominence for our school. Although unknown to most of us, in Captain Gaylord Goldsmith and his men we certainly have a team which has made a name for itself.

The first meet was with Medford High, then champions of the State. Three of our men finished several hundred yards ahead of the first Medford man; the first three finished as follows: Goldsmith, Zwinger and Wunderlich. Again our team triumphed, this time over Harvard Freshmen. As before, Goldsmith won, with Zwinger a close second. Next our team won an interscholastic meet held by Worcester Academy. Goldsmith was first, Zwinger third, and three others finished among the first ten. A beautiful cup was won for the school.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The membership of the Athletic Association has been greatly increased this year by the large number in the entering class.

Where has our "cheering section" been this fall?

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Receipts.

Balance on hand Sept 10, 1912,	\$.01
Athletic dues to date	82.50
Collections on field	7.65
	<hr/> \$90.16

Expenditures.

Police and officials	\$34.00
Net guarantees paid	16.10

Expenses.

Football	15.42
Crass Country	11.30
Baseball	2.00
Hockey	1.00
	<hr/> \$79.82

Cash on hand Nov. 20, 1912..\$10.34
G. J. Cross, Treas.

Approved by
F. C. Mitchell, Auditor.

THE ENGLISH CLUB.

The first regular meeting of the English Club this year was held on Monday, November 4. Daniel Cam-

eron, '12, opened the meeting as leader by a few remarks to new members on the benefits derived by those in the club, and urged every newcomer to do his share of the work; it was totally unnecessary, evidently, to awaken enthusiasm in the old members. He had provided a very unique program on Trowbridge, a most appropriate subject for an Arlington English Club.

Delightful quartet music was furnished by the Misses Alice Read '15, Frances Adams '16, Anna Hooker '16, and Ruth Scully '16, accompanied upon the guitar by Miss Porter. All excepting Miss Read are newly acquainted with our classic shades, so we doubly appreciate their kindness.

Harold Holt '13 followed with a biography of Trowbridge—a mixture of humor and pathos.

A very able and mature review of "Cudgo's Cave," by Miss Katherine Read '13, and a well-delivered reading of "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," by Miss Louise Hatch '14, gave the club some idea of Trowbridge's gifts to literature.

Miss Richmond addressed a few words of welcome and conducted a literary game, "Pastime," which dealt with famous couples of history and fiction. The prize—an Everyman's edition in leather of Shakespeare's comedies—was captured by Horton '12.

Felix Dowsley,
Secretary.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The first fall meeting of the Girls' Glee Club was held September 25. The following officers were elected for 1912-1913:

President, Helen Hill.
Vice President, Lois Nightingale.
Secretary, Katharine Everhardt.
Treasurer, Katharine Viets.
Librarian, Margaret Yerrington.
Pianist, Ruth Marton.

We are fortunate again this year in securing the services of Miss McIntosh as director.

The older members of the club extend to the newer ones a hearty welcome and hope they will enjoy being members of this organization.

Rehearsals are held once a week—Tuesdays at 2.30 in the afternoon.

Our first public performance this year was on November 1, at the Parents' Reception.

Katherine Eberhardt,
Secretary.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

The Boys' Glee Club has been revived and will be in charge of Mr. Gordon for the ensuing year. Considerable interest has been shown by the boys and it is hoped that there will be others who have not as yet been candidates, come out for the club. Concerts will be given at various places, and joint concerts probably arranged with other schools. If you can sing at all, come out and try for the club.

The following officers have been elected: Leader, Buttrick; manager, Mr. Gordon; treasurer, Mansell; secretary, Cameron.

GERMAN CLUB.

It is the intention of Miss Tewksbury to re-organize the German Club in the near future. We hope that it will have the same measure of success which it had under Mr. Smith's direction.

CLASS NOTES.

1913.

Class Officers

President Edward Kelley
Vice-President Philip Bower
Secretary Gerad Ladd
Treasurer Donald Scully

English IV A:

Sad news! R—t is failing fast—in English.

French IV A.

The tailor-cut beard—the latest fashion hint from Paris.

"The cold frogs came over the

land!" And this the climax of a tragedy!

Latin IV.

Oh! the information we do receive! "Venus was clad in the skin of a foaming boar." "Diana led the chorus!"

When somebody stuttered over the name "Pygmalion": "The greedy Pyg—"

Come, Seniors, and try to realize that you are supposed to be dignified Seniors.

Always missing from Room 9.

Mr. Cross' Heart (Hart).

Who is the guilty one?

Some consolations in a back seat, aren't there, George?

Oh, brilliant American History IV.

Seniors: $1+1=2$.

Transcribing shorthand:

Bright pupil: "Shorthand requires time and patients (patience)."

Chicane sounds innocent enough when pronounced "chick-ane" by I—y.

The favorite hymn of the "Comus" English division is undoubtedly, "I want to be an angle, And with the angles stand."

Greek IV is interested to learn whether the custom of sacrificing sandwiches to Apollo was a usual one among the Greeks. One member of the class interprets Homer that way. Can History IV (Ancient History review) throw any light on the subject?

There's nothing unlucky about "Thirteen" when properly combined with "Nineteen."

All aboard for our last year, A. H. S. personally conducted tour into the realms of knowledge. Be sure you get your money's worth out of it, Seniors!

1914.

Class Officers.

President Harold Kimball
Vice-President Melvin Breed
Secretary Margaret Yerrington
Treasurer,

Adelaide Stickney and Elton Mansell

III Latin:

.....qui nitent unguentis.

Master M.—Who shines with perfume, powder er-er or things women wear.

Miss R—"Your conclusion is incorrect. Women don't shine with ointments. That applies just as much to men as women.

Master W—"cutting-up" in general.

Miss R— translating opportunely: Truly, they are greatly mistaken if they think my former leniency will last forever."

First Bugologist: "What is a caterpillar?"

Second Bugologist: "An upholstered worm."

Physics II.

Exhilaration due to gravity equals 32.16 ft. per sec.

Teacher of Geometry: "No, that's not right. I could draw line AB a thousand million miles long."

Future attorney in the rear of room: "I challenge that statement." French III.

Miss T— (inquiring after a pupil who had received a walking ticket): "Ou est Monsieur X?"

Brilliant pupil: "Il se bounsa."

Wanted!!!

An express wagon for my books.—Miss Wheaton.

An easy chair.—Master Mansell.

Another cup.—Capt. Goldsmith.

No Monday valentines.—Master Campbell.

Teachers who went to the convention are going to try to love us little d—ls!!!

Miss Y—: "There are three kinds of dancing, graceful, ungraceful and disgraceful."

1915.

President Leo Kelley
Vice-President ... Dorothy Bateman
Secretary Ruth Lyons
Treasurer John Thornton
Latin:

B-l-y (translating): "Diviciacus cum multis lacrimis Caesarem complexus—" "Diviciacus, with many tears, embraced Caesar's knees."

Rather an awkward position!

Class (translating at sight): "in the coldest places they had nothing but skins for clothing."

Miss R—n: "That means skins of animals."

We're so glad to hear it!

English (Ivanhoe).

Miss G: "Why did Front-de-Boeuf's wife have that room in his castle?"

Miss P: "He couldn't put her in the pig-pen!"

Don't be alarmed at queer noises coming from Room 10 the fifth period. It's only the Sophomores having Latin. Visitors are always welcome.

Latin II B has received the information that if they get up between five and six o'clock in the morning and shout at the top of their lungs, "I'm glad I'm alive," they will be good-natured all day.

Let's all try it!

Heard in German—But soon the sun went under to set.

Latin II B.

"... matrem in Biturigibus homini illic nobilissimo ac potentissimo conlocasse, ipsum ex Helvetiis uxorem habere, sororem ex matre et propinquas suas nuptum in alias civitatis conlocasse."

Master B—: Would like to know if Dumnorix was running a matrimonial bureau.

Latin.

Master C— (translating): "...sub monte," in the shade of the mountain. (Laughter from class.)

For pity's sake, Sophomores, say something funny before next time.

1916.

Bill Barry (brother to Bonehead), while thinking of his dinner, rose absently in the Latin class and asked for a slice of paper.

"Is 'twain' in good use?" asked Mrs. W—d. "No," replied the intelligent one, "'string' would be better."

"Bud" Marshall, waxing eloquent

in his English composition, declared, "She heard the sun shine."

Note: When "Bud" blossoms, what will he be?

On being asked the feminine of monk, the heavyweight champion roared convincingly, "Monkey."

Note: He must be the guy that put the "key" in hockey.

LOCKE SCHOOL FRESHMEN NOTES.

The annual class meeting for electing a class president and other officers was held in the Locke School Hall on the eighth of October. Marguerite Lamson was elected president. The other officers are as follows: Peter Gillispie, vice-president; James Donnelley, treasurer, and Harold Bixby, secretary.

The October Social of the Freshman class at the Heights was in the form of a Hallowe'en Party. It was held in the Locke School Hall under the supervision of Marguerite Lamson, the class president, and a social committee of three, namely, Edith Byram, Katharine Kennedy, and Ray Stevens. The hall was tastefully decorated with Hallowe'en colors, yellow and black; the stage represented a harvest field, in the center of which was a shock of corn, with squashes, pumpkins, apples, and other harvest fruits and vegetables scattered around its base. Many games suitable for Hallowe'en were played and there was dancing for nearly an hour. After spending a very pleasant evening, the party broke up at ten o'clock.

EXCHANGES.

Only three exchanges have arrived at the time of going to press. We acknowledge the receipt of the following:—

The Imp, Brighton High School.

The Clarion, West Roxbury High School.

The X-rays, East High School, Columbus, Ohio.

"The Imp" (Brighton High School)
—Would it not be better to put your

Alumni Notes all under one heading? Also, to group your stories together? It is rather confusing to the reader to find them scattered in with the Athletic Columns and Class Notes.

"The X-rays (East High School, Columbus, Ohio) is a remarkably interesting paper, straight through. Its stories are entertaining, and its "Wants" and "Personals" are decidedly original and very amusing. We hope to see "The X-rays" every month.

Our thanks are due to the "Clarion" (West Roxbury Hig School) for the following:

"'The Chance' by B. L. H., in the 'Clarion,' Arlington High, is immensely interesting. Your class notes excel those in any exchange of ours; and your personals are extremely interesting as well as amusing to outsiders."

EXCHANGE JOKES.

I stood upon the mountain
I looked upon the plain
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain;
I looked again, and closer,
I thought it must be grass,
But, lo, unto my horror
It was the Freshman Class.

—Ex.

HOW LIFE LOOKS

To the Pessimist:

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for coats and hats.

To the Optimist:

Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.

Let us "Feather the Nest."

Money back if not satisfied.—Ex.

Tommy (innocently): "Teacher, which is proper, William or Bill?"

Teacher (snappishly): "William, of course."

Tommy (wonderingly): "Then would you say that the duck has a flat William?"—Ex.

Teacher: "How was iron discovered?"

Pupil: "They smelt it."

A Freshie stood on the burning deck;

As far as we can learn

He stood with perfect safety—

He was too green to burn.

—Ex.

Continued from page 4

1912.

The following members of the class have entered college this fall:

Eleanor Bisbee, Jackson; Alice Cotton, Jackson; Fred O'Brien and Raymond Taylor, Tufts; John Eberhardt, Shatswell Ober, and Jack Sanford, M. I. T.; Eleanor Hatch, Smith; Margaret Burns, Ruth Roop, and Miriam Stevens, Simmons; Philip Plaissted, M. A. C.; and Rachel Tuttle, Radcliffe.

Edith Winn is attending the Boston Y. W. C. A. Domestic Art School.

Clayton Hilliard is in the employ of Hornblower and Weeks.

Juliette Stacey is attending the Mt. Ida School for Girls.

George Percy is at Phillips-Exeter.

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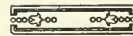
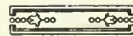
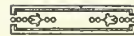
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(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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EDITORIALS

In accordance with the spirit of the season our paper has taken on a distinct Christmas tone. A set of enigmas and charades, handed in in unusual numbers, has largely taken the place of more formal literary work. May the holiday spirit of the "Clarion" add one drop to your cup of Christmas joy.

Try your wits, during vacation, on the puzzles at the end of the literary department. Hand your solutions to the editor, and recognition will be made in the next issue of the "Clarion" of the individuals and classes who do the best work.

At the suggestion of the Principal, the February number of the "Clarion" will be devoted to local history. Very interesting plans for it are under way and the "Clarion" Board expects that the result will be a paper that will be wanted in every home in Arlington.

Professor Coombs of Worcester Polytechnic Institute addressed the Seniors and Juniors for a few minutes before the close of school on December fourth. He spoke most interestingly on the subject of choosing an occupation, comparing German and American schools.

It is an interesting and significant fact that ours is one of the most visited schools in this part of the state. Hardly a day passes without one or more strangers inspecting the building and visiting our classes. Surely, this is a record to be proud of and we should do our best to keep the school,

in the future, as attractive to outsiders as it seems to be at present.

Vacation is here, and let us forget school and enjoy it while it lasts, teachers and pupils, both. And to one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1913

A Street Corner on Christmas Eve	Marion Bullard
A Tragedy of the Air	Daniel Cameron
In Eldorado	Amerigo Chaves
Floss	Eunice Clare
A View at Sunset	George Currier
The Evolution of the Christmas Spirit	Ethel Eggleston
The Repayment of Betty	Harold Holt
Mothers' Christmas Story	Florence Joseph
The New Grandmother's Christmas	Elizabeth Gardner
Seekers of Adventure	Winnie Ryan
One Christmas Day	Olive Wheaton

1914

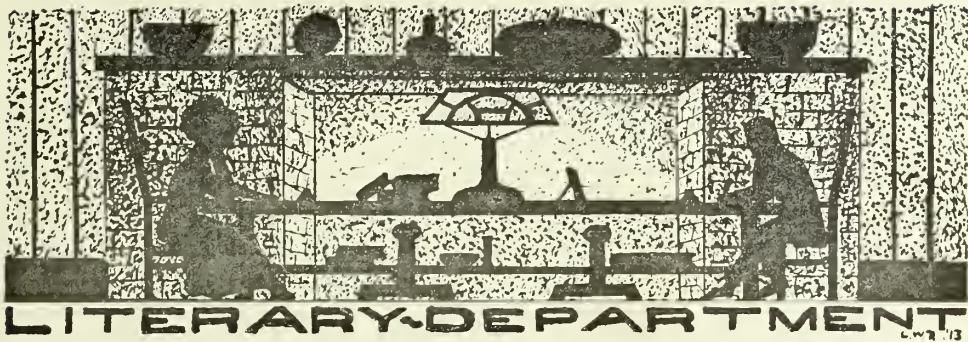
A Christmas Motto	Marion Bushee
All for Jimmy	Mary Keefe
A Business Proposition	William Keefe
Among the Hills	Adella McMillan
What I Saw Yesterday	George Salt

1915

A Sunset	Margaret Billings
A Rule	Tom Percy
The Troubles of a Newsboy	Herbert Philpott
A Christmas Violin	Gladys Richardson
A Christmas Surprise	Leo Snow

1916

Lois' Failure	Irene Caroll
A Christmas Dream	Pauline Crosby
Akhud-Raniz' Spell	Lawrence S. King
An Autumn Sunset	Francis L. Maguire



LITERARY DEPARTMENT. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Have you ever been wakened in the cold blackness of a Christmas morning by the pealing of the bells? Have you ever looked out on the sleeping city, with its empty streets and dark houses, lying still and dreaming under the white stars? Have you ever felt the thrill of mystery, too deep for words, or even for thought, and listened, with almost certain expectancy, for the music of the "heavenly host"? Have you ever wondered what the bells were saying to one another and to the world as they swung to and fro? Listen, then, to the song of the Christmas bells:

Clang—Clang—Clang—Clang—
From the towers where we hang,
Hear the bells of Christmas ring,
With their slow and rhythmic swing

Peave—Peace—Joy—Love—
King of men from heaven above,
Come to save from sin and pain,
Come on earth in peace to reign.

Praising Him—Sing—Sing—
Raise a pean to your king;
Born on earth a helpless child,
Heavenly glory laid aside.

Clear—Clear—Far and near—
Falls our peal on every ear,
Earth-born men and angels bright
Join the song of praise to-night.

Sweet—Sweet—though far away—
O'er the waters rings our lay;
White-sailed ships upon the sea
Hear the joyful melody.

Bright—Bright—in the sky—
Stars above the earth so high
Shine, and sing in circling song,
Echoing the heavenly throng.

Clang—Clang—Clang—Clang—
From the towers where we hang,
Hear the bells of Christmas ring,
With their slow and rhythmic swing.

Swing—Swing—Slow—Slow—
Fainter, fainter, now we grow;
Silver light proclaims the dawn,
Hush! the blessed Christmas morn.

So the bells ring, and ring out their message of peace and joy to the whole world. Listen: let their song sing deep into your heart, and not alone on Christmas morning, but all through the long year you will hear their message of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

My Grandmother has often told me this story, so I reproduce it in her own words:

When I was a very small child, it used to be the custom, when dipping the candles for the year, to dip a Christmas candle. I can remember so well just how my Grandmother used

to dip our Christmas candle. All the wicks were hung on the long arms that they might receive the dip at once. She would select one of the wicks, bind to it a quill filled with gunpowder, so that when the candle had burned to that point, the quill would explode and extinguish the candle. This was an old English custom at Christmas.

This festivity prevailed in the locality from which she had come and took the place of the Christmas tree, all the family gathering around the candle, telling stories and making merry until the gunpowder exploded and the candle was extinguished.

The time of which I speak was just at the close of King Philip's War, and the Indians were very numerous about Narragansett Bay. Our house stood on a hill overlooking Mt. Hope, the stronghold of that wily old chief, Philip. There was one old Indian at Mt. Hope called Sachawana. He was a medicine man in his own tribe. Now, Sachawana was very fond of medicine which was pressed from apples. He had at one time worked for my Grandmother and, besides the pay, she gave him a taste of cider. After that, he wanted cider instead of money. One day my Grandmother refused him any at all. He hung around all day, begging for it. Finally, when he found that he was not to get his cider, he left. However, as he left, he gave my Grandmother a bad fright by a hideously menacing look and the threat, "Me get even some day."

A few weeks after this incident, the war broke out and Sachawana was not seen for many years. My Grandmother often expressed the hope that he had been killed, for she dreaded to have him return.

It was three years after the close of the war that we were gathered again on Christmas eve to burn the candle. Several of the neighbors' children were at the house, and also the village school-master, who was then boarding

with us. He was telling ghost stories and keeping us strung to the highest pitch of excitement, when Brown, the dog, gave a queer guttural bark. The ghost story stopped with a jerk. We thought we heard some one at the smoke-house door. Grandmother went upstairs to look out of the window. The school-master followed. When they returned, he was as white as was ever one of the subjects of his tales.

In a moment more, the door burst open and in walked two Indians, tall, lithe men, each of them. They went over to the fire and sat down without speaking a word. One of them was Sachawana. My Grandmother was clearly frightened. The Indians did not speak for some minutes, then Sachawana said, "Me now get even."

My mother was trying to quiet one of my younger sisters who was crying softly from fright, my Grandmother was about to speak to the Indian when—Bang!—the quill exploded, the candle went out, and we were plunged into darkness.

"Yengeese!" shouted Sachawana, and the door stood wide open just as the two fleeing men had left it.

A. W. 1914.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

(A Child's Version.)

First, there was a wondrous shining,
like an angel lookin' down;
Then there was a far-off chiming;
oh, it was a joyful soun';
And those hill-side shepherds heard it,
Watching o'er their gentle sheep;
An' the little lambs, they heard it, an'
it woke them from their sleep.
And there were three wise men jour-
neyin'—to Bethlehem that night,
An' they heard the sweet, sweet mu-
sic, an' they saw the glorious light.
So they stopped, and waited, listen-
ing; the night was clear and still,
An' the snow was all a-glistening, on
the dale and on the hill.

Hark! the music's growing clearer, an'
 the sky is all a-light.
 There are angels coming nearer to the
 earth this holy night.
 Hear the heavenly voices singin',
 "Peace on earth! Good will to men!"
 Look! oh, wonderful and glorious!
 The Star of Bethlehem!

L. E. R., '14.

IN CHRISTMAS TREE FOREST.

It was the night before Christmas. The Brown family were discussing whether or not they should have a Christmas tree. It seemed a needless expense and money was rather short. Tommy argued for it. Never in his life had he known the twenty-fifth of December without one, and he knew it wouldn't seem at all like Christmas, he would miss it so. He was not going to hang up his stocking and how could he give up the tree. In the midst of the conversation he was sent to bed.

That night as he knelt beside his bed he prayed that God would send a Christmas tree to him and to all other little boys and girls who wanted one as much as he.

Then he climbed into bed and, to get his disappointment off his mind, fell to speculating about the stars. He was very sleepy. One star looked red. Why was it red? His eyes were closing and a rosy beam shot from the star right down to his window sill. As he watched, it expanded, the star came nearer, delicate, transparent stairs became visible, but they looked so frail. Would he try to climb them?

Lightly he sprang out of bed and placed one foot on the first stair. Yes, they held him! Cautiously he started, then, emboldened by success, broke into a run. How funny! He had never known he could run so fast before; why, he was almost flying! He reached the top before he realized it and was panting so hard from his flight he could scarcely see.

When he did look, he found himself in a very different world. Everything

seemed indistinct, enveloped in a kind of pink, sparkling mist. Tall shadows loomed in the background. Even as he looked, the mist began to rise. Bang! The land in which he was had suddenly become plain and Tommy, standing in a world of fir trees, wondered at his insignificance.

Glancing up, he saw one tree taller, greener, finer than the rest. It began to smile. Tommy hadn't known it had a face, but now it was smiling at him as plain as day and what was more, all the other trees were smiling too. To be the center of attraction like that quite awed our small boy. It was overwhelming; he must say something. He framed a little speech and began:

"Please can you ——" What was the matter with his voice; it was surprisingly small. He tried again and again as hard as he could, but to no avail.

He thought he heard a sound, and as he listened to the whispering of the firs, the tallest one opened his mouth; the confusion died away, and this is what he heard:

"This is the boy who thinks he must have a Christmas tree."

Tom felt the eyes of all upon him while he bowed his head in fright.

The voice began again, "Would you send to this forest men with axes to chop us down, send us to the city to be gaudily decorated, then sawed up and burned for fire wood? What would be left here? This huge forest you gaze upon would be desolate. We would be only memories, nothing material. Which would you rather have, a box of candy in your hands or the thought of a box of candy eaten?"

The boy was not convinced.

"Think of the numberless trees killed for selfish pleasure." This next slowly: "Suppose you were a tree. Think of that."

The voice had died away. There were no faces on the trees and the mist began to settle. Thoughts of being lost in it flashed through his mind, so he turned and ran to the top of the

stairs, sat down on the top stair, and slid down them into his own bed where he landed with a thump which woke him up.

The people were still talking down stairs, and he heard mother say, "But Tommy wants one." Then he ran to the top of the stairs and called, "No, mother, I have changed my mind. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

K. E., 14.

MY GUIDING STAR.

O, Lovely Star of Bethlehem,
Thy light still shines above,
To lead the weary wand'rer home
To peace and perfect love!

I sought thee when my soul was deep
In mis'ry and distress;
And lo! thy softly beaming light
Did give me calm and rest.

Ofttimes when cares were pressing
hard,
And life seemed all in vain,
The comfort of thy balm would then
Ease all the toil and pain.

E'en now thy light shines steadily,
With soft, caressing beams;
And when my soul looks up to thee,
Life holds but joy, it seems.

Oh may thou, then, forevermore,
Beloved and hailed be!
And may the end of this world's strife
Then find me safe with thee!

E. W. A., '13.

THE OPTIMISTIC TURKEY.

(By a fowl mind-reader.)

Yes, I'm a good turkey. I knew it now because I have heard it continually repeated by everyone since I was old enough to understand the English language. I am quite proud of my carriage, too, and when people look at me, they seem to brighten up and smack their lips, just as if I reminded them of something good to eat. That thought has been troubling me lately,

but it just came to my mind that perhaps they are all jealous because I am so nice and fat, and they want to be fat, too. Almost all the other turkeys are lean, and no one ever gives them even a pleasant look. All the smiles are for me, and I'm really very sorry for the rest of my friends.

Oh! Here comes Master to give me something to eat, I guess. He's coming straight for me, anyway, and doesn't even look at the other turkeys. No, he hasn't got one thing for me, and oh! oh! he's actually putting me into a bag. But perhaps he is going to show some ladies whom I saw the other day what a fine-looking turkey I am. Now, I'll try to look my best. Well, well, if you ever heard of such a thing; he's actually putting me into a box with hardly room to turn around, and slats on all sides. I'm sure I never made any attempt to run away. But perhaps he's afraid some one will steal me, and I'm really too beautiful to be stolen. I'm sure that's what is on his mind; but what a horrid life to lead, shut up in this box. But I know they are not going to keep me here always. Probably when I lose my beauty and get old, they will take me out. But how distinguished I must look, standing in this box all alone!

Yes, yes, I know I'm making a fine appearance because here come the whole troop of ladies to have a look at me. There! I just knew they would say, "What a fine turkey!" I just felt it in my bones. What!! What was that? What a fine turkey to eat! Oh, no! They couldn't have meant that. That was probably just a slip of the tongue. I'm sure no one would think of eating me.

Now I just knew they were fooling me just to try to hurt my feelings, because here comes my master again to let me out, now that those ladies have admired me all they want. And I just know I'm going to get something good to eat.

There, he's taking me out! But no, not a thing to eat, and how dark it is!

Oh. Oh! What is the shining blade
in his hand—

* * * * *

"What a delicious turkey," exclaimed every lady at the table. "I knew he would taste just as good as he looked."
M. D. G., '13.

A LEGEND.

One Christmas eve, as a charcoal burner was putting out his fires, he thought he heard a cry. He looked all around to see from whom it might have come, but could see no one. It worried him, for he knew that one who was not familiar with the forest would be lost when it was so dark. As he was wondering what to do, he heard the cry repeated, and then he hesitated no longer, but took up his lantern and began a careful search.

After some time, he found the one whom he had heard. It was a beautiful child, dressed in white, with long golden curls falling over his shoulders. He took the child in his arms, and carried him to his home. It was a humble little hut, but to the charcoal burner it was the most beautiful place in the world, for it was here that he came after a hard day's work, and found rest and happiness. When he entered the hut he was given a noisy welcome by his children, for now that father was home the fun would begin. They were very much surprised when they saw the little stranger, but they welcomed him kindly. Each one shared his gifts with him. The good man and his wife gave him his supper, and warm dry clothes. During this time the child had grown more and more beautiful, and a radiant light shone around him. Then after a while they could not find him anywhere. They were very much astonished, and finally the truth dawned on them.

"Why, father!" cried the youngest child, "it must have been the Christ-child!"

The next morning when the charcoal burner went to his fires, he saw

some beautiful white flowers growing on the spot where he had found the Christ-child. He picked some of them, and brought them home to his wife, who said they should be called chrysanthemums, in honor of their Visitor.

Every Christmas after that, the charcoal burner and his wife took some poor child and made his Christmas happy, because of the Child who had come to them on Christmas, and the chrysanthemums have continued to bloom in the cold weather, when every other flower has perished.

Gertrude Fleming, 1915.

TWO SHEPHERDS.

All his life Ben Adhu had been waiting for the Christ. When a child, he had been forced to become a slave of a wealthy farmer named Isaac in Judea, and throughout his days he had been unable to obtain his freedom. He knew that when the King came, he would be free. So he had worked hard for his master, and struggled to do his best; for, if he had not worked, would he be worthy of being set free by the Saviour?

And now he was aged, bent, and worn. Great shadows had crept in under his eyes, and hollows had come into his cheeks, and although his figure was once so strong and sturdy, it was now bent like an oak, when the blast of the north wind strikes its branches. Still he waited for his king, but Christ had not yet come!

Tonight, ill and forlorn, he was alone on the hills watching his flocks. His long cloak had been blown off by the cool night breeze; his hair, once so coarse and black, was hanging in long, white strands, ragged and unkempt, around his shoulders, and in his hands he held the tell-tale story of old age—a staff!

The night was beautiful! In her broad expanse Heaven had lit her lamps, and every one was twinkling, winking at poor Ben Adhu. He felt tired and weary, and laid himself down

to sleep. Gradually a radiance crept round about him.

"Ah, the moon is rising," he said to himself. "I shall see it for the last time. It will never rise again for me, for I feel that this is my last night on these hills."

He opened his eyes slowly—but there was no moon! Instead, gleaming on the horizon, was a wondrous, solitary star! Suddenly it appeared to move. It came slowly up the horizon, steadily moving across the heavens. Ben Adhu watched it, fascinated. Its light was unlike any of the other stars around it. Instead of twinkling, it shone steadily, and a beam of light came down from it toward the earth. His eyes followed it as it moved, until suddenly, it stopped! The ray of light rested on a tiny village nestled among the hills,—Bethlehem.

As he sat wondering, he seemed to hear strange, faint music, far away. As it came nearer he grew afraid. He tried to rise, but fell, and then lay trembling in panic. What could it mean? The strange music was coming nearer and nearer. A sudden light suffused the place, blinding him. His very soul cried out within him.

All around him he heard voices, sweet and melodious, and the music of harps. The voices rose and fell on the night air, and Ben Adhu dared not look up. Then he heard a voice, wondrously clear, rise like a bell from all the rest—

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Softly the voices died away, and nothing remained but the wonderful light and the beautiful star, shining over Bethlehem.

Then he knew! The truth burst upon him. Christ was born, and he was free! He tried to stand but was borne to his knees. Then he fell forward on the ground.

And that was all! Ben Adhu had gone with the angels and had found

peace at last. And all around the spot the sheep lay peacefully with no master. Heaven had given the world a divine shepherd.

Marion E. Allen, '16.

CHRISTMAS (MOTHER) GOOSE.

(For the Children's Department)

Sing a song of Christmas;

Stockings in a row;

A million little fir-trees

With candles all aglow.

The packages are opened;

The tots begin to sing.

Oh, isn't this a happy time

When Santa Claus reigns king!

Wreaths in all the windows,

Holly everywhere;

Bells are tinkling gaily

Through the frosty air.

A maid strolls through the hallway
Unknowingly she goes.

What happens 'neath the mistletoe

That she blushes like a rose?

L. A. B., '13.

..JUST FOR THE FUN IN IT..

"If you are quick and full of wit,
Pray, don't be shy in using it."

—Adapted.

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 MR. S C U L L Y

William J. Furdon, '14.

CHARADES.

(With apologies to the teachers.)

Number I.

My first, a liquor, old and rich,
 My second is a pronoun which
 You learn in the German class:
 My whole, a dark-complexioned
 gent,
 Who helped you when you travel-
 ing went—some class!

Number II.

My first, the shortened name of a
 girl,
 My second, a part of the anatomy,
 My last is seldom seen with a curl,
 And my whole can speak Francais.

Number III.

My first, an animal, wild in rage,
 My second, useful on any cage,
 My whole is a teacher, wise and
 sage.

Number IV.

A man named (my second),
 Said to his (my third)
 "My boy, don't (my first) the help-
 less bird
 Of his nest high up in a tree."
 My whole is a person, gay and free.

Number V.

My first, the big black crows do,
 When they're pecking up the corn;
 My second, to your clothes you all
 do,
 When you're dressing in the mora.
 My whole's an out-of-towner,
 No one knows where he was born.

Number VI.

My first to me never have beckoned;
 For the world, in French, just look
 up my second.
 The worth of my whole you never
 could reckon.

Number VII.

My first will rhyme with nothing
 but "spooks";

To their booty, my second, do some
 of the crooks.

My whole is a teacher of rare good
 looks.

Number VIII.

My first a Dutchman is apt to say,
 When trying to use our slang,
 My last a part of the anatomy,
 On which you may fall ker-bang;
 My whole presides over room thir-
 teen,
 Where would-be typists may be
 seen.

If here your name you do not find,
 I couldn't get you into rhyme;
 But please don't think it slipped my
 mind.

But I'd advise you just the same,
 To go and get another name.

E. A. M., '14.

ENIGMA.

My whole consists of 39 letters.

My 4, 16, 22, 24, 19 is a bill of ex-
 change.

My 12, 33, 5, 16, 20, 35 is to receive on
 trust.

My 35, 15, 3 is moist.

My 27, 25, 29, 14, 23 is a nickname for
 Thomas.

My 28, 7, 8 is a black fluid.

My 2, 31, 26, 28, 34 is a flint-headed
 weapon.

My 29, 28, 30, 10 is a bright light at
 night.

My 32, 36, 39, 11 is a grass of the bam-
 boo family.

My 9, 6, 21, 2 is an opera.

My 37, 1, 13, 16 is a fleet-footed ani-
 mal.

My 14, 22, 7, 18 is more than few.

My whole is a bit of Epicurean phil-
 osophy.

B. M. Y., 14.

WHO AM I?

I'm the guy:—

that put the hour in Power.

that put the bull in Bulger.

that put the corn in Cornelius.

that put the horn in Horner.

that put the man in Mansell.
 that put the cat in Caterino.
 that put the brain in Brainy.
 that put the will in Wilson.
 that put the son in Nelson.
 that put the but in Buttrick.
 that put the rim in Rimback.
 that put the cliff in Clifford.
 that put the cash in Cashman.
 that put the hat in Hatfield.
 that put the key in Keefe.
 that put the skull in Scully.
 that put the fur in Furden.
 that put the bell in Campbell.
 that put the day in Daley.
 Who am I?

Well, if you don't know now, I'm
 the Guy in disguise.

J. K. '13.

A PLAYFUL STORY.

"Little Miss Brown" lived "Way Down East" in "The Old Homestead," which her father "Bought and Paid For" many years ago; many people passed the mansion to go to "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

"Little Biss Brown" was one of "Three Twins" and the people called her "The Sweetest Girl in Dixie," while others named her "The Rose Maid," as her cheeks were like "Red Rose."

One evening, when this "Little Miss Fix-it" was looking at the "Rainbow" with the "The Little Minister" as an escort, she received a letter from "Madame X," who lived "Forty-five minutes from Broadway" to come and spend "Three Weeks" with her. "Little Miss Brown" accepted the invitation of "The Fascinating Widow" and started out on her visit.

She had to go "Over the River" which was "the Great Divide" "In Old Kentucky" and take a train. She became confused when she arrived at the station, so she approached "The Traveling Salesman" and he told her "The Easiest Way" on the train. She had to stay "Over Night" on the train,

and the next morning she arrived at the home of "The Merry Widow." It really seemed to her that she had been traveling about "Seven Days."

The home of the widow was on a street which led from "Broadway to Paris" streets. It was called "The House of a Thousand Candles."

The first night that the "Rose Maid" was there "Madame X" took her to "The Concert," which was held in "The Winter Garden." "Little Miss Fix-it" was overjoyed to meet "The Gentleman from Mississippi" whom she had met once before at the "Charity Ball." She also saw "The Girl from Rector's," who was strikingly dressed in "The Deep Purple" which was all the rage. "Madame X" introduced the "Rose Maid" to "The Music Master," who was the leader of "The Concert." "Little Miss Fix-it" was delighted to meet "The College Hero" who sang "The Rosary." He was the "Little Millionaire" and was known by his friends as "The Rich Man's Son." At times "The College Hero" was "The Private Secretary" of a large concern, his office being in "Room 444."

The "Spendthrift" became very much interested in "The Rose Maid." One day, while walking in the "Garden of Allah," they approached a newly painted settee and were about to sit down when "Disraeli" came along and said, Excuse me but "Mind the Paint Girl." They were so much interested in each other that even "The Passers By" heard pet names such as, "Bright Eyes" and "Baby Mine."

Time elapsed and soon a ceremony was held in "The House of a Thousand Candles." "The Little Minister" performed the ceremony, and came from "Way Down East" to marry them. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" made a pretty bridesmaid, and the best man was "The Fortune Hunter." And, as all stories end, they lived happily ever after.

Mildred Partridge, '14.

ENIGMA.

I have in all 54 letters.

My 1, 12, 3, 4, 13, is used in crossing the desert.

My 31, 9, 18, 47, 39, 29,—a nickname applied to our defeated President.

My 19, 20, 5, 38,—something without which this school might become a bathtub.

My 37, 45, 44, 53, 54, 26—more than one of which would cause us nervous prostration

My 42, 33, 46,—they're re-wearing them inverted now

My 16, 52, 36,—a woman's crowning glory

My 10, 25, 32, 30—William's better half.

My 15, 7, 6, 51, 30, 48, 49, 51,—a famous poet.

My 14, 17, 27, 30,—seen quite often at Easter.

My 34, 2, 8, 21, 43, 23, 54, 51,—a primitive footwear.

My 41, 35, 36, 1, 2, 5, 11, 26, 29,—is a name we respect.

My 28, 29, 46, 15, is something we shouldn't be.

My 40, 50, 1, 22, 4, 15,—seen the fourth of July.

My whole is a couplet found in the "Lady of the Lake."

Marion L. Horton,, '16.

A UNITED STATES PUZZLE.

(Answers are States of the Union, given in full, in shortened form, or in the accepted abbreviation.)

1. What is an important occupation for every housewife on Monday morning?

2. What does a young man say when he makes up his mind to propose?

3. What is a Christmas anthem sometimes called?

4. How many dollars make an eagle?

5. What is the most common expression of surprise?

6. What is mined in many of the Western states?

7. What great man founded Philadelphia?

8. Who is the chief god of the Orient?

9. What is one of the many cereals raised in the West?

10. What protection was there for the animals at the time of the flood?

11. What did Mary wear to the ball game?

12. Who was one of the most noted kings of France?

13. When one girl is talking to another about her class treasurer, what is a very common expression?

14. In what do many of the preserved fruits come?

15. How do people sometimes feel when there is any duty to perform?

16. What expression do two friends use in greeting each other?

17. Where is the best place in which to look for violets?

18. What state is a girl's name?

19. What girl has to work for a living and what does she do?

20. What does "Young America" always ask?

F. B. W., '14.

CHARADES.

My first is a letter in the German alphabet,

My second is a letter in the English alphabet,

My last is a verb which means to eschew,

My whole is the days which are soon to ensue.

My first is a feast of celebration,
My next Luna rules by persuasion,
My whole an important occasion.

My first is a feast in midwinter,
To Odin the god of the storms,
My second is where the squirrel hides
His bountiful store of acorns,
My whole we love to sit beside

Each bright and joyous Christmas
tide.

My first two syllables.
The small boy likes to throw.
My next is great or small,
There are just five in a row:
My whole the lads and lassies say
They love to see on Christmas Day.
A. E. S., '14.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 16, 18, 25, is a loud noise.
My 13, 8, 21, is to obtain.
My 20, 9, 11, 24, is tardy.
My 16, 15, 13, is small domestic ani-
mal.
My 19, 18, 1, is a part of the mouth.
My 17, 14, 23, 5, 25, is the opposite
of men.
My 16, 6, 17, 7, is not up.
My 4, 10, 6, 17, is a throng of
people.
My 17, 12, 22, 19, 2, is the entire.
My 7, 2, 3, 21, is tidy.
My whole is a Christmas Phrase.
Gladys E. Kimball, '14.

ENIGMA IN "EATS."

My first—in nuts, not in candy.
My second — in grapes, not in
plums.
My third—in chicken, not in turkey.

My fourth—in potato, not in parsnip.
My fifth—in squash, not in turnip.
My first—in celery, not in radish.
My second—in apple, not in peach.
My third—in almond, not in chest-
nut.

My fourth—in walnut, not in shag-
bark.
My fifth—in raisin, not in fig.

My whole, you will all agree, is per-
sonified Christmas good cheer.
G. F. G., '13.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 13, 3, 5, is a name of a girl.
My 28, 33, 4, 18, is opposite of boy.
My 2, 17, 11, is something every-
body does.
My 14, 29, 24, 15, is dirty.
My 34, 30, 16, 31, what all should
be.
My 21, 25, 9, 19, is used in building.
My 6, 17, 23, is a small animal.
My 22, 2, 32, is a lion's refuge.
My 7, 20, 9, 8, is something every-
body has.
My 35, 25, 12, 26, 2, 36, is a Shakes-
pearian play.
My 27, 17, 36, 2, is never on time.
My 10, 20, 18, 11, is not fresh.
My whole is taken from a well-
known poem.

L. B. N., '14.



English Club.

A meeting of the English Club was held Monday, November 25th, in the Assembly Hall, Miss Olive Wheaton, '13, presiding.

In accordance with almost everyone's visions of the approaching and anticipated Thangsgiving dinner, Miss Wheaton had a carefully prepared program relative to this national event.

Felix Dowsley, '14, gave an account of the first Thanksgiving; the description of the delicious repast prepared for a later celebration of this holiday, as portrayed by Miss Margaret Billings, '15, whetted our appetites for the approaching feast; we shared the happy enthusiasm of the company at "grandmother's," vividly pictured by Miss Ethel Eggleston, '13, while we also agreed with Percy Johnson, '15, that the "Modern Thanksgiving" does not uphold the original sentiment of religious gratitude for the past year of blessing.

At the conclusion of the literary part of the program, Mr. Cross, in his usual unique manner, introduced a Family Album, pictures of which were presented by tableaux, while Miss Porter played on the piano, exquisite music most appropriate for each picture. Those who took part were as follows: Phebe Hyatt, Margaret Billings, Louise Hatch, Thornton Cutter, Frances Adams, Ruth Scully, Charles Allen, Maria Allen, Leo Kelley, Katherine Read, Amy Schwamb, Anna

Hooker, George Woods, Jr., George Greenleaf, Bertha and Margaret Yerrington, Adele McMillan, Doris Devereaux, Alice Read, Marion Dawes, Gaylord Goldsmith, Mildred Bolster, Reginald Squire, Albert Wunderlich, and Felix Dowsley.

The High School Orchestra rendered some beautiful selections during the afternoon.

The meeting was adjourned at 5 o'clock. Much credit is due Miss Wheaton for the great success of the affair.

Felix R. Dowsley,
Secretary.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Rehearsals have been held regularly on Tuesday of each week.

Preparations for a concert have begun, which will be given in detail at a later date.

Katherine Eberhardt,
Secretary.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

The recently reorganized Boys' Glee Club is coming along very satisfactorily under Mr. Gordon's excellent training. Its first public appearance was at the Parents' Reception, given in Cotting Hall. It is hoped that joint concerts can be arranged with other High School Glee Clubs in the near future.

Daniel Cameron,
Secretary.



Both Lexington and Melrose were easy victims for our team. The former was defeated by the score of 19 to 0, and the latter 12 to 0. In these two games the team showed marked improvement.

On Thanksgiving morning after the dedication of the new grandstand, the team lined up against the Alumni, who outweighed our boys at least twenty pounds to the man. This weight was too much for the undergraduates, and they were defeated 28 to 0. Captain Reycroft in tackling his brother sustained a broken jaw.

The football team has had a fairly successful season this fall considering the heavy teams it was up against. Out of fourteen games, five were lost and one was a tie score.

The following men won their "A's": Captain Reycroft, Mansell, Currier, Wood, Chaves, Campbell, Buttrick, Robbins, Kelly, Duncan, Tuttle, Caterino, Keaney, Lowe, Bower, Cousens, Ross and Manager Hardy.

The results of the games are as follows:—

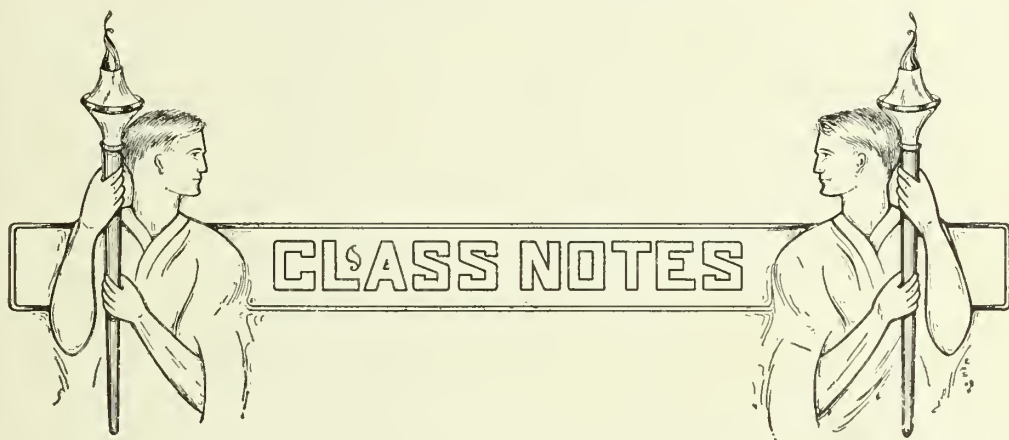
Arlington 14, Stoneham 0.
 Arlington 7, Mechanic Arts 23.
 Arlington 14, Wellesley 0.
 Arlington 0, Rindge 21.
 Arlington 20, Winthrop 0.
 Arlington 53, Dedham 0.
 Arlington 7, Alumni 6.
 Arlington 0, Milton 7.
 Arlington 0, Lowell 21.
 Arlington 7, Salem 7.

Arlington 19, Winchester 0.
 Arlington 19, Lexington 0.
 Arlington 12, Melrose 0.
 Arlington 0, Alumni 28.
 Arlington 172, Opponents 113.

Ross made nine touchdowns; Lowe, six; Cousens, six; Reycroft, two; Bower, two and Mansell, one. But? trick kicked fourteen goals after touchdowns.

The Cross Country Team wound up a very successful season by capturing the Mystic Valley League run, held at Winchester, Captain Goldsmith as usual being in first place. Zwinger, who up to this time had been striving in vain to beat McDermott of Stoneham, finally succeeded and came in second. The team now holds the championship of New England. None of the boys on the team are seniors so here's hoping for another champion team next year. The custom has been to give class numerals to track men, but this year for their excellent work the following men have been awarded regular "A's," Captain Goldsmith, Zwinger, Wunderlich, Kimball, Adams, Johnson and Sinclair.

George Lowe '13 is captain of the hockey team this year and Ralph Stiles '13, manager. A strong schedule is being arranged. A good team is hoped for as there are five of last year's team in school.



1913.

Master C. (Commercial Law), a man brought a refrigerator to keep chickens in.

Miss R.—Where did you stop, Master O'Keefe?

Master O'Keefe (much astonished)—At the end, of course.

We hope Master R— will not have to undergo a surgical operation in order to recover the gold tooth he swallowed.

In order to avoid a mix-up it has been suggested that the Senior boys tie a string to their caps.

Is it possible to "Pass at the sides and remain seated in the middle?"

Who are the ones always whispering?

Who are the ones who walk across the lawn?

Who are the ones who block the sidewalks of Arlington?

Who are the ones who throw waste-paper on the streets?

Who are the ones who are frequently late for school?

The SENIORS, of course.

Our learned classmate, O—d N—t, is the author of a new book entitled, "How to Start an Automobile With-

out the Spark Plug." H—t always was a smart boy.

1914.

In English:

Miss R.—"Will somebody suggest a topic for a debate?"

Master G.—"On aeroplanes."

Miss R.—"No, that would be over our heads."

Master L.—"On submarine boats."

Miss R.—"No, too deep for us."

Heated discussion upon the probability of ghosts.

Miss Ch—ber-lin—"I'm only afraid of ghosts when alone in the dark."

Muser—"Ahem! Wonder how often that is."

Miss R.—"I never heard the expression, 'Knock on Wood,' until four years ago. I was then very much impressed for someone substituted my head for the wood."

Latin:

Miss R.—"As a matter of taste, which do you prefer to use? Bless me! Heavens! Oh fudge! My word!"

Master K.—"Oh fudge!"

German:

Miss L. (translating)—"Hali drank himself. No, drank half himself."

French:

Master M.—"Longue-vue du Colonel. The far-sighted Colonel."

1915.

Heard in Physics:

A triangle is a four-sided figure having two shorts and two longs.

Can you think sideways? The pupils in Physics II A can.

Master B—y had brought the wooden bridge into the room in Latin II A, and the following inquiries, which show the vast intelligence of the Latin II. Honor Division, were made:

Master K.—What kind of an animal is that?

Master T.—Is that the original model which Caesar made?

Miss R.—Where have the ends gone?

Master H.—Oh, Master B. looked hungry when he went out; ask him.

In German, knife is neuter; fork, feminine, and spoon masculine gender; but I'm sure men aren't the only spooners.

Sophomores, it is not everyone who can get their words in print; "Wake Up!"

1916.

"Bub" Marshall is still living. When asked to cross out one of the "ts" in Brittain he was at a loss to know which one.

One of the hardest tests an Arlington High athlete gets, is to open the closet door in Room 14.

In Greek History Miss H—t asked, "What kind of a place was the Babylonian 'hereafter'?"

"Very hot," said a voice.

"Mr. Smith requests the company of Mr. Jones at 2.30 to dine on business." This is one of the "Knowlton" brand of formal notes in English.

Teacher—"Was Sir Walter Scott in robust health during the last ten years of his life?"

Pupil—"No, he died."

A certain young lady considers the corridor near Room 2 as a hair dressing department during recitations.

"There is only one class of people that have eyes in the back of their heads, and those are the school teachers," says Miss ——. So it is really true after all!

A short time ago a pupil said that Scott went into a bar.

I hope he didn't think that Scott was intemperate.



EXCHANGE.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of:—

The Recorder—Springfield High School, Springfield, Mass.

School Life—Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

Accident—West High School, Rochester, N. Y.

School Life (Melrose High School): It seems to me that your literary department is too brief. We would like to see more stories, especially if they were as good as "Night Duty in a Police Station." Do you not think an "Alumni Column" would add to the interest of your paper?

The Springfield High Schools add to the interest of their paper, the "Recorder," by photographs of their football team, and some of the football games.

Accident (West High School): Your "Class Room and Corridor" column is very original, as well as clever and interesting. We suggest

that you add an "Alumni Column" to your paper.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Latin (by a sufferer).

All the people died who wrote it,
All the people died who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death they surely earn it.

—Ex.

Freshman free translation of Caesar:
Caesar sic dicat au dicur expressi
lectum—

Caesar sic de cat on the cur, I guess he
licked um.—

—Ex.

Little drops of water,
Little drops on land,
Make an aviator
Join the heavenly band.

—Ex.

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be.
It's not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.

—Ex.

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Historic Arlington

VOLUME I

It was at the suggestion of the Principal that this number of the "Clarion," devoted to the history of Arlington, was prepared. It is a pleasure to live in a town whose history has been so varied and interesting. The first years, to be sure, were peaceful enough, well exemplifying the old saying, "Happy is the nation whose annals are brief." Then came war, and as Mr. James P. Parmenter so beautifully expresses it—

"At last the day came when History passed through our streets, and the quiet country people took their place

among those who were first to face death in defence of the liberties of a nation."

Another period of prosperity followed, then war again; and so, through the years, Arlington has played an important part in the history of county, state and country. The records of these years of progress and prosperity have proved of unusual interest to all who have had a part in the preparation of this paper, and we hope that the local history number may be widely read and enjoyed.

The work on this issue had hardly

begin when it became evident that even for the most limited treatment of the subject one number of the paper was inadequate. Accordingly, by a vote of the "*Clarion*" Board, it was decided to devote the two remaining issues to our work on local history, since as was said, "we could hardly find a better subject."

In this review of Arlington history there will be no attempt to present events in chronological order; but each issue will include biography, histories of town institutions, and miscellaneous writings dealing with general history and traditions.

QUESTIONNAIRE.

(To answer the following questions will not be an easy task, but we believe it will be a pleasant and profitable one. The best set of answers will be printed over the signature of the pupil handing in the list on or before April 25.—*Eds.*)

1. By how many names has this town been known?
2. Who was the earliest settler?
3. When was Menotomy purchased from its Indian owners?
4. On what terms?
5. What is the first local industry recorded, and where was it carried on?
6. What is the area of Arlington?
7. What are its boundaries?
8. What was the early name of Arlington Heights?
9. Who was known as the "Queen of Massachusetts?"
10. Where did the first settler end his days?
11. When and where was the first schoolhouse supposedly built?
12. Who was the first superintendent of schools?

13. When was Belmont separated from Arlington?

14. Who first recorded the special part played by Menotomy in the events of April 19, 1775?

15. Why did the members of the Boston Committee of Safety, who were staying in Menotomy on the eventful night, fail to hear Paul Revere's message?

16. By what name was Water Street known in pre-Revolutionary times?

17. What prominent Boston divine of the 17th century fell into Spy Pond while fishing, "the boat being ticklish?"

18. How many Menotomy settlers took part in King Philip's War?

17. When were postal facilities first provided by the U. S. government?

20. Before a postoffice was established, where were letters left to be claimed?

21. What were the early postal rates?

22. Before 1835, how many trips to Boston a week could be made by public conveyances?

23. What was the fare?

24. What was the first daily stage called?

25. Who was the first Boston merchant to have a permanent residence here, and where does the house now stand?

26. What noted taverns were built long before the town was incorporated? (Name three.)

27. What were the original termini of Pleasant Street?

28. Who was the first child baptized in the Menotomy congregation?

29. What penalty was affixed to misbehavior in meeting in the Menotomy church?

30. What distinguished foreigner

passed through West Cambridge, September 2, 1824?

31. What names were given to the first six fire-engines owned by Arlington?

32. Who was the captain of the "alarm-list company," of Menotomy?

33. Who was in command of the British soldiers who marched through Menotomy to Concord, April 18, 1775?

34. Who commanded the reinforcements that followed the next day?

35. Where in Menotomy did the fiercest fighting of April 19, 1775, take place?

36. How many on our side were killed?

37. What house was authorized as a hospital for the sick and wounded of the American army?

38. What invention of Amos Whittemore instituted a very important industry in Massachusetts?

39. What buildings have successively occupied the site of the new Town Hall?

40. Which was the more disastrous of the two tornadoes? Why?

41. Who was the first man who carried ice as merchandise to Boston markets?

42. How much ice is cut in Spy Pond in a favorable year?

43. When was the first railroad train run through to Boston?

44. When was the first horse car run to Boston?

45. What was the original fare to Boston by horse car?

46. Who was the "Father of the Arlington Public Schools" and chairman of the School Board for a quarter-century?

47. What industries have flourished in the mills along Mill Brook?

48. What was the population of the town when incorporated?

49. When did women first vote for school committee?

50. What is the translation of the Latin motto on the town seal?

ARLINGTON MEMORABILIA.

Should you ask me, whence these legends?

Whence this history, these stories
With a touch of old-time fancy,
With the breath of long ago,
With the roll and beat of war-drums,
With the chime and swing of church-bells,

With the song of peace and plenty,
And the onward steps of progress?

I should answer, I should tell you—

"From the books of old traditions,
From the tales of the grandfathers,
From the dreamy hearth-side fancies,
From the records dry and yellow."

Should you ask me, "Will you tell us
All these legends and traditions?"

I should answer, I should tell you,
"Read this tale of Arlington!"

The Purchase of Menotomy.

On the shores of fair Lake Mystic
Of the Massachusetts colony,
Lived Squaw-Sachem, the wise woman,
Ruling o'er her people kindly.
Prosperous and happy were they.
Finally, the white men coming,
Found their way through all the forests,

Left their settlements behind them.
Then they came to old Squaw-Sachem,
Bargained with her for her ownings,
Paid her many bright gold pieces,
Promised her a coat each winter:
For the land she called "Menotomy."

The Menotomy Settlers.

There in peace and plenty dwelt they,
 Dwelt these settlers, these pale-faces,
 Plowed their lands and built their
 houses,
 Grew the maize so tall and yellow
 And the heavy-headed wheat stalks,
 Learned the wood-lore from the In-
 dians,
 How to blaze their way through wood-
 lands,
 How to shoot an arrow surely,
 How to trail the forest creatures,
 Captain Cooke, a man of wisdom,
 Built a mill upon the streamlet
 Where the waters leaping, laughing,
 Joined the Mystic rolling seaward;
 Ground the golden corn and wheat-
 ears
 Into meal like powdered sunshine,
 Into flour as white as snow-flakes,
 So they lived, these happy settlers
 Lived in concord with their brethren
 Called themselves the Second Precinct
 Of the larger town of Cambridge.

The First Meeting House.

As Menotomy grew and prospered
 The wise-men, the stern town-fathers,
 Met in council grave and weighty,
 Talked of things devout and pious,
 Said, "Since now a well-grown town-
 ship,
 We must have a church for worship
 That we need no longer journey
 To the neighboring town each Sab-
 bath,
 That we may as well befits us,
 Thank the God who has so blessed us
 'Mid the homes that He provides us,
 So they counceled with the people,
 Weighed the matter well and gravely,
 And at last they all decided
 That a common tax they'd levy
 For a common place of worship.

So the church was built and furnished,
 And the people prayed and fasted,
 That the Spirit might then move them,
 Help them to decide most wisely,
 Help them in their choice of leader.
 Many men were called for preachers,
 None there were who really pleased
 them
 'Till at last with wise selection,
 Reverend Samuel Cooke was chosen.

The Call to Arms.

Soon the war-clouds gathered thickly,
 And in all the land was tumult
 For America's young colonies
 Fought against the Mother Country.
 On a night well-known in history
 On the eighteenth night of April—
 Seventeen seventy-five the year was—
 Paul Revere rode through Menotomy,
 Rousing all the men to action,
 And next day they fought a battle,
 Fought a battle with the British,
 Left their foemen dead and wounded
 All along the tree-lined roadway;
 And the old men of Menotomy,
 Slyly planning, slyly waiting,
 Captured there a British convoy
 On its way to near-by Concord;
 And a wise and crafty woman,
 Giving wrong directions to them,
 "Red Coats" sent to certain capture
 While she went to warn her neighbors.

Separation from Cambridge.

When this cruel war was over
 And again the sun of peace shone
 Happy were these Cambridge towns-
 men.
 Plenty was within their dwellings,
 Yellow was their ripening harvest
 Peace again was all about them.
 So again the wise town-fathers
 Met in council grave and weighty.
 They would plead for separation

From the neighboring town of Cambridge;
 Have a town apart from others,
 And their plea at last was granted
 In the year of eighteen seven.
 So from then they called Menotomy
 Just West Cambridge, to distinguish;
 And a full half century later
 Arlington was the name they gave it.

The Civil War

Now again the cannons rumble,
 Sound a warning, sound a summons,
 For again a war is waging,
 Brothers fighting against brothers,
 Northerners against the South-land.
 And again the town of Arlington
 Sends her sons to fight in battle,
 Sends her sons to die at Bull Run
 Or to fall at Gettysburg.
 And at home the women waited,
 Waited sad and heavy-hearted,
 Scanned the lists of dead and wounded,
 Worked and prayed, oppressed by sorrow.

'Till at last the war was over,
 Peace was made at Appomattox,
 And the Northern Army, turning,
 Set their faces toward their dwellings.
 Loving was the welcome given them,
 Tears and joy were intermingled,
 Joy for the returning heroes,
 Tears for those in battle fallen.

Progress.

Now the war is long since over—
 And we've rounded out a century.
 Since the first incorporation,
 Of this town of Arlington.
 Flood nor famine, great disaster,
 Naught has killed prosperity.
 Broad and smooth the winding highways

Under arches formed of branches,
 Charming slopes, a gleam of water,

Homes of plenty and of luxury,
 Grand memorial hall in building,
 Pride of town, for work and pleasure,
 Spacious schools for youthful students,
 And a new High School in prospect,
 These and more our town can boast of.
 In the sunshine of the present
 Shall our history be forgotten,
 Old Squaw-Sachem and Menotomy,
 Captain Cooke and the first parson,
 Heroes of the troublous war-times,
 Legends and the dear traditions?
 No, these all shall live in memory.
 Even now with art and learning
 Skilful minds and hands are laboring
 In dramatic presentation,
 Once again these precious memories.
 To revive in grand procession.
 Live then, Arlington, forever,
 May thy children here and elsewhere
 Ever hold thee in affection.
 Ever seek for thy advancement,
 Ever strive to lend thee honor
 And in deed to raise thy standard.

L. E. R., '14.

THE ROBBINS FAMILY

The well-known and widely esteemed Robbins family of Arlington is descended from Richard Robbins, who came from England in 1639 and settled in Charlestown.

The first of the present family to settle in the Second Precinct of Cambridge, as Arlington was then known, was Nathan Robbins, who came from Lexington about 1785. He married soon after Rebecca Prentice, who was descended from one of the original settlers of this town. Of the nine children born of this union, six sons and three daughters, descendants of only one are living today.

The business of Nathan Robbins was marketing in a small way, and it was

but natural that the sons should follow the occupation of the father. The eldest son, also called Nathan, born in 1803, started to work at the age of fourteen, first as the employe of others and later on his own account. When the extension of the old Faneuil Hall Market was opened in 1826, he was the first to take stalls there and establish a business in poultry and game. His high reputation for honesty and sagacity, as well as his thorough knowledge of his business, brought him success. He knew and had the friendship of many of the interesting men of his day. Among them were Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. When the latter died, his widow gave Mr. Robbins his walking stick and a favorite volume of poems.

He lived all his life in his native town, which he knew under its various names of the Second Precinct of Cambridge, West Cambridge, and Arlington. He married in 1829, Eliza Eleanor Parker of Lexington, a near relative of Theodore Parker and a granddaughter of Captain John Parker, who led the Americans at the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775.

Mr. Robbins had certain marked traits of character, integrity and diligence, being the most conspicuous. Men who dealt with him knew not only that he might always be found at his place of business, but that his statements might be trusted. Throughout his life he clung to sound principles of business and refused to be drawn aside into any speculation, however dazzling, choosing rather to rely for success upon the old fashioned virtues of prudence, economy and diligence. There is a fine portrait of him on the walls of his home, now occupied by his grand-

daughters, the Misses Robbins. This portrait was painted by Theodore Rousseau, the celebrated French artist, and nothing can be more lifelike than the pose and expression which bespeak so much that was characteristic of the man.

Several men who achieved distinction in business owed much of their success to the sound training received under him. Conspicuous among them were his two brothers, Amos, born in 1817, and Eli, born in 1821; one was fourteen and the other eighteen years younger than himself. Beginning under him they were later sent to open a business in New York where they founded the firm of A. and E. Robbins, in the Fulton Market, which became, and continued to be for years, the largest receivers and shippers of poultry and game in this country.

Amos and Eli Robbins were men of the same sterling character and integrity, as their brother Nathan, and like him, were averse to taking public office, but fulfilled all the duties and responsibilities of private life with scrupulous care.

Eli Robbins married Maria C. Farmer of Arlington, in 1845. They had two sons who died early in life. Eli Robbins died in 1883, and in 1892 his widow gave to Arlington the present library building in his memory, but she did not survive to see the building completed. A description of the library will be found elsewhere in this number. The present Robbins house formerly stood where the library is now. In its present retired situation it is a noticeably attractive residence with its wonderful lawns and shrubbery. The interior, as revealed to us by the gracious hostess in showing us the

wonderful family portraits, is full of old-fashioned charm, stately in proportion and exquisite in detail.

Amos Robbins married in 1838 Adelia Marthing of Tarrytown, N. Y., a granddaughter of Isaac Van Wart, one of the three captors of Major Andre. Of this union there were two sons and two daughters, none of whom are now living. The eldest of these children, Winfield, was the donor of the new Town Hall. He was born in New York in 1841, and received exceptional advantages. He went to Amherst College and then was sent abroad where he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, and also at Heidelberg, Germany, where he received a degree. He was a man of unusual attainments and his intimate knowledge of French, German, Italian and Spanish, made him a citizen of the world and enabled him to derive much from his extensive travels. His tastes were largely for the fine arts, and it was to him that his aunt, Mrs. Eli Robbins, entrusted the building of the Public Library which she erected in memory of her husband.

Winfield Robbins felt, more than most men, that it was the duty of all to give of their means, whether large or small, for the good of the public. His travels had shown him the benefit of fine public buildings to a community, and, knowing the need of Arlington for a new Town Hall, he must have felt that here was an opportunity to benefit the public and at the same time to perpetuate the name of an honored father in the place in which he was born.

It is in memory of Winfield Robbins that a little park is to be laid out between the Town Hall and the Public Library and for it a fountain is de-

signed with a magnificent Dallin Indian in bronze. His memory is further perpetuated by the beautiful and life-like bust of white Carrara marble in the main hall of the library.—*Donald Scully '13 and Dana Hardy '13.*

LIBRARIES OF ARLINGTON.

The first library that existed in Arlington was the West Cambridge Social Library, formed in 1807 by the most respected and learned citizens of the town. It was a corporation, or proprietors' library, wherein each member held a share for which he paid five dollars. It was in no sense a public library; the books were for the members alone, a heavy fine being imposed on any member who should lend a book to anyone outside his own family. The length of time that a person might keep a book varied, but much consideration was shown to slow readers. For example, a member might have 25 days to read "Gay's Fables," and 35 days for "Paradise Lost." He might reflect upon "Pilgrim's Progress" for 40 days if he saw fit, and was allowed 70 days to struggle with "Ferguson's Astronomy." It seems hardly necessary to add that there was not much light reading in the library books of that time.

In 1835, the town received a legacy of one hundred dollars from Dr. Ebenezer Learned of Hopkinton, N. H., to start a public circulating library. Dr. Learned, while a student at Harvard College, taught school in Menotomy, and it was probably his kind-heartedness and memory of the children that he taught, that led him to leave this legacy. In his will, he provided that selectmen, the ministers of the Gospel, and the physicians of West Cambridge should receive the sum and establish

the library for the benefit of the school children, although other persons paying a membership would be admitted to the privileges offered. This library was called the West Cambridge Juvenile Library.

Mr. Jonathan M. Dexter was the first librarian chosen, and the books were kept in his house. Early appropriations were made by different societies, and, as the town now commenced to make annual appropriations, the distribution of the books was extended to all families in the town. From this time, 1837, the institution continued to be a free public library, *the first of its kind in Massachusetts*. For the next twenty years the library was moved about to many of the homes of citizens, and was at one time in the basement of the First Parish Church. In one instance it was in the hat store of Mr. Dexter, with his daughter as librarian; but in 1853, it was placed in the new Town Hall, where it remained for thirty years.

In 1867, when the town became known as Arlington, the library became known as the Arlington Juvenile Library, and in 1872 its name was formally changed to the Arlington Public Library. It continued to grow until it contained over 2,000 volumes, and had a circulation of 6,000. The selectmen, ministers and physicians continued to manage it until a board of three trustees was formed. As the library continued to grow, its quarters were repeatedly moved to larger rooms and halls, until a branch library was necessary.

It was in 1892 that Mrs. Maria C. Robbins settled the question of the library, by building and furnishing a magnificent building, at an expense of

\$150,000, in memory of her husband, Eli Robbins, both being natives of the town. In recognition of her gift the town voted to have the institution called the Robbins Public Library.

The dedication of the library occurred on Tuesday, Nov. 30, 1892, with exercises both afternoon and evening. The former were held in the reading room of the new building; the latter, in the First Parish Church. The day was perhaps the stormiest one of the year, but all available space at both dedications was taken. Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett was the chairman of the committee, and after a brief speech, he gave the keys of the library to the chairman of the selectmen, who, in turn, gave them over to the chairman of the trustees of the library. Other speakers were introduced, one of whom gave the history of the library from its founding.

The exterior of the building might, perhaps, not meet the approval of some because of its massiveness and severe lines, but that thought, if it existed, would soon be expelled as one went inside. At the first glance the effect is one of charm and beauty. It is entirely finished in imported marble and oak. The main hall is entered under great arches, which are supported by marble columns. The reading room is finished and furnished in oak, some of which is beautifully carved. Its window encasements are supported by carved oak Corinthian pillars, above which are groined arches and a fine vaulted ceiling, decorated in Italian style. The floor is of marble mosaic with an elaborate border and many designs and figures. On the whole, the architectural plan of the building and its interior decorations

would probably come under the head of architecture of the Italian Renaissance. In its beautiful surroundings, it continues to carry on the beneficial work which was started more than seventy years ago.

The town's appropriations for the library began to grow continually, from \$30 annually to over \$200. Funds amounting to \$75,000 have been received in gifts, the income of which is used for the maintenance of the library. Other donations in the form of books and works of art have been received, making all told a very extensive library, which the people of the town hold in high esteem and gratefully make use of. May it long continue to uphold the purpose of its founder, to "promote useful knowledge and the Christian virtues among the inhabitants" of Arlington.

Louis W. Ross, '13.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND"—

"Never heard about the Williams-Brown feud? Well, I declare!" The old farmer settled himself more comfortably in his armchair, took a few more pulls at his corn-cob pipe and told me this story as I am going to tell it to you:

"Jake Williams and Jim Brown were well known around these parts. Jim was a farmer, same as myself, and Jake used to do 'bout anything.

"Well, as I was saying, Jake and Jim lived side by side for years, and naturally they were great friends; that is, they were until they quarreled. No one could find out what was the matter, but the first time we knew there was anything wrong was when Williams came into the store down to the

Center and didn't even recognize Brown.

"The storekeeper was a friend of both, and he got curious about it. Found to find out what was the matter, he walked over to where Williams was leaning against a counter and asked, confidentially: 'Say, Jake, anything why don't you shake hands friendly like?'

"Jake turned on the surprised storekeeper with fire in his eye. 'I tell you once and for all that it ain't your business, or anyone's, whether there is or whether there ain't; but I tell you this, I ain't a-goin' to shake hands with Jim Brown, nor speak to him neither, till—till—till that yere steeple over there (pointing to the Unitarian Church) p'int's down 'stead of up, and not before.'

"So the mysterious fight continued and lasted for about six years, and all that time, if you'll believe me, they never recognized or addressed each other, and took opposite sides in public on every question that came up.

"Then one day—my friend stopped and relit his pipe—it was a Sunday in August; a stiff wind was blowing from the southeast, and 'long 'bout sunset the sky grew black with clouds. During the evening the wind rose steadily, and by half-past ten it was blowing a heavy gale. I could hear the limbs of trees outside crack and then break with a crash. The rain poured down in torrents; the air was filled with something that smelled like sulphur till I fairly choked. I caught a glimpse of Main street cluttered with large branches from trees nad flooded with the rain. Panes of glass in the windows were splintered, and skylights and window-blinds were torn from the houses and

fell into the streets. The chimney of my own house fell in; and I tell you, when those bricks came down through the ceiling I was scairt.

"The church bells were clanging in the heavy wind, Ding-dong! Ding-dong! It was nearly eleven o'clock. I went to look out again. The storm was at its height. As I stood there the clock in the Unitarian Church steeple struck the hour. Then the slow, steady stroke changed into a wavering, unsteady clang, and I knew, clear to my boots, that the church steeples were a swaying in the wind. Then there came a short lull—that steeple was a-hanging in midair—and then a heavy crash, which sounded as if some building had been struck by lightning and wrecked. A sudden flash of lightning followed, and lit up the whole place, and in that short second I saw that the Unitarian Church spire had fallen to the ground.

"To the surprise of the whole of us, next morning, as Jake Williams met Jim Brown near the fallen steeple, he held out his hand to him and said: 'I reckon the spire ain't p'intin' up any longer, Jim.'

"'I reckon it ain't neither, Jake,' Brown answered with a smile.

"'What did they quarrel over?' The farmer smiled drowsily and answered:

"'Over who had the best game rooster—' And then he fell asleep.

Mary L. Donnelly, '13.

A FEW HISTORIC BUILDINGS OF ARLINGTON.

Although in the last three or four decades Arlington has undergone a marked change in the laying out of new roadways and in the construction of more modern dwellings, there yet remain enough of the old houses of Revo-

lutionary type to remind us of that time when our town thrived under the Indian name of "Menotomy," and our citizens valiantly took part in that struggle for independence for which this and surrounding towns have become so widely renowned.

Just below the Soldiers' Monument at the fork of Massachusetts avenue and Broadway stands an unpretentious, but hospitable old homestead—the Amos Whittemore house. Here one of the greatest inventions of the time was made, the cotton and wool card-making machine, which was first used in its home town.

Standing conspicuously at the corner of Medford street, and overshadowing the sacred monument below, is the Arlington House, which has lately been modernized for the use of small stores, greatly diminishing its historical aspect. This building was erected in 1826 on the site of Cooper Tavern, the cellar of the original tavern forming the foundation of the present structure. It was here that a party of our brave soldiers met to discuss a plan of campaign whereby some "redcoats" might be captured on their way to Lexington.

Continuing up the avenue, we come to a large, unattractive brown building—the old Town House. At present the building is still used as the headquarters of the "Town Fathers."

Across from the Town House, on its spacious green, stands the Unitarian Church, the successor to the first meeting-house of that parish. The building has been lately remodelled according to more modern ideas, but in the old exterior we are still able to detect an excellent example of the ecclesiastical architecture of an earlier century in New England.

To the left of the Library, almost completely obscured from view by the tall trees and masses of shrubbery before it, stands the Nathan Robbins mansion, originally owned by William Whittimore, a finely preserved old house of colonial type, which formerly occupied the site of the Library.

Diagonally opposite the Library our attention is attracted to another building owned by the Whittimore family, the general style of architecture of which would indicate it to be a relic of Revolutionary days. But a short time ago, while some repairs were being made to the interior, a bullet was found lodged in the balustrade of the old staircase.

Beyond the Universalist Church stands a fair type of the older colonial houses of Arlington. This was formerly the property of the Cutter family, and dates back several years before the Revolution.

Situated on the left, near Jason street, and somewhat back from Massachusetts avenue, is a small, quaint old house, originally the home of Jason Russell, in which twelve "Minute-men" were discovered and captured by the British soldiers. Its walls still contain traces of the marks made by the bullets fired in this conflict.

While many houses of modern construction and architecture are rapidly being built, the old dwellings still remain a source of pride to the town's inhabitants, perhaps more particularly to the older families whose ancestors lived in those memorable days of 1775.

Dorothy T. Munch, '14.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

It was in December, 1864, that a public high school was first established in

Arlington, then known as West Cambridge.

Six years previous to that date a school had been established for instruction "in any and all the branches of learning required for admission into Harvard University at Cambridge, and other American colleges." This school was known as the Cotting Academy, and was made possible by the generous gift of land from William Cotting. It seems that the establishment of this academy formed a new starting point in the prosperity of the town, for it is said that some of the principal men had avowed their determination to leave the place unless such a school could be established. The gift was subject to various proper restrictions and conditions, but the deed permitted a transfer to the town on the same conditions. Consequently the town, at the suggestion and under the inspiration of the Hon. William E. Parmenter, purchased the property, and Cotting Academy became known as the Cotting High School.

The first principal of the High School was Charles O. Thompson, who stayed three years and was greatly beloved by the townspeople. Other principals were M. W. Haze, W. H. Tuttle, George Chase, Charles Clay, A. Gardner Fisher, Ira W. Holt, whose administration began in the Cotting High School and continued for fifteen years in the new building, and Fred C. Mitchell, the present principal.

One topic of special interest in connection with the old school, the Cotting High, is the graduations, which became very elaborate and expensive. The young ladies rejoiced in dresses which cost as much or more than "a well-to-do bride's dress"; each graduate had a

class ring, and handsome and expensive invitations were sent out for the final reception and dance, which was the most important social function of the year for all the townspeople. It ended, of course, in the abolishing of public graduations for some years, but at the dedication of the new High School the request was made and granted, fortunately for us, that graduations be resumed with proper restrictions.

The first steps toward the erection of the new building were taken September 29, 1892, when a special town meeting was called, and the need of a new building was set forth. By the time the November meeting was held the land for the new school had been purchased. The site chosen was on the corner of Maple and Academy streets, opposite the old Cotting High. The land chosen was largely ledge, but no one realized how hard it would be to dig a cellar there. However, the contractors put the work through skilfully. The building, though plain on the outside, serves its purpose well; and proof of its excellence may be found in the fact that the State Board of Education selected it as an illustration at the Chicago World's Fair of the best the Commonwealth had to show in the line of public school buildings.

The High School was completed in 1894. The dedication exercises, as reviewed in the local paper, were of great interest. The hall was beautifully decorated, a floral shield with A. H. S. on it being a feature. Music was provided by Poole's Orchestra. Prominent citizens were on the platform. After the prayer of dedication, which was offered by Rev. C. H. Watson of the Baptist Church, Judge Parmenter opened the exercises with a sketch of the history of

the High School. The keys were then delivered by Mr. Hodgdon to the Selectmen. An upright piano, the gift of Mr. Warren Rawson, was then presented. Principal Holt accepted it for the school and in closing his remarks said: "May your own life flow on as harmoniously as the notes of your beautiful gift on this calm summer day." Mrs. L. H. Ross, eldest daughter of Mr. Rawson, then favored the company with a solo. The orator of the afternoon was then introduced, Dr. Frank F. Hill, Secretary of the State Board of Education, who gave an inspiring address. Following the oration there were speeches by Gov. Brackett, Mr. E. Nelson Blake, and others. The exercises closed with the singing of "America."

The High School has been the recipient of several valuable bequests. By the will of William Cutter, his property was left after the death of his wife, to the town for the benefit of the public schools. After the death of his widow in 1836, the gift became available. It amounted then to over \$5,000. The School report of 1866-67 says: "The town was then poor, and from the date of his will (March 17, 1823) it may well be inferred that at the annual meeting he had been struck with the smallness of the sum voted for schools, and found it in his heart to increase it in the future from his own means. It is the gift of a humble, childless man, whose motive could not be other than unselfish." To this noble bequest the High School owes its Manual Training Department. It is pleasant to know that in 1836 the town erected a suitable monument over the graves of William and Mary Cutter in the Old

Burying Ground, near the Revolutionary Soldiers' Lot.

Another bequest was that of Nathan Pratt in 1875, who gave to the town \$25,000, \$10,000 of which was for the High School. It provided for books, apparatus and lecture courses, "all for the use and benefit of said school." It was from this fund that the physical and chemical laboratories were fitted up. A picture of Mr. Pratt hangs in the Assembly Hall, and surely he is a benefactor who should often be gratefully remembered by all.

A third large gift of money to be acknowledged is the gift of \$2,500 to the town from Mr. E. Nelson Blake, income of which was to be annually expended for books, to be given as prizes to those entitled to receive them under rules to be established by the School Committee. These books are given to those whose character and deportment are of the best, rather than to those whose scholarship is highest. Blake Books Day, with its exercises and presentations, has come to be one of the most significant and interesting of the annual events of the school.

Many smaller gifts have been received which are valuable additions to the school; books from Dr. Cotting, son of the founder of Cotting Academy; pictures and busts from the Arlington Women's Club; and gifts from the graduating classes of beautiful art reproductions.

The knowledge of the history of our school ought to make us, individually, more anxious to maintain its honor and its high standard, as well as grateful for all that has been done in the past, and is now being done, for our welfare and progress in the Arlington High School.

Mary Burns, '15.

THE HISTORY OF ARLINGTON DURING THE REVOLUTION.

(After the Style of "Bill Nye.")

At first the Americans were only a special breed of English people who lived in England, where they were compelled to support the nobles and pray as the nobility directed.

Becoming tired of this they decided to emigrate to America, and let the Indians, who they had heard were a hard working class, support them.¹

After they had been settled in and around Boston for about one hundred and fifty years, and had paved the streets, and got Franklin Park set out, and had begun to install steam heat and turkish rugs² in their houses, England thought that she would like to share the dividends also, and sent over a brigade of soldiers to take possession and lead the Labor Day Parade.

The New Englanders resented this and complained to the Boston Police, who had a number of encounters with the Red Coats. The soldiers soon tired of these petty quarrels and cabled their King, begging him to give them some excitement, so he ordered the Americans to buy their postage stamps³ from him, but they wouldn't, and the soldiers had a little fun, after trying to enforce this order, in dodging bricks and chasing the indignant citizens who threw them.

The King then sent over three ships of tea, with orders that the Americans

¹ We don't know where they heard it, but have accepted it as a fact.

² It is impossible to find any authority for this. If you are from Missouri you don't have to believe it.

³ Of course no sensible American would buy imported stamps; they know that they couldn't be used in America. Naturally, they became indignant (next line tells us that they did) at being taken for suckers.

must buy it. The proceeds were to be used to give the English Soldiers a ball and to pay their laundry bills, the soldiers greatly fearing ⁴ Chinese laundrymen. A band of colonists, a few of whom were Arlington men, dumped it overboard and declared that they would drink Postum. "There's a reason!" This exhausted the resources of old Kink Georgie so he wirelessly his soldiers to find their own amusements as best they could.

This they promptly did. After killing a few Bostonians they decided to go to Lexington Park and enjoy themselves. So, early one morning, they started in a couple of sightseeing autos. They bowled through Cambridge, shooting at old men's hats as they went, not in the least disturbed if the wearer was shot instead of the hat. All went well until they reached Arlington Center, where their gasoline gave out.

Then their troubles began. A Mr. Revere, who had an interest in the sightseeing autos which were stolen by the soldiers, rode through Arlington the night before on his motorcycle and warned the people to look out for the soldiers, so, when they stopped at the Arlington Garage they were refused the "gas." They then tried to get it by force, and at last succeeded, although five of their number were laid out by a burly mechanic who wielded a heavy monkey wrench.

Although they got their fuel, they did not go on. A small boy, wishing to aid his townsmen, and incidentally to fatten his bank account, had, during

the fight, removed the tires from the automobiles and sold them to a junk dealer. This proves that Arlington boys are always there "with bells on." ⁵ This particular boy afterwards received a Carnegie Medal for this brave deed, and died rich as Croesus. ⁶

The Britishers, then unable to ride to Lexington, started to walk, but as the day was very hot, and they were lazy, they stopped to rest under some trees in a vacant lot, where they amused themselves by shooting at passers by, playing "seven up," and drinking "fire-water." ⁷

No Arlington business man likes to be worsted, especially a garage proprietor (as any automobile owner will tell you), and the one they had encountered was no exception. He had gathered together his workmen and a number of men, all armed, and approached the British. After a sharp fight the Lobsterbacks were driven out of town, and made their way towards Lexington, holding a debate as they went on how greatly Arlington resembled Purgatory. There was NO negative side.

Arriving there they were refused admittance to the park and went on to Concord, where they intended to get luncheon. The news had been tele-

⁵ This little word-gem, according to our most learned professors in English, means that he was a wise guy, or in plain English, he was "hep to the occasion."

⁶ He really didn't become rich, that was just put in to make it end happily. As a matter of fact he died owing his boardbill.

⁷ There are several kinds of "fire-water." The kind mentioned above was not the diluted, water-soaked kind that is sold in Chelsea today, but a ninety-nine per cent., concentrated, eat-'em-up-alive kind. To the amateurs it is seven kinds of torture to drink it, but to a hardened British soldier, with a castiron stomach, it only produces a wild and glorious recklessness.

⁴ Again we have no authority when we say that the Chinese laundrymen were feared, but perhaps the flatirons of the "Chinks" made them think of home and meeting the wife after a night out.

phoned from Arlington and instead of getting some "eats" they found a small army awaiting them. They were forced to retreat, but managed to telegraph for re-enforcements.

In trying to pass through Arlington they were arrested and held until the arrival of the re-enforcements, when they were bailed out for a large sum. This money became the foundation of the Pratt lecture fund.

Tired and hungry they started for Boston, each vowing that he had had enough and too much of Arlington.

But they were not allowed to go scot-free. They were followed by the Arlington and Lexington minute men, who shot at them from each tree and stone wall until well into Boston. One of the Beefeaters afterwards said that he had never seen so many fences and trees before. Great credit must be given to the men from Danvers, who fought so hard, and killed so many of the British that it went to their heads and they went crazy. For them the great Danvers Insane Asylum was founded, and, out of respect for these men, is held in reverence by the people of Danvers.⁸

The British were not allowed to settle permanently in Boston, as the action of the Arlingtonians slowly aroused the Boston people, and at last they, the British, departed for Halifax.

During the seven years of war that followed, although the fighting raged violently elsewhere, Massachusetts was not approached. They called it the "Hotbed of the Revolution" and always spoke of Arlington with awe and in whispers, calling IT the place where the hot-bed was HEATED!

George Salt '14

⁸ This is not true—only local color.

SCHOOL NOTES

Miss Mary G. Magner has joined the ranks of our teachers in the place of Miss Tewksbury, who, much to our regret, was obliged to resign at Christmas on account of ill health. Miss Magner comes to us from Windsor Locks High School, in Connecticut, and has charge of the German and Senior Latin classes. Already she has won the admiration and esteem of the pupils.

A complete set of correct solutions of the enigmas in the December "Clarion" was submitted by Marion E. Bushee '14.

It has again been necessary to omit the Alumni Notes, this time on account of the enforced absence of the Alumni Editor. We hope that in the next number the department may reappear, with added interest after its long absence.

The orchestra has assisted on so many occasions that recognition in each case is impossible. Nevertheless, its services are heartily and gratefully appreciated.

The annual reception given by the Juniors to members of the Senior class was held in the Assembly hall on the evening of January thirteenth. The greeting was given by the class president, Harold Kimball. In place of the usual dancing, the first part of the evening was devoted to a play, "The Cribber," which was ably coached by Miss Porter. The cast was composed of the following pupils: The Misses Eberhardt, Hatch, Partridge and Stickney, and Masters Donnelly, Furden, Horner, Mead, Philpott, Salt and Squire. Ice cream and cake were served, and dancing followed until eleven o'clock. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and both classes voted it a complete success.

A series of Monday morning lectures has been in progress for the past two months and all, or a part, of the pupils have had the opportunity of listening to an interesting and instructive talk each week. The following speakers have been heard: Reverend Samuel C. Bushnell, Mr. Davis of the Hood's Milk Company, Mr. Orr, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, Reverend Charles F. Doyle of Jamaica Plain, Principal Charles H. Eames of Lowell Textile School, a representative of the New England Telephone Company, Mr. William Byron Reed, a former instructor in Porto Rican schools, and Dean McConaughy of Bowdoin College.

Ten pupils, eight of them Sophomores, entered the preliminary declamation contest on the afternoon of February fourteenth. The judges, unable to render decision, selected Crockett, Rimbach and Kelley for a final try-out, which was held in the presence of the entire school. Crockett '15 was selected to represent the school, although all did creditable work.

Arlington defeated Winchester in debate, on the evening of March seventh, at Winchester. The question was: Resolved that every High School should have a military corps, Winchester supporting the affirmative. The negative

was maintained by Masters Horton, Mead and Wunderlich. The judges were Principal Cleveland of Cambridge High, Principal Carver of Lexington High, and Miss Leach of Stoneham High. Principal Cleveland, speaking for the judges, said that in delivery and presentation the two schools were equal, adding, however, that Mr. Getty, the first speaker on the affirmative, was the best of the six, but for diction and argument, the verdict was awarded to Arlington. Naturally we are overjoyed, and Foster's "Essentials of Exposition and Argument" is the book now most in demand. Here's success to all who enter on this valuable intellectual pursuit.

A Prize Speaking Contest, under the auspices of the Mystic Valley Harvard Club, was held in our hall on the evening of March 14. Nine schools were represented and the contestants gave a fine exhibition of this line of work. The first prize of twenty-five dollars, including also a half scholarship at the Emerson College of Oratory, was awarded to David Crockett '15 of our school, and the second prize, ten dollars, to Bernard Tall of Malden. The decision brought great joy and satisfaction to us all and we feel that a vote of thanks is due Crockett for the honor he has brought to the school.—Ed.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

It is earnestly requested that all members of the Athletic Association pay their dues, as at present this is the only source from which money is derived for paying the expenses of the various teams. Also, let everyone show more "school spirit" and those who have not already done so, let them join the Athletic Association. The dues are only ten cents a month and we feel that this is certainly not asking too much since it is for the interest of the school.

The Association has just issued attractive cards to its members which give them admission to the grandstand. These cards may be used as discount cards at several of the sporting stores.

HOCKEY

The hockey team has been very fortunate in securing the services of Forrest Osgood of the Boston Athletic Association hockey team and a former student at this school as a coach. He has devoted much of his time to the development of the team. The Athletic Association feels deeply indebted to him for the interest he has taken.

An unusual amount of interest has been shown in hockey this winter, al-

though there hasn't been as much ice as usual. Besides the first team, there has been a second team and one representing the Freshmen. Currier '13 was captain of the second team and Breed '14 its manager. Of the Freshman team Peabody was captain and Cutter the manager.

Under Captain Lowe the first team has had a very successful season. The regulars from last year were Lowe, Buttrick, Ross, Bower and Cousens. This year Cousens was placed at right wing and Robbins, a new man, took the coverpoint position. The other wing was taken by Reyeroft, a substitute last year. Quite a surprise was received in the first game of the year when our team could no more than hold Melrose to a tie. In the final game with Melrose the same thing happened, so as yet the supremacy between the two teams has not been settled. The results of the games are as follows:—

Arlington	1	Melrose	1
Arlington	8	Somerville	0
Arlington	4	Battery A	3
Arlington	4	Medford	1
Arlington	2	Mass. Aggies	2
Arlington	6	Rindge	1
Arlington	4	Stone	0

Arlington	3	Somerville	0	when the cross country team won the
Arlington	4	Exeter	2	championship of New England. It
Arlington	2	Newton	0	would be well for the students to show
Arlington	5	Milton Academy	0	more interest in this sport as it certainly
Arlington	4	Wakefield	0	ly deserves it. For instance, at the
Arlington	12	Malden	0	schoolboy meet, in Boston, held by the
Arlington	2	Melrose	2	B. A. A., hardly a cheer was heard
—	—	—	—	when our boys won in two events.
61	12			The relay team defeated Medford

The second team was made up of the following men: Currier, Zwinge, Holt, Campbell, Hardy, Mansell, Kelley, Scully and Peabody. Seven games were played, all of which were won. The scores were:

Arlington 2nd	2	Medford 2nd	1
Arlington 2nd	7	Freshmen	6
Arlington 2nd	3	Brown & Nichols	0
Arlington 2nd	2	Camb. Latin 2nd	1
Arlington 2nd	3	Camb. Latin 2nd	1
Arlington 2nd	3	Brown & Nichols	0
Arlington 2nd	2	Freshmen	1
—	—	—	—
21	10		

For the first time in the history of the school a Freshman team was organized. Those on the team were: Peabody, Barry, Harrington, Cutter, Percy, Knowlton, Ingraham, Cook, Macdonald and Maguire. The results of the Freshman games are as follows:

Arlington Fresh.	1	Lexington	0
Arlington Fresh.	1	R. M. T. S. '15-'16	4
Arlington Fresh.	2	R. M. T. S. '15-'16	1
Arlington Fresh.	6	Second Team	7
Arlington Fresh.	8	Stoneham '16	3
Arlington Fresh.	1	Second Team	2
—	—	—	—
21	17		

TRACK

Through the individual efforts of some, track sports have won honors for the school, as was shown last fall

when the cross country team won the championship of New England. It would be well for the students to show more interest in this sport as it certainly deserves it. For instance, at the schoolboy meet, in Boston, held by the B. A. A., hardly a cheer was heard when our boys won in two events.

The relay team defeated Medford High at the Coast Artillery games, held at the Irvington Street Armory. The team was composed of Kimball, Wunderlich, Zwinge and Goldsmith (Capt.).

In a dual meet with the Allen school at Newton our track team tied that school. Kimball won the 130 and 390 yard runs. Goldsmith won the 1,000 yard run with Zwinge third. The relay team won.

At the B. A. A. games the relay team easily defeated Melrose High. The team was as follows: Wunderlich, Hatfield, Zwinge and Kimball. Captain Goldsmith easily won the mile. The team finished in fifth place with only one high school ahead of it, the others being large preparatory schools.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Treasurer's Report, March 12, 1913.

29 Nov. 12	Balance on hand . . .	\$10.34
9 Dec. 12	Rec'd dues to date . .	16.25
28 Feb. 13	Rec'd dues to date . .	10.00
12 Mar. 13	Rec'd dues to date . .	12.00
		<hr/>
		\$48.59

Football Expenses

Lexington Game	\$9.00
Marking Lime	1.20
R. S. Brine Co.	4.25
Wm. Read's Sons	3.50
	<hr/>
	17.95

Hockey Expenses

1st Melrose Game.....	\$5.00	
Arena Practice	1.10	
Somerville Game	1.30	
Stone Game50	
Malden Game	1.10	
2d Melrose Game	1.30	
Rindge Game	1.10	11.40

Track Expenses

Badges—Quincy	\$3.60	
Entry Fee	2.00	5.60

Miscellaneous

Pad, Punch and Stamp	\$5.20	5.20
	-----	-----

\$40.15

12 Mar. '13 Balance on hand	8.44	

\$48.59

Respectfully submitted.

G. I. CROSS,

Treasurer.

Examined and approved.

F. C. MITCHELL

Auditor.

ENGLISH CLUB.

The club now numbers 77 members.

The December meeting, arranged and presided over by Miss Porter, proved to be a delightful Christmas entertainment. The program included selections by the author and Girls' Glee Club, a biographical paper on Dickens by Cameron '13, and a dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," which included a variety of charming tableaux. The leading parts were taken by Horton '12, Kelley '15, Goldsmith '14, R. Smith '15, Scheib '15, Dowsley '14, and by Misses Currier, Granmon, and Dawes '15. It is a pity that space does not permit a detailed account of this rewarding and appropriate Christmas meeting, but the club extends thanks to Miss Porter for

the skill and work with which she evolved it.

The January meeting in charge of Miss Katherine Read '13, showed the members accomplishing excellent work along original lines. The program, planned and presented by Miss Read, was as follows: Competitive class exercise, in which Allen '13, Miss Eberhardt '14, Miss Hyatt '15 and King '16, read stories written after the style of their respective English Club authors. Conan Doyle, Stevenson, Dickens and Poe. All were good, but Miss Hyatt's was voted the most successful reproduction of the spirit and style of the author. Following this competition, Miss Alice Read '15, gave a thoughtful and critical review of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a masterpiece of her English Club author. A half hour was then pleasantly spent playing an author game, composed and presented by Miss Gove '13. The music, which was heartily enjoyed, consisted of a piano solo by Peterson '15, and of vocal solos by Marion Allen '16, with violin obligato by Ruth Prescott '16 and piano accompaniment by Ruth Scully '16.

The Club held its one evening party Valentine's night; each member brought a guest. Miss Scully '16 gave a charming recitation of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," with piano accompaniment. Then followed "The Adventures of a Valentine," a sketch written for the occasion by Charles Read '15. The sketch, which was extremely clever in itself, was presented in a manner to induce much laughter and enthusiastic applause by the following cast: Read '15, Goldsmith '14, Kelley '15, Scheib '15, R. Smith '13, and Misses Helen Hill and Olive Wheaton of the senior class. Light

refreshments were served by Misses Gove '13 and Eberhardt '14. The post-office, in charge of Dowsley '14, opened at 9 o'clock, and dancing was enjoyed until 11. The prize for the Valentine Book game was awarded Miss Lillian Crowe '12. The committee in charge of the party were: Miss Read '13, Miss Hatch '14 and the cast; they wish to extend through these notes their hearty thanks to all those who efficiently assisted them.

The spelling match of the March meeting was in charge of Mrs. Wood of the faculty. Before the match, the following musical program was enjoyed: Violin duet by Misses Prescott and Doughty '16; vocal solo by Miss Patriquin '13; the "Lullaby," composed by Carver '13, played by Miss Esther Reid '13 on the violin, accompanied on the piano by Chaves. The spelling match, members vs. non-members, was altogether worth while; fortunately for the club, a freshman member outstood the others, the honor being won by Miss Agnes Parris. About 120 participated in the match.

Felix R. Dowsley,
Secretary.

ORCHESTRA

The officers of the orchestra were elected for the year 1912-'13 as follows: President, David Buttrick '13; secretary and treasurer, Esther Reid '13; librarian, Ruth Scully '16, with Miss Porter of the faculty as leader and A. Chaves '13 as conductor.

Esther Reid,
Secretary.

The members of the Arlington High School Orchestra were privileged to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Reed and Kenneth, at their

home on Wellington Street, Thursday evening, December 19th. The guest of the evening was Judge Hardy. A new member, Miss Mabel Callahan, was welcomed.

A delightful program was enjoyed. Selections from "The Birds' Christmas Carol," were read by Ruth Scully, followed by a cornet and violin duet by Warren Hsley and Esther Reid, with piano accompaniment by Ruth Scully. A paper on "The Voice and Language of Music," illustrated by the piano, was given by Miss Porter, and later Charles Allen reviewed the life of Handel, paying special attention to his Christmas oratorio "The Messiah." Mrs. Reed kindly favored all present with a vocal solo.

At the conclusion of the program, Christmas remembrances in the form of characteristic jokes were distributed from a gayly decorated Christmas tree, Walter Hutchinson impersonating Santa Claus. The orchestra members were invited to adjourn to the dining room, where Mrs. Reed served delicious refreshments. Later in the evening Mr. Reed favored the party with Victrola selections.

The meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks for the delightful evening.

Lawrence King.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

The final selections for the Boys' Glee Club have been made, and eighteen men have qualified for positions. The eighteenth of February was the occasion of the second public appearance of the Glee Club. This was at the Symmes Hospital Bazaar. Their efforts were well received. At the request of Miss Heard the Club sang one number before the Seniors and Juniors, in one

of their music periods. Rehearsals are going on steadily, and arrangements for a concert for the first of next month are expected to be made.

Daniel Cameron,
Secretary.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

On Christmas Eve, members of the Club went carolling under the windows of the houses of some of their friends, with their leader, Miss McIntosh. It was a new undertaking, but from all accounts it proved to be a success. Previous to that the Club serenaded Miss McIntosh, and presented to her a silver-mounted ebony baton, fittingly engraved.

Preparations are still in progress for the concert, the details of which will be given at a later date.

Katharine Eberhardt,
Secretary.

Under the direction of Miss Magner the German Club has been reorganized, and more than sixty members are enrolled. Eva Olsen, '13, has been elected secretary.

SCIENCE CLUB.

On Wednesday, March 5th, 1913, at the close of school, the first meeting of the Science Club was held in the Physical Laboratory. Notwithstanding the fact that there was a German Club meeting being held in Room 8, and an Orchestra business meeting in Room 2, some thirty pupils were present.

Mr. Mitchell opened the meeting by a few introductory remarks, and explained briefly the object and requirements of the organization.

Mr. Gordon conducted the business

of the meeting, which was the election of three of the pupils to the Advisory Board, a secretary and a chairman of the next meeting. As a result of the elections, the Advisory Board consists of Mr. Gordon and Miss Briggs of the faculty, and Eveleth, 1913, Young, 1914, and Snow, 1914, of the school. H. Hill, 1913, was elected secretary for the remainder of the school year. The leader chosen for the next meeting was Crowley, 1914.

The Club extends a cordial invitation to all those who are interested, to be present at the meetings.

Helen Hill,
Secretary.

1913.

I. Seniors:

For Pity's Sake Be A Little More Funny Before The Next Issue of The "*Clarion*." (If the capitals don't reach you, we'll try italics.) Lay aside your dignity as Seniors; crack a joke once in a while; let your heavy burdens slip from your shoulders; lose a little of your seriousness, and make some witty remarks.

Class Editor.

II. English II A.

Teacher—Why is Macbeth up at that time of night?

The P. G. (Innocently)—Because he hadn't gone to bed.

III. Heard at the looking glass:

Senior Miss (with hair two inches deep over her eyes)—Mercy, but it's dark here!

IV. Teacher—If we went straight through the earth, where would we come out?

High School Prodigy—On the other side.

Quite astonishing!

V. We have heard that the Boys' Glee Club wants "Quantity," not "Quality." We might hand them a bouquet right now, and assure them that they have both.

VI. All Seniors interested in wireless telegraphy meet in the Physics Lab. at recess where Professor E——h gives free demonstrations every day.

VII. Teacher—Who knows the meaning of "incubus"?

Brilliant Pupil—It's what they hatch chickens in.

VIII. In recitation:

Teacher—There is exceeding danger of two persons getting their feet mixed up in this class!

In that case wouldn't it be a feat to separate them?

IX. Teacher—L——, either you are bothering Miss R—— or she is bothering you!

It might be mutual.

X. American History IV.

Teacher—Was the suffrage any wider in those days than now?

Brilliant Pupil—Yes, they wore hoop skirts then.

XI. A Few Conundrums:

Ques.—Why is Room A like a kitchen?

Ans.—Because it has a Cook.

Ques.—What fashions are most popular in Room A?

Ans.—Buttrick.

Ques.—What part of Room A is similar to Lexington?

Ans.—The Greene.

Ques.—Who's the cutest in Room A?

Ans.—The little Ladd.

Ques.—What's the way to be high in athletic circles?

Ans.—Be Lowe.

XII. In English IV. A a series of per-

sonal experience talks are being given each Friday by the pupils. An especially interesting one was that given by Master Chaves. He described a large pipe organ, a subject about which most of the pupils knew little or nothing. He drew diagrams on the board in order to explain each step. Master Chaves kindly repeated this talk for the benefit of English IV. B.

1914.

I. Chemistry III.

Mr. G.—to P-a-i-t-d.

"If you were carrying twenty-five pounds of bricks, and each brick weighed two and one-half pounds, how would you find out how many bricks you were carrying?"

Voice from rear.

"He'd count 'em!"

II. Anyone wishing to take the "Fresh Air Cure," will please visit Room 10 the third period any day.

III. Miss X translating—"Then he floundered around."

Ominous Voice—"Hey, this is no fish story!"

IV. R-m-b-ck translating—"I am afraid I should take too much and would not be able to bear it."

Paraphrase, please.

V. French III.

D-nu-l-l-y translating—"Je t' en donne ma parole. I give you my pay roll."

VI. Salt doesn't dare to do much "cutting up" for fear the faculty will think he's *fresh*.

VII. In English History Miss R—— declares that the *Dryads* were the religious leaders of the Britons. We've always thought before that the Dryads were awfully frivolous creatures.

VIII. Luther was brought before the

"Diet of Worms." Pretty tough!

IX. Algebra III. Mr. Mitchell—
D-w-l-y, 'have you lost your Algebra
book?

D-w-l-y—No sir, I don't think so, I
just can't find it.

X. Apropos of the candy bags made
by Misses Gove and Eberhardt for the
December meeting of the English Club,
the remark was heard that refresh-
ments were served by the English Club
in little red stockings.

1915.

I. How about the man mentioned in
French translation who built "a large
schoolhouse five feet high"? Currier,
Scully, and a few others, would have
no standing in such a school.

II. Miss H—(abruptly)—I saw
Julius Caesar last night.

Rarebit or Spiritualism?

III. Latin II.

Miss R—.—That expression is
called hendiadys.

Master B—.—What did she say
about poultry?

IV. Miss H—.—Was Rhodes a king-
dom?

Brilliant Pupil—No, it was an island.

V. Translations.

"A road was found through Div-
itiacns."

"In the camp of the Helvetians, tab-
lets were found which were related to
Caesar."

(Strange ancestors!)

VI. Master S— seems to be dividing
his attention between Physics and the
occupants of the front settee.

VII. The motto of Physics II. A:
Never let Mr. Gordon put off till to-
morrow an experiment which he can do
today.

VIII. English II.

Startling News! Mr. G. I. Cross was
married to George Eliot.

IX. "George Eliot was of her age, not
above it." "Why," said one pupil, "I
read somewhere that George Eliot
looked older than she really was!"

1916.

I. In a recent composition, Monk
Walker described a man's walk as "a
slow, shuffling gate."

II. Memoirs of Football.

A Freshman jumped on a Sopho-
more's head,

And a Junior lit soon after,

Then they all mixed up in a terrible
mess,

While the Seniors howled with
laughter. *L. King.*

III. Mrs. W—d (establishing "point of
view" in description)—Where is the
best place to view a house on fire?

Pupil—From the inside.

IV. These curly haired boys get off
some fierce ones. For example: "The
centurian, having been slain, fought
bravely."

V. Willy Barry was nearly drowned
one day by a swiftly moving liquified
spit-ball, which lodged in his right ear.
Bill never was a good swimmer.

VI. Mr. M—n of Room 14 said:
"They brang along tents."

VII. Teacher—Finish this sentence:
"Sunegren's playing of the flute—"

Miss —.——"Is very fine."

"Sunny's" pleased countenance at
her decision prompted Miss P— to
say: "He'll be serenading you very
soon."

VIII. "In olden times, after the early
Greek period, the roofs began to slant
a little at the corners."

"The Doric column is grooved with
perpendicular flutterings."

(History I. is evidently interested in architecture.)

IX. A young lady in Latin A was so inspired upon hearing the word "knock" that she immediately rose and hastened to welcome the visitor.

Note—Who is she so very anxious to see?


X. 1916 pupils are trying the same old dodges on the class treasurer.

LOCKE SCHOOL NOTES.

The Heights pupils held an art exhibit in Locke School recently. The pictures were lent by the Emery Art Company of Boston. Mrs. Tillinghast lectured on art Thursday evening. The proceeds will go to the purchase of pictures for the Freshman rooms. The prizes in the contest to name fifty of the pictures, giving the artists' name, were won by Foster Doane and Ruth Swett.

The Freshman social in the Locke School Hall, December 14, was made enjoyable by games, silhouette drawing, dancing and refreshments. The committee in charge were Misses Livingstone, Cranston and Fernoy, and Masters Irwin and Power. The January social also proved to be a pleasant occasion, due to the efforts of the social committee, Masters Berch, Gillespie, Kelley, O'Connell, White and Smith.

AN APPEAL TO FRESH EEE.

The writing CCCN has, gain
Now lend a helping ;
R notes all 2 short and few,
I lder where we'll land;
R columns are almost MT;
Brace up with 40tude,
And send us some clever writings
In a most B9 mood.

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: "Clarion," West Roxbury; "Recorder," Winchester; "Mirror," Waltham; "Punchard Ensign," Andover; "Eltrurian," Haverhill; "Argus," Gardner; "Red and Black," Claremont; "Holtan," Danvers; "School Life" (Jan. and Feb.), Melrose; "Aegis" (Dec. and Jan.), Beverly; "Tripod" (Dec., Jan. and Feb.), Roxbury; "Megaphone" (Dec. and Feb.), Franklin; "Occident," Rochester, N. Y.; "Recorder," Springfield; "X-rays," Columbus, Ohio.

"The Red and Black" (Stevens High School) is a very neat and well-arranged paper. You should be proud of your long list of exchanges.

The continued story in the "Clarion" (West Roxbury High School) is well written, and promises to be very interesting. We should be glad to see the next chapters.

"Recorder" (Winchester High School). Do you not think your paper would be more complete if you had an Alumni column?

"The Mirror" (Waltham High School) is complete in every way.

"Punchard Ensign" (Andover, Mass.). You are to be congratulated on your excellent and unusual Verse department. Why doesn't your exchange editor give some advice or criticism to the papers received instead of simply mentioning their names.

"The Eltrurian" (Haverhill High School). We are glad to welcome a newcomer. We congratulate you on your initial number, and wish you all success.

"The Megaphone" (Deam Academy) is one of the best of our exchanges. "Rules for Regulars" is very clever.

"Aegis" (Beverly High School). We were very much interested in your story "The Benefits of a Mistake."

"The Tripod" (Roxbury Latin School). Do you not think that a few stories would add greatly to the interest of your paper. Your exchanges are well written.

We wish to congratulate the "Occident" (Rochester, N. Y.), on its very artistic and appropriate cover for the February number.

"X-rays" (Columbus, Ohio). Your "Museum" is very interesting, and is certainly well worth reading. "The Secret Room" is very well written.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

"Four pages of the 'Clarion' (Arlington High School) are filled with puzzles, including charades and enigmas; these probably create much interest, but at least one page should be used as an Alumni column."—"Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.

"Clarion"—Your story, "Specifications for a Baby," is certainly one of the most interesting we have seen. The poem, 'To the Evening Star,' shows remarkable talent."—"School Life," Melrose High School.

"The Clarion," Arlington, Mass. Another first-class paper added to our ranks."—"Mirror," Waltham High School.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Theorem: The girl you love, loves you.

Given: The girl you love.

To prove: She loves you.

a. You love her.

b. All the world loves a lover.

c. She is all the world to you.

Therefore: She loves you.—*Ex.*

A farmer once named his cow "Zephyr."

She was such an amiable hephyr,

When the farmer drew near

She bit off his ear,

And now the old farmer is dephyr.

—*Ex.*

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man. He wanted to kiss me!

Pensive Pedestrian—That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute.—*Ex.*

Young Son—Mama, am I descended from a monkey?

Mother—I don't know. I never knew any of your father's people.—*Ex.*

Johnny—I ain't got no syrup.

Father—Correct your brother, Willie.

Willie (peering at Johnny's plate)—You is.—*Ex.*

Text—Moses was an anstere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people.

Small Boy, attempting to repeat—Moses was an oyster man, and made ointment for the shins of his people.

LILLIAN M. JOHNSON

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Changes in Entrance Requirements in 1914

At a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges, of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

VOTED: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Physics, Chemistry, Biology and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a completed four year course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

Tufts College Medical School is prepared to give the one-year pre-medical course in its building in Boston, and will begin the first course October 1, 1913.

Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary.

The requirements for admission in the session 1913-1914 will remain as previously stated in the catalog.

FREDERIC M. BRIGGS, M. D., Secretary,
Tufts College Medical School,
416 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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Historic Arlington

VOLUME II.

EDITORIALS.

Historic Arlington "Clarion," volume two, is herewith presented to its audience within and without the school, with the earnest hope that it may be worthy of the same generous appreciation as was accorded its predecessor. The Literary Department has been fairly crowded with all sorts of things—good things and valuable—and many interesting subjects have been regretfully disregarded or cut short, solely on account of lack of space. A whole year might easily have been devoted to such an inexhaustible subject as our local and historic associations.

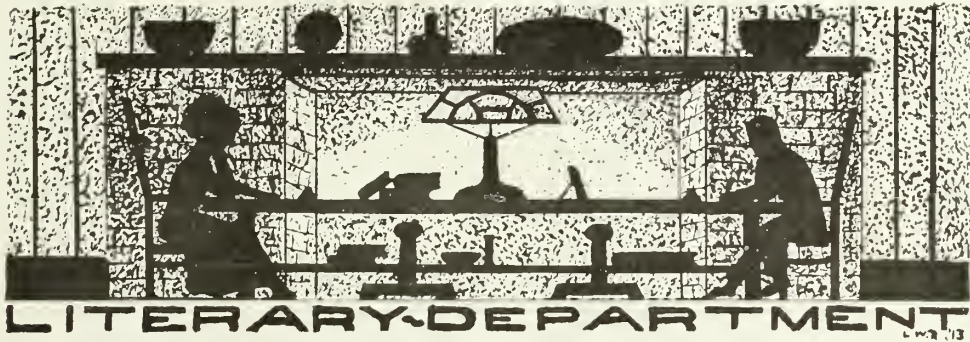
Interested friends outside the school have kindly taken the trouble to point out several errors in the last number, which we are glad to acknowledge here. In the article entitled "A Few Historic Buildings of Arlington" the following corrections are noted: The house just below the monument is known as the Bowman Whittemore house, while the Amos Whittemore house stood on the opposite side of the avenue on the site of the Florence. The invention mentioned was made at neither of these houses, but probably at another near the Cambridge boundary. It was in the Bowman Whittemore house that a bullet was found in the balustrade of

the old staircase. Diagonally opposite the library stands the Ephraim Cutter house, built in the early nineteenth century.

Partial sets of answers to the "Questionnaire" were submitted by Marion Bushee '14, Reta Goodwin '16 and Lawrence Marshall '16. The list which follows has been compiled from these three and from other sources.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE.

1. Four—Menotomy, Second Precinct of Cambridge, West Cambridge and Arlington.
2. Captain George Cooke.
3. 1638.
4. Ten pounds and "a coat every winter."
5. Grinding corn at Captain Cooke's mill.
6. 4345 acres, 118 square rods.
7. Belmont, Lexington, Winchester, Mystic Lakes, Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, and the Alewife Brook.
8. Circle Hill.
9. Squaw Sachem.
10. He returned to England and died fighting in Cromwell's army in Ireland.
11. 1693. Between the First Parish Church and the Library.
12. Dr. Richard L. Hodgdon.
13. 1859.
14. Rev. Samuel A. Smith.
15. They were at the Black Horse Tavern, and Paul Revere came to Menotomy by way of Medford street.
16. Captain Cook's Mill Lane.
17. Cotton Mather.
18. "Nearly a dozen."
19. 1812.
20. Colonel Russell's store.
21. Fourpence, sixpence or a shilling, according to the distance.
22. Three.
23. Seventy-five cents.
24. Captain Brown's stage.
25. Mr. Ammi Cutter, Pleasant street, opposite the cemetery.
26. Black Horse, Cooper, Tufts.
27. Watertown and Cooke's Mill in Menotomy.
28. Thomas Osborn.
29. "Any persistent mischief-maker was marched into the main aisle and made to stand there throughout the service."
30. Lafayette.
31. Friendship, Good Intent, Olive Branch, Enterprise, Eureka, and Howard.
32. Benjamin Locke.
33. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and Major Piteairn.
34. Lord Percy.
35. At the house of Jason Russell.
36. Twelve.
37. Reverent Samuel Cooke's.
38. A machine for manufacturing wool cards.
39. Jesse Pattee house, Cotting-Pattee bakery, terminus of horse car line, later Law's stable, Menotomy Hall, John Estabrook house, Eddy house, Alvin Robbins house, and an earlier house belonging to the Robbins family on the same site.
40. The first, as the damage was more extensive.
41. William Fletcher.
42. Sixty thousand tons.
43. August 24, 1846.
44. June, 1859.
45. Eighteen cents.
46. William E. Parmenter.
47. Grist mill, edge tool factory, yarn spinning, printing.
48. About nine hundred.
49. March 1, 1880.
50. "The defence of liberty an ancestral inheritance."



A GROUP OF ARLINGTON AUTHORS.

To the aspiring eye of youth, men and women who have achieved some measure of fame seem to have about them a certain mysterious air of success. Especially is this true of one who has written a book! Author is a word which we instinctively spell with a capital letter. It is pleasant for us to realize that there are a good many in Arlington to whom this title may rightly be applied, although this sketch can present only the leading names.

Among the group of writers whom Arlington claims as distinctly her own is John Townsend Trowbridge. In connection with all his literary work we think more often of his delightful books, with which we are all familiar, and we feel with a little thrill of delight when we see him occasionally that this man understands boys, and girls, too—that he sympathizes with them and has their interests at heart. We hope that he may long live, so that many other children may see him as we have seen him, and that they, as well as we, may reap inspiration with the realization that the stories which have given us so many happy hours were not originated from some hazy unknown somewhere, but were written by a real man. We know, for we have seen him.

Nixon Waterman, our poet, was born in Newark, Illinois. For some time he was editor of different newspapers, and he has at different times given lectures

and readings from his own writings. We find in his books the serious and humorous side of his nature. His "Sonnets of a Budding Bard" and "In Merry Mood" are humorous from cover to cover. "A Book of Verses" reveals to us a great heart, which is keenly susceptible to the grand, beautiful marvels of Nature, and which has given expression in this way to that which we have so often felt, yet could not express—the beauty and wonder of the great outdoors around us.

"Menotomy Romance," the only novel which belongs wholly to Arlington, was written by Mrs. Margaret Sears. We feel an unusual interest in reading this book, for we know the places mentioned there—Spring Valley, the road from Medford town, the tavern, the lake, Alewife Brook, the pine-crowned hills, and other places, which we follow with more than usual pleasure as we read the story.

One of the most delightful books of travel in our library is "A Summer Flight," by Dr. Frederick Bisbee of Arlington Heights. This, together with various shorter writings and the editorship of the "Universalist Leader," makes him widely known.

Sophie and Susan Hartley Swift have written much in both poetry and prose. Their stories have been written mostly for young people, and contain a certain brightness and buoyancy which always appeals to the young heart. We regret that we have so recently lost them from our midst, but we will always remem-

ber when we read their writings that they once lived among us and that their interests were with us.

Virginia Frances Townsend, author of many girls' books, was born in New Haven, Connecticut. For several years she was editor of "Arthur's Home Magazine," and contributed to periodicals. Among her many interesting books are "By and By," "Amy Deane," "While It was Christmas Morning," and several other novels.

A writer who had the honor of having his work reviewed in the "Bookman" is Mr. Melvin Severy, whom we now first think of, perhaps, as the inventor of the choralecelo. Our library has three of his books, including "The Darrow Enigma," which the "Bookman" characterizes as "a detective story which is very much out of the ordinary."

Judge James P. Parmenter as an historian of local history, and Hon. Warren W. Rawson, whose name, together with that of his son, Mr. Herbert Rawson, is well known in connection with Arlington's leading industry, are names that we are glad to include.

Although Mrs. Marion MacBride has been active in many different lines of work, we find that perhaps her chief interest and occupation has been in writing for newspapers and magazines. When very young she wrote some articles for the New York Tribune. Later in life, however, she wrote much for the papers, and has contributed articles to the press all over the country.

Other contemporary writers concerning whom we can find no biographical material in print, but who are known to have published articles of varying length, are Mrs. True-Worthy White, whose essays have been accepted by the "Atlantic Monthly"; Mrs. Myrtle Darling, whose "feature articles" have appeared in "Country Life," "The House Beautiful" and many other magazines; and Miss Emily Tolman, who writes occasionally for the "Congregationalist."

Through the works of all these men and women there seems to be a common

desire for the advancement and welfare of all the world. They have given of their aspirations and ideals in various ways, we have their examples of beautiful, useful, industrious lives before us. Should we not do our best, then, in appreciation of what they have done for us, and set the example by our living for the generations coming after?

E. W. A., '13.

THE ARLINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Since in this issue historical subjects are of main importance, it is rather fitting that the Historical Society be brought to the attention of the Clarion readers. Among the younger citizens of the town this society is probably little known, since its membership is made up very largely of the older families of Arlington.

This notice was inserted in the Advocate on November 12, 1897: "Mr. Geo. Y. Wellington invites all who are interested in organizing a Historical Society in this town to meet in Pleasant Hall, 14 Maple street, at 7.30 P. M. Friday, November 19." In response to this, twenty-five men and women assembled in Pleasant Hall. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Wellington, and it was voted during the evening to organize the society. A committee of five was appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws. These were presented at the next meeting, which was held in December of the same year, and were approved. The charter members numbered about twenty-five, and this number has been increased until now there are about one hundred and fifty members. On April 6, 1898 (five months after the first meeting) an act of incorporation was procured. In May, 1903, the society became a member of the Bay State Historical League.

The objects of this society are twofold: First, the gathering and recording of knowledge of the history of Arlington, and of individuals and families connected with the town; second, the

collection and preservation of printed and manuscript matter and other articles of historical and antiquarian interest.

Not long after the society was organized the trustees of the Robbins Public Library gave the society the use of a room in the basement of the library for the preservation and display of the gifts received or loaned. This room is now well filled with an interesting collection. The room is open to the public on application to the librarians, and many an interesting hour may be spent in inspecting old documents and antique household furnishings.

The meetings are for the most part of a social nature, for the papers on historical subjects and reminiscences of the older inhabitants of the town dating to the early days of West Cambridge have provided much enjoyment for the members and their friends, who are always welcome.

EDITH N. WINN, '12.

A DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN.

John Quincy Adams Brackett of Boston, Governor of Massachusetts in 1890, is of Scotch and English extraction, being a descendant of Captain Richard Brackett, who came from Scotland to Boston in 1629 and settled in Braintree, now Quincy, Mass. Captain Brackett was prominent in military and civil life, and the forefather of a family which has figured conspicuously in the growth and history of New England. Several generations of the family resided at Quincy, where Ambrose S. Brackett, son of Joseph and Charlotte (Newcomb) Brackett, was born in 1814. He settled in Bradford, N. H., married Nancy Brown in 1838, and died there in 1878. By occupation he was a shoemaker and farmer.

Mr. J. Q. A. Brackett, son of Ambrose S. and Nancy (Brown) Brackett, was born in Bradford, N. H., June 8, 1842. He prepared for college at Colby Academy at New London, N. H., entered Harvard University, and grad-

uated with high honors in 1865, being class orator. He taught school for a time, and in 1866 became a student at the Harvard Law School, where he took his degree of LL. B. in June, 1868. In February of that year he was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, and immediately entered upon the active and successful practice of his profession in Boston. Mr. Brackett soon gained an honorable standing as an able, industrious and learned advocate and counsellor. From 1878 to 1880 he and Hon. Levi C. Wade, who was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1879, were partners. Since the autumn of 1880 his law partner has been Walter H. Roberts, a graduate of Harvard, class of 1877.

From early life Mr. Brackett has been an ardent Republican, and for years has been one of the party's ablest and most trusted leaders. His public career commenced in 1873, when he became a member of the Boston Common Council, in which he served four terms (1873-1876 inclusive), the last one as president. In 1874-5 he was judge-advocate, with rank of captain, on Brig.-Gen. I. S. Burrell's staff, commanding the First Brigade, M. V. M. He was elected in 1878 to the House of Representatives, where his services covered eight years (1877 to 1881 and 1884 to 1886 inclusive), and during the last two terms was Speaker of that body. Previously he served on many important committees, being House chairman of those on taxation, labor and harbors, and chairman of the judiciary committee. In 1886 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver Ames being at the head of the ticket, and held his office three years (1887-1889 inclusive). In the latter year he was nominated for the governorship to succeed Governor Ames, and was elected, and after filling that place one year (1890) was renominated for a (two-year) second term, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate, Hon. William E. Russell, by a small majority. Since then he has had little to do with politics. Governor

Brackett was one of the delegates from Massachusetts to the Republican National convention at Minneapolis in 1892, and served as a member of the committee on platform. In 1896, as presidential elector at large, he headed the Republican ticket in Massachusetts, and in January, 1897, was chosen president of the Commonwealth's electors.

In his long career Mr. Brackett has supported many fine laws and institutions. He was early a supporter of the workingmen's loan associations or co-operative banks. By means of these persons of limited means are able to purchase homesteads on easy payments. Mr. Brackett believes that anarchists do not recruit from the ranks of home owners, and that a sense of home ownership exerts a steadying influence, and makes a man a better citizen. Another law which he persistently advocated at a time when many were opposed to it was that of abolishing the tax prerequisite to the right of suffrage. He favored also the furnishing of free textbooks to the pupils of public schools.

Mr. Brackett has always been noted for his public spirit and patriotism. When he was Speaker of the House in 1885 and 1886 he won great praise, even from his political enemies, for his impartiality and courtesy under trying conditions. Modest and unassuming, he has always been a man of the people in heart and actions.

The societies which count him in their membership are many. He is a life member of the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, and had the honor of being its president for two years. In addition he is a member of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, the Massachusetts Club, the Arlington Boat Club, the Boston Art Club and the Masonic fraternity.

On June 20, 1878, Mr. Brackett was married to Miss Peck, daughter of Abel J. Peck, a prominent citizen of Arlington. Since 1887 he has lived in this town, where he has been a well-known

figure. Of four children, two are now living, a son and a daughter.

HAROLD HOLT, 13, and
THOMAS DONNELLY, 14.

A LEGEND OF MENOTOMY.

Once a band of red men weary,
Tramping over hill and dale,
Came, ere nightfall, sad and dreary,
To the gleaming Mystic's vale.

"Here," they said, "we'll rest till morn-
ing.

"In this cool and peaceful glen:
"Rest until the birds at dawning
"Wake us. Then—to march again."

But, when they awoke, the sunshine
Gently filtered through the trees,
Kissed the Mystic's rushing waters,
Rippled by the passing breeze.

As they gazed in gladness 'round them
At the brilliant, dazzling scene,
Came from out her tent Squaw-Sachem,
Their wise ruler and their queen.

Straight they rose and stood before her,
Waiting but for her command:
"Summon all my people hither,
Gather all my loyal band."

When her tribe at last assembled,
Good Squaw-Sachem told her men
That their first home this resembled:
Should their campfires blaze again?

Then in joy assent was given,
And each started work straightway,
Threatening a dire outcome
On the foe who came their way.

Thus their labor once more started,
And the corn was quickly sown
That, ere summer had departed
Ripe might the bright ears be grown.

All day long the men were lab'ring,
From the early break of dawn;
And the women, plaiting, weaving,
Made the baskets for the corn.

Thus the busy summer glided,
 Waned the days so fair and bright;
 Still no name had they decided
 For this land of rare delight—

Till the chieftains held a meeting,
 With Blue Feather to preside;
 Sped the moments swift and fleeting,
 Yet no name could they decide.

Finally, up rose old Kirva,
 With his stately, sober mien:
 "Let us call this land of beauty
 Menotomy, the calm, serene!"

Then there came a week of pleasure,
 Fraught with happiness and mirth,
 When delight o'er ran its measure,
 And rejoicing ruled the earth.

So that name in History's annals
 Long did know renown and fame;
 But another has replaced it:

ARLINGTON is now its name.
 MARION E. BUSHEE, '14.

CYRUS EDWARD DALLIN, SCULPTOR.

Biographical Sketch.

We have within the limits of our town a man whose career was begun in a way similar, in many respects, to that of Lincoln. This personage is Cyrus Edward Dallin, sculptor, who has been recently brought forth into the glare of our Hub limelight by his masterpiece, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit."

Mr. Dallin was born in Springville, Utah, fifty miles from Salt Lake City, on November 22, 1861. He began life as the son of a pioneer forty-niner. Like Lincoln's, his home was a humble log cabin, situated at the foot of the Rockies. Again like Lincoln, he walked seven miles for his first book. He was different from the other boys, and had acquired a taste for literature and art. Even at this time the Indians had not buried the hatchet, and often forced the villagers to seek protection in the stockade. Thus Mr. Dallin became acquainted with the red men and their

customs. They fascinated him, and at an early age he fashioned heads after their type out of mountain clay. His playmates often marveled at his extraordinary ability.

The hardy miners about the town of Springville were not long in noting and appreciating young Dallin's talent. It will be recalled that these miners were not common "white trash," but "pioneers," who had come to open up a new country, and were descended from excellent stock. The result of their interest was that the men got together and sent young Dallin to the East to study. It might interest some to know that he had never seen a piece of sculpture except his own handiwork until he arrived.

After the lapse of a few years he went to Paris and studied at "L'Ecole des Beaux Arts," and also at "Julien Academy," under M. Henri Michael Chapu and M. Jean Daupt.

Mr. Dallin has medals and prizes galore. To mention them all would take a column. His first gold medal was a hundred dollars awarded by the American Art Association in New York in 1888. His next recognition was honorable mention at the Paris Salon in 1890. Since then he has been considered one of the foremost sculptors of the age.

On June 16, 1891, he married Miss Vittoria Colonna Murray of Boston. Mrs. Dallin is very well known in literary circles as an author of charm and merit.

The Arlington Pageant, which is to take place at the dedication of the town hall, was written by her. Mr. and Mrs. Dallin have three sons, Bertram, a freshman at Harvard; Arthur, in the Arlington High, and Lawrence, in the grades. Arthur has already shown talent along the same lines as his father.

Mr. Dallin has a class of pupils in Boston. In speaking of them he says that the person who has a great deal of talent sometimes turns out to be a failure for the reason that he expects to acquire fame without much work or

trouble, whereas the person who has only a little talent often succeeds because he is willing to work hard to climb the ladder.

Mr. Dallin is not so engrossed with his sculpturing that he cannot turn his attention elsewhere. It is a pity that time does not permit our writing of his "hobbies," art, astronomy and archery. On all these subjects he talks most entertainingly to his guests.

FELIX R. DOWSLEY, '14.

The Studio.

Far upon the heights of Arlington, on a street appropriately called Cliff Street, is a spot from which we may view the country round about for many miles; at our left roll farm-dotted hills; before us, the well-known spires and turrets of Arlington; while beyond stretches the vast city, its rush and tumult swallowed up in the distance; and here and there, afar off, we may catch a glimpse of the sparkling ocean.

On this spot stands an oddly shaped green building; its roof is high, narrow and steeply sloping; there are no windows visible. This is Cyrus E. Dallin's studio. How peculiarly fitting is its location!

Once within the studio we are lost in admiration; it is as though we had stepped into another world. A large air-tight stove radiates friendly warmth (for though genius burns brightly, it is a cold flame which does not affect us visitors), and a huge window in the roof on the right throws a clear light over the whole delightful interior. Directly below the sky-light, a double door, out of which the large pieces are carried, is now completely covered with Indian relics brought by Mr. Dallin from his childhood home in Utah. There are belts, moccasins, war-bonnets, bow and arrows, a quirt, leggings, a pipe and case, and other articles all gaily decked with beads and feathers such as delighted the crude Indian taste.

In one corner stands a painting of a fall scene, the rich colors of which

prove the sculptor's skill in this line of art too; while here and there and everywhere are statues of every description, and in all stages.

On a broad table near the centre of the studio stands a leaden pipe bent into the rough semblance of a man. Over this skeleton the artist shapes his clay figure. Of course, before this is attempted there must be shaped a tiny model or plan, really a sketch in clay, the production in embryo. Then, over bent wires, a larger and more perfect model is made; finally, the huge and final figure from life, modelled carefully and skilfully; but a drop from the Fountain of Life, and he would step forth a perfect man! Now the sculptor's work is done. A workman is summoned, and over the clay figure hardens a layer of plaster which is detached in pieces and carried away. This plaster mould is forced into a flask of wet sand, and when removed, the hollow in the sand is filled with bronze which hardens and forms the statue. Through this process must go every masterpiece.

On another stand is the miniature of a seventy-five foot pylon which stands in Syracuse, New York. There is a model of a soldiers' and sailors' monument placed in a huge square and approached by broad marble steps; the whole work planned and executed by Mr. Dallin.

Here is a group of three boys' heads, here a baby of two, here a bas-relief of some beloved citizen, here the miniature of an Indian stooping to drink, here another of that same wild race, his arm raised threateningly, his horse thrown to its haunches, seeming to have been suddenly hardened to bronze.

On one wall of this most interesting room hang diplomas, witnesses of medals won. But the testimony of the diplomas is unnecessary; the most unskilled eye, the most untrained mind could but discern perfect art in the very atmosphere. Genius proclaims itself from the lips of every figure, and gleams in the merry eyes of the genial master,

living here among the creatures of his own hand.

HARRIET W. BULLARD, '13.

Most Prominent Works.

The story of the red man's experience with the white, as told in bronze, is perhaps the most interesting of all Mr. Dallin's works. These are four equestrian statues, representing the four phases of the Indian's relationship with the whites.

At first the aborigine was unsuspecting of the motives of the white man. He had no idea that his inalienable right as possessor of the land could be disputed.

In the "Signal of Peace" Mr. Dallin portrays all this. This statue shows a Sioux chief, in war bonnet, breech clout and moccasins. One hand is resting on his pony's neck, and the other is raised aloft, holding his feathered spear. This is a recognized signal of peace among the Indians. His expression is open, expectant, as one who meets with strangers whom he wishes to greet as brothers.

The second is called the "Medicine Man." He is the seer of his people, and it is his mission to guard the spiritual well-being of his race. He wears the horned bonnet of the medicine man. He sits on his horse with his hand held high, in warning. He apprehends the danger and tries to show it to his tribe. His small, fine, nervous horse appears equally on the watch with its master.

Then comes the "Protest." In this the warrior knows and fully realizes the extent of his plight. Arrayed in war paint and feathers, his steed rearing on its haunches, he hurls defiance at his foe. This is the stage of conflict with the frontiersman.

The incident which caused Mr. Dallin to make this intensely interesting statue is as follows: General Forsythe and a band of men were attacked by Indians. They fled, and made American Island a temporary refuge, in which they were somewhat sheltered. Old Roman Nose was the chief of the besieg-

ers. In a spirit of daring he rode up to the very edge of the island, and, pulling his horse back short, he raised his arm, hurling imprecations at the whites, as if to say: "I'll get you yet."

The fourth and last of the series is the "Appeal to the Great Spirit," which stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The Indians have all but despaired. Everything has proved futile. There is no more help on earth, so the red man turns to the Great Spirit and pleads for deliverance. The bow is slung at rest across his back. The horse stands with loose reins, as if in sympathy with his rider, who sits with hands outstretched and hands raised toward Heaven. This is the climax and decline as it concerns the Indian of history.

Considered one of Mr. Dallin's best works is his "Don Quixote." The type is that of the imaginative man, nervous and melancholy. The deep-set eyes, the aquiline nose and the pointed beard accentuate the idea of length and emaciation; the whole face, exceedingly expressive, bears out the conception of a solemn, cranky and romantic old man.

In a statue embodying ideas expressed in certain verses of "Paul Revere's Ride," Paul Revere is shown at the moment when he reins in his horse, a powerful animal, and cries to one of the farmers that the British are coming.

Mr. Dallin made a study in anatomy called "The Indian Hunter," depicting a life-size figure, almost nude, in the act of discharging an arrow. He also made a small model of General Sherman, sword in hand, as if giving an order.

Other testimonies of Mr. Dallin's skill are Apollo and Hyacinthus, John Hancock, Sir Isaac Newton, a bas-relief of Mr. Trowbridge, the Fighting Indians, Massasoit, and the Last Council of the Indians.

Mr. Dallin's most recent work has been on an Indian figure called the "Hunter." This shows an Indian stooping, with his arm extended, preparing to drink at some stream. It is

a masterful conception, full of grace and charm, and revealing agility such as characterized the old-time red man hunter. This is a gift to Arlington, in memory of Winfield Robbins, and is to be placed at the fountain on the new town hall site this coming spring.

B. L. Haren, '14.

THE PUNISHMENT OF ABIGAIL LEE.

"Voted that a committee inspect the behavior of young persons in our meeting house on Sabbath days, and in case of their misbehavior, after the first admonition, unless they reform, they shall be brought (from the galleries) into the great alleys below, and stand there during the present service."

This notice struck terror into the hearts of the young people of Menotomy when it was issued on that twentieth day of March, 1749. It was well known that even the most trivial matters would not escape the eagle eye of any of the committee, and it would be far from comfortable to stand up during the lengthy and very learned sermons of Parson Cooke. He might be a very good man, but his sermons were not overly interesting.

The very next Sunday was a beautiful, balmy day, with the promise of spring in the air. As Abigail Lee sat on the bench in church, swinging her little feet to keep time to the gladness in her heart, due to the coming of spring, she looked out of the narrow window at her side, and it almost seemed as if she must run out and play, but, of course, that would be a most ungodly thing to do on the Sabbath.

Abigail thought with pleasure of the stick of molasses candy in the pocket of her stiffly starched apron. As it was even then beginning to be wearisome in the church, she pulled it out of her pocket, where it had already begun to melt. Old Man White, who had given it to her on her way to church, could certainly make fine candy. He was a most ungodly man, however, and had never been known to enter a church

since he had come to dwell in Menotomy ten years ago.

Abigail looked around her and saw that Mehitable Ann Rogers was looking at her with longing eyes. Mehitable Ann rarely had anything nice, so Abigail broke the stick in two and gave one piece to Mehitable. I am sorry to say that it was the smaller piece, but then it was so nice looking that even generous-hearted Abigail could not refrain from keeping the larger part. Mehitable Ann was very much pleased, and Abigail was happier with someone to help her eat it. The two little girls sucked their candy as quietly as possible, feeling sure that the high back of the bench would cover up their sins. Soon, however, they heard footfalls behind them, and the frowning man, stern and forbidding, laid his hand heavily on Abigail's shoulder, saying: "You have misbehaved. Go down and stand in the great alley until the sermon is over."

Abigail choked back the tears and almost swallowed her candy whole as she tremblingly did as she was bid. Many of the people turned around to see the prim little maid standing in the aisle, with unmistakable signs of molasses in the corners of her drooping mouth. It was very tiresome standing there, and Abigail thought longingly of the hard wooden bench where she had been sitting, which would seem so comfortable now that the ache in her legs was getting well nigh unbearable. It would not have been so bad if Mehitable Ann had been caught, too, when she was almost as naughty as Abigail.

Finally the weary morning was over, but it was hard to bear the stern looks of her father and mother as they plodded home. However, the thought of cornmeal mush and maple syrup sustained her, but dinner was not for Abigail that day, for she was sent to bed when they arrived, and had only bread and water in the middle of the afternoon. You may be sure that Abigail was always good when she went to church thereafter.

MARGARET YERRINGTON, '14.

A REVERIE.

It had been a hard day, and although I was thoroughly tired out, I could not sleep. There was so many things to plan and think over for the next day that my brain could not rest. These, indeed, are strenuous days, and the man who wants to stay on top must give every moment of his waking life to the pursuit of business, and I was beginning to give up some of my sleep, too. Finally I jumped up, deciding I might as well rise and turn on the light and try to catch up with my reading. There it was again—try to catch up. We Americans spend most of our lives that way. I leaned out of the window. How quiet it was! The town lights were out, the homes were in darkness, save where a night light burned dim and lonely at some upper window. It was cold and clear, and a full moon shone bright over the quiet town. How peaceful, and how different from the noise and bustle of the day. No train roared and racketed across the avenue; the last clanging, heavy subway car had echoed up the hills. For the hour Arlington had gone back to her old life of quaint quietude. Only the soldiers' monument looked modern and out of place in the bright moonlight. All the rest could have stood just so when Arlington was young, for the flat houses and all signs of our bustling life were softly folded in the shadow of the old building across whose wall is traced the inscription, *Cooper Tavern, 1775*. The letters seemed to hold magic for me, for while I gazed the windows, one by one, lighted up, and I could see within the ancient house. Candles, candles everywhere, and what a beautiful, mellow glow they gave, and the crystal drops that hung flashed back the light in many colors. The sound of sleigh bells filled the air, and I glanced around toward the city. As always, the road stretched long and white toward Boston, but no steel tracks marked the way, and the tavern was the last building, or the first, according to the direc-

tion you were taking, in the town. The ice of Spy Pond glittered in the centre of a large meadow bordering on the road. In the opposite direction the candles gleaned from a house only a short distance away, then went out, and the softly wooded hills rose black and silent. Gay voices and laughter broke the stillness as a big open sleigh, with four steaming horses, drew up in front of the tavern, and gallant swains and less gallant husbands handed wide-skirted and high-coiffured ladies from the sleigh.

"Phew!" said the driver. "One hour and fifty-five minutes from Boylston street! Gentlemen, that's pretty good time." Ruefully I recalled our chauffeur's speech that very day: "I say, if it wasn't for the fool law I could do it in fifteen minutes. That would be going some." The party enters the tavern, the horses are taken around to the stables, and the good driver is warmed and fed. Inside the table groans with good things to eat and drink, the big parlor is cleared for dancing, and the slow and stately steps are a pleasant sight to one recalling some dances of today. Some of the party have brought skates, and hasten over to Spy Pond, where a rousing fire of brush is built on the bank, while the graceful figures glide to and fro. A light suddenly broadens on the snow as the door of the Unitarian Church opens and the sweet sounds of the organ float out. The congregation appear, and stand in little groups on the steps and snowy lawn while the wisacres predict the weather and the ladies discuss the sermon and the minister, and then wander to more practical things—the project for building a new schoolhouse, the opening of a dry goods store, which they are sure will never succeed; the dreadfully late hour that will see the city folks, now enjoying themselves in the tavern, home and in their beds. Good nights are exchanged, and families drift together, and the groups separate and go their different ways. The snow crunches under their feet, distant

doors bang as each house is entered, pale lights spring up from bedroom candles, all is quiet except at the tavern. But good times must end, too, and the sleigh-driver comes around with his refreshed horses and blows his horn; the tavern door is flung open, and a chattering crowd pile in the sleigh; the driver whips up the horses, and with great jingling they turn their heads toward Boston. The town is again settled to quiet, when lo! a great clanging and grating, and the first subway car is speeding toward the city, the pale dawn is struggling through the clouds, a few men are straggling to work, the town looms commonplace and commercial, the tavern especially, and I am awake, cold and shivering, and my mind begins to beat around those knotty problems that beset the modern man.

AMERICO CHAVES, '13.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ARLINGTON.

As I am now almost one hundred and seven years old, and am still in excellent health, I feel it would be quite fitting and proper for me to write an autobiography for the edification of my friends and well-wishers.

My father, Middlesex, is a prosperous old gentleman, who has quite a number of sons. He is a farmer by trade, but in late years has engaged in manufacturing and other industries to a certain extent. He was a prime mover in the American Revolution, as were his brothers, Suffolk and Norfolk. With the remaining family history I am not familiar, as through most of my life I have always preferred spending my time in the fields rather than in looking up pedigrees.

I was born in 1807, and was named Menotomy, which name I changed later when I became of age. Although I have a good memory, I don't recollect much of the "Turnpike Boom," or of the celebration held in honor of my first birthday.

In the beginning of the year 1810, or when I was only a little over three

years old, I had, besides my farming, a factory devoted to the manufacture of cards, a number of stores and a few other unimportant business enterprises.

Not much of interest happened to me until the 1830s, when I annexed a part of Charlestown. At this time I was engaged in eight manufacturing ventures, and was growing to be of some importance in the minds of my relatives. Perhaps I was growing and learning too much, for my cousin, Boston, soon took me among his numerous collections, but in a short time he was discontented, or I was, and I was soon again fighting my own battles.

Transportation accommodations at this time consisted only of two stage coaches, which ran through my vicinity, carrying passengers and mail; but at a town meeting in 1844 it was decided that I should be supplied with better transportation facilities. This led to an extension of the railroad at Cambridge into my midst. In the 1840's I took upon myself to name the streets in my territory, and to eliminate and reclaim the bogs, both of which, in my mind, were great advantages.

The 1850s began with my working on two public thoroughfares, namely, Mystic and Pleasant Streets. In 1851 I was presented with my first mouthful of real trouble—a tornado. Although no one of the 2300 odd people was killed, it created havoc all over my vicinity, as well as in that of my brothers and other relatives.

I held quite a celebration in 1852 in honor of the new town hall which I had recently had built. A little later a new clock and a fire engine were added to my equipment. Both of these have done me good service. They were followed by a horse car line and a street lighting system.

I was so happy in 1864, when my name was changed to aristocratic Arlington, that I conducted quite a celebration. Following this came a new water works system, a number of buildings, and a new, snappy newspaper, the "Advocate." In 1871, or in the midst

of these new and good enterprises. I was confronted with another tornado, which created havoc equal to the previous one of 1851.

It was in 1875—the centennial of the battle of Lexington—when I held my next important celebration, which was very interesting and full of fun.

From 1874-9 three interesting occurrences took place—the building of Swan's block, the P. L. L. movement, which was in reality a movement for liquor license, which was passed, followed by Reynolds' crusade opposing the license. My brother, Cambridge, tried to annex a piece of me in 1878, but found me to contain too much fight for him to carry out his plans successfully.

From 1877-87 nothing of much importance happened. Among the minor occurrences were the pollution of the Alewife Brook, the forming of the Arlington Improvement Association, the free textbook system for the public schools and the introduction of telephones.

From 1887-97 was a period of unusual prosperity in my career. Among the important institutions established were the fire alarm system, the co-operative bank, the inauguration of Patriots' Day, the forming of the Board of Health, of the Historical Society, and the introduction of electricity and electric cars. With all of these and a number of other serious undertakings, I may say without unnecessary egotism that I gained considerable importance in the eyes of my jealous brothers.

In 1897 I purchased the new town hall site. Abolishing the so-called "grade crossings" greatly increased my good thoroughfares. In 1901 the town hall fire disclosed the fraud committed by the assistant treasurer. This I state with shame, but this feeling is partly offset by my joy that in the same year Stephen Symmes left his estate to me for the founding of a hospital. The celebration of my one hundredth anniversary in 1907, the buying of new fire apparatus and the building of the new

town hall have constituted the greater part of my twentieth century activity.

It seems to me that from the military, religious, educational and business standpoint my career has been a brilliant one (I guess I am a little vain), and although I am not much of a forecaster I expect I shall grow steadily in prosperity, and shall live up to the expectations of those who, through thick and thin, have always given me their earnest and hearty support.

HAROLD BIXBY, '16.

THE HISTORY OF THE ARLINGTON "ADVOCATE."

The Arlington "Advocate" was established in 1872 by John L. Parker, editor of the Woburn Journal. The paper, a four-page edition, dealing with the local life of Arlington, West Medford, Lexington and Bedford, was published in Woburn and shipped in bulk to M. A. Richardson & Co. of Arlington to be placed on sale and to the postoffice for the subscribers. The front page was devoted to a story, the third page consisted of advertisements, and the other pages were taken up with local notes of interest and notices calling the attention of the reader to the advertisements, as the following: "Our old friend, W. H. Pattee, the popular bread man, has opened a branch store opposite the depot, where cakes, pies and bread may be obtained. Arlington can't be beat on the bread question, and Pattee is the prince of bakers."

In 1874 the paper came into the control of Charles S. Parker, a brother of the original proprietor. A printing plant was installed in the upper story of the Dodge building, adjoining the Savings Bank building, and thereafter the paper was issued from that office. On assuming the control the editor said: "In a town like ours there is no room for a party or class or society organ; but there is, we believe, a fine field for a newspaper conducted properly, and it is our purpose to make this a strictly local newspaper, one which will foster and aid any and all enterprises

looking to the welfare of the town, and also to report impartially all public discussions of the questions which in the past have, and without doubt in the future will, divide equally honest men in regard to the administration of our town affairs."

In 1877 the plant was removed to Swan's block, and while here in 1882 the "Advocate" was increased to eight pages to make room for the news which grew with the town. In 1896 Mr. Edgar D. Parker, son of the proprietor, was admitted to partnership under the firm name of C. S. Parker & Son.

The month of January, 1877, was the quarter-centennial of the "Advocate," in remembrance of which the people of Arlington tendered a banquet to the proprietors. The banquet was presided over by Governor Brackett, and was a complete surprise. It was a brilliant gathering of about two hundred and fifty guests. Mr. Parker through his paper has furnished many hours of pleasure to the people of Arlington, and the people have reciprocated in a measure by making him welcome at all their functions.

HAROLD KIMBALL, '14.

ARLINGTON PRESENTATIONS OF CRANFORD.

Though the setting of "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell's delightful story of village life in the early nineteenth century, is England, not America, still the two interesting productions of a dramatized version of the novel in Arlington have brought forth such a wealth of local historical associations and antique treasures that some mention of them in this number is not unfitting.

On April 11, 1900, the Arlington Historical Society gave a presentation of "Cranford," dramatized by Mary Barnard Horne, a resident of Belmont.

The principal characters, all Arlington people, were taken as follows: Miss Alma Cook, Miss Matty; Miss Louisa Warren, Miss Pole; Mrs. Emma Harris, the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson; and Mrs. MacDonald-Wade, Miss Betsy Bar-

ker; while "Little Dick," Mrs. Homer's dog, appearing on the programme as "Richard Homer," was a source first of mystery and then of amusement to the audience.

Miss Damon, who took the part of Miss Jessie Brown, sang "Jack o' Hazeldean," using the old piano owned by the Historical Society. This made a realistic touch, indeed, for the "old cracked piano, which might have been a spinet in its youth," was "a little out of tune."

Mrs. MacDonald-Wade, who was Miss Barker, the hostess at the card-party, was a professional actress, and by her skill added much to the success of the play.

All Arlington helped to supply the costumes and furnishings for the stage, and as more than half the audience wore the costume of the early nineteenth century, the entire setting was most appropriate.

Mr. Fessenden, in black velvet small clothes, and Mrs. Fessenden in court dress of black satin with flowered panels, led the grand march which followed. After that all danced the old-fashioned dances, such as Miss Matty might have danced with Mr. Holbrook, had her dignity as a rector's daughter permitted it.

The second production of "Cranford" in Arlington was given in May, 1911, by the Teachers' Club. The performance was repeated several times, the last for the benefit of the proposed vacation school.

The piano used by Miss McIntosh as Miss Jessie Brown was the same one which was used in the first production, and again lent by the Historical Society.

The part of Miss Matty was delightfully interpreted by Miss Ruth Tenney, and Miss Bullock as Miss Pole won enthusiastic applause by her skill in "beating time out the time." The gown worn by Miss Dorothy Connor as Mrs. Jamieson rivalled in splendor the magnificent velvet robe that played so important a part in the first performance.

After the play refreshments of the

true "Cranford" order were served by dainty "Marthas" from tables decked with exquisite old-fashioned china.

On each occasion the generous aid and appreciation shown by the people of the town has shown the depth of their interest in the associations of by-gone days.

A. G. R., '15.

STORIES TO TELL TO THE CHILDREN.

I. *A Narrow Escape.*

Mr. Gerry, president of the "Board of Safety," while stopping over night at the Black Horse Tavern with some friends, was aroused in the middle of the night by the noise of the British soldiers, who were demanding admittance to the inn. Mr. Gerry was so excited that he was on the point of opening the door in their faces when the landlord cried out to him: "Don't open the door, I command you!" The landlord then led them to the back part of the house, where they escaped into a cornfield. There was nothing to conceal them in the bright moonlight except the corn stubble, which was about a foot or two high. Mr. Gerry stumbled and fell, and called to his friend: "Stop, Orine; stop for me until I can get up. I've hurt myself." This suggested the idea to the others, and they threw themselves on the ground, remaining there, half clothed, as they had left their beds, until the British had passed on.

II. *Nabby Blackington's Cow.*

While Nabby Blackington was watching her mother's cow, that fed by the roadside, the British went by. The cow took her way directly through the passing column, and the child, faithful to her trust, followed through the ranks bristling with bayonets. The British did not harm the child.

III. *A Clever Capture.*

Some teams were carrying supplies through Arlington to the British, when they were attacked. The frightened

drivers leaped from their teams and ran to the shores of Spy Pond. One driver bent his gun over a stone wall rather than allow his arm to be "serviceable to the rebels," while the others threw theirs into Spy Pond. They followed the shore until they came to Spring Valley, where they met an old woman named Mother Batherick, digging dandelions. They surrendered themselves to her, asking her protection. She led them to Captain Frost's house, where there was a number of "rebels." As she gave them up she said: "If you ever live to get back, you tell King George that an old woman took six of his grenadiers prisoners." In the English opposition papers the following was published: "If one old Yankee woman can take six grenadiers, how many soldiers will it take to conquer America?"

IV. *A Disregarded Threat.*

The rebels did not fail to ransack Mr. Adams' house, and after they had taken all the valuables, set it afire. When his small sons heard the British breaking in the door they all got under the four-poster bed, where they waited in fear and trembling. Soon the soldiers came into the room and began emptying the contents of the bureau drawers into a sheet. One of the boys watched them as long as he could, then, his curiosity getting the better of his fears, he lifted up a corner of the bedspread and looked out. A soldier saw him and said: "Why don't you come out?" He answered: "You'll kill me if I do." "No, we won't," the soldier replied. So he came out, followed by his brothers. They followed the soldiers around, and watched them take their mother's spoons and valuables without a word. When it came to taking the communion silver Joel could contain himself no longer, and cried out in horror and indignation: "Don't you touch them 'ere things! Daddy'll lick you if you do." Much to his surprise the threat was disregarded.

ADELAIDE STICKNEY, '14.

V. "All's Fair in Love and War"?

On the night of the eighteenth of April, in 1775, some British soldiers were passing by the old house which now stands on the corner of Mystic Street. As they passed by one of them said to himself: "Is that a light I see burning in the window?"

It was, so he went up to the house and knocked loudly at the door and said: "Why is a light burning at this unusual hour?"

An old woman came out, trembling, and said: "My husband is sick, and I am making some herb tea for him."

As the knock came her husband had jumped into bed and covered himself up, while she covered the pewter she was melting with the ashes.

The soldier went along with the others, and perhaps the next day the same British soldier had a taste of that herb tea to his sorrow.

MARGUERITE AHERN, '16.

VI. *The Devil's Den.*

There is a big rock in Menotomy Rocks Park called the Devil's Den. A large stone has fallen over the Den, so you cannot see it, but it was once a huge cave.

In this cave lived a robber named Bristol Bill. He used to rob carriages and houses on all the lonely roads. Once he robbed Governor Craddock of a gold watch and chain, but when he saw the name on it he gave it back to him.

No one could find his cave, because it was among thick woods, so he was safe from discovery by white people, although some Indians knew where he lived. The Indians were so afraid of him that they did not dare to tell about him for fear he would kill them.

Finally he got a fever while walking through a swamp, and the Indians found out about it. They thought this would be a good time to get rid of him, but they were in such great fear of him that they did not dare to attack him themselves, even though he was sick.

They sent one of their number to Medford to tell Governor Craddock that they would show the way to Bristol Bill's cave if he would give them all the money and guns in the cave. He said he would, and would give them more land and make a treaty with them. The Indian told him that he would start the next morning.

Governor Craddock collected a party of men, and the next morning, under the direction of the Indian, they reached the cave. Bristol Bill was nearly dead when the men got to the cave, but the men showed no mercy. He was taken to Medford and hanged amid great rejoicing.

The Indians got the things in the cave, and Governor Craddock gave them more land. He also signed a treaty with them which was kept for many years.

After that the cave was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Bristol Bill, and no one went near it. The Indians used to say that it would stay haunted until the guns and gold were given back, so one night the Indians crept up and put the things back. The next day some hunters found the things and took them home. When the Indians found them gone they thought it was not haunted any more, and lived in peace.

Many years later the roof of the cave fell in, and anyone can see the big rock covering the place, where it will probably stay forever.

LAWRENCE MARSHALL, '16.

VII. *One of Our Heroes.*

The troops had all left for Concord, and the family of Samuel Whittemore were seeking safety at a nearby house.

"Oh, father," said one of the girls, "really you should come with us. What if some of the redcoats should come upon you?"

"Daughter," said the old man, "if I could kill but one of the enemies of my country I would willingly die."

So the old man remained a faithful servant of the cause of liberty. He shouldered his musket and paced val-

iantly back and forth, hoping and praying that he might be given an opportunity to show his love for his country. At last his prayer is answered, for he hears a sound and sees a number of British soldiers approaching. He crouches behind a low stone wall and there awaits his opportunity. A shot is heard, one of the redcoats falls to the ground, and before they have recovered from their surprise another follows him. But the valiant old soldier pays dearly for his opportunity, for the soldiers immediately fire upon him and he falls over wounded. Not satisfied with this, the soldiers of the king leap over the wall and dig their bayonets into the heroic old man. With a muttered exclamation that they have killed the "old rebel," they go on.

When the patriots returned from Concord they found him lying there behind the stone wall on the road to Medford, with fifteen bayonet wounds, but still alive.

On the spot where this heroic man's prayer was answered is a tablet to commemorate his patriotism. Newcomers to the town often stop before it and read:

Near this spot
Samuel Whittemore,
Then 80 years of age,
Killed 3 British soldiers.
He was shot, bayoneted, beaten,
and left for dead,
but recovered and lived
to be 98 years of age.

MARY McCONNELL, '13.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1913.

The Centennial Celebration,
Chloe Cousens
Early History of Arlington,
Lewis Cousens
Along the Road to Menotomy,
Ethel Eggleston
Future of Arlington Hardan Eveleth
Arlington Public Library,
Elizabeth Gardner
Come to Live in Arlington,
Winnie A. Ryan
Arlington's Seal Ida Scheib
Grandfather's Story Irene Smith
Arlington in Early Times
W. Fletcher Tuttle

1914.

The Arlington Post Office,
Ruth Fowle
Arlington in the Revolution,
May Furdon
The Centennial Celebration,
Gaylord Goldsmith
A Few Historic Buildings,
Gladys Kimball
The First Parish Church,
Katherine Livingstone

The History of the Arlington Fire
Department Edward Mead
Arlington High School
Mary Robertson
Captain George Cooke and His Mill,
John Ryan
The Indian Hunter Amy Schwamb
The Origin of the Arlington Fire
Department Reginald Squire

1915.

A Menotomy Adventure,
Willard Bailey
The Arlington Library Helen Bartlett
Hunting and Trapping in Arlington,
Roger Hall
Menotomy on April 19, 1775,
Margaret Melley
A Special Topic Gladys Richardson

1916.

A Halfbreed's Capture Marian Allen
The First Baptist Church Hazel Bailey
Cooper Tavern Josephine Baker
A Girl of Old Menotomy Mary Hayes
Arlington from an Aeroplane,
Marian Pierce
The Night of April 19, 1775,
Josephine Stearns
An Adventure in 1775 John Waage



Since the issue of the last number of the school paper the hockey champion ship of New England schools has been won. The final game with Melrose was one which will long be remembered. The boys who took part in that game deserved all the praise that they got, and more, too.

Captain Lowe and Coach Osgood should be congratulated for the wonderful team they turned out.

The last Melrose game was also a great success, because the Athletic Association received a large sum of money, which came at a time when the treasury was nearly empty.

BASEBALL.

On the resignation of Bower, '13, Chaves, '13, was elected captain of the team for this season. Fred O'Brien of Tufts was engaged as a coach, and he had to start the team the veterans, Chaves, Lowe, Buttrick, Bower, Ross, Consens and Kelley.

In the first game with Somerville the team was simply outclassed in seven innings. In the next game great improvement was shown, Wellesley High barely nosing out a victory. Then came a string of five victories, in which the team showed better development in every game. In the Newton game the team started off with a rush, but it was of no use, and the better team won.

Results of games played thus far:

Arlington	2	Somerville	26
Arlington	3	Wellesley	1
Arlington	21	La Salle	1

Arlington	9	Art Museum	0
Arlington	10	Reading	1
Arlington	5	Concord	3
Arlington	8	Chelsea	7
Arlington	5	Newton	12

League game.

TRACK.

The following are the results of the class meet held on May 1:—

100-yard dash—Consens, '13, 1st; Reyeroft, '13, 2nd; H. Reyeroft, '15, 3rd. 220-yard dash—Kirlin, '15, 1st; Consens, '13, 2nd; Holt, '13, 3rd. 440-yard dash—W. Reyeroft, '13, 1st; Adams, '16, 2nd; Kimball, '14, 3rd. 880-yard run—Kimball, '14, 1st; Peabody, '16, 2nd; Zwinge, '15, 3rd. Mile run—Goldsmith, '14, 1st; Wunderlich, '14, 2nd; Miller, '14, 3rd. Broad jump—Kirlin, '15, 1st; Rimbach, '14, 2nd; M. Reyeroft, '16, 3rd. Shotput—Carrier, '13, 1st; Plaisted, '15, 2nd; Chaves, '13, 3rd. High jump—Furdon, '14, 1st; Knowlton, '16, 2nd.

The Seniors won, with 23 points, Juniors 21, Sophomores 15, and the Freshmen 13.

On May 10 Zwinge, '15, Kimball, '14, and Culer, '14, went to the interscholastic meet held at the N. H. State College. Zwinge finished second in the two-mile run. On the same day Captain Goldsmith won second place in the two-mile run at Cornell University.

Treasurer's Report.

12 Mar. '13	Bal. on hand	88.44
22 Mar. '13	Rec'd from Arena	250.00
23 Mar. '13	Check ret'd	3.50

27 Mar. 13 Ath. dues to date...	10.00
31 Mar. 13 Misc. receipts from sales by Mr. Gordon...	8.10
29 April Somerville guarantee	3.00

\$283.04

Hockey.

13 Mar. Wakefield game...	\$1.00
14 Mar. Oil \$1, Rindge \$1.40	2.40
18 Mar. Stiles, mgr., misc...	4.71
2 Apr. Wright & Ditson...	\$0.71
2 Apr. Managerial exp...	39.55
2 Apr. Petty expenses...	1.05
2 Apr. Pads, coaching and tel. calls	12.85
16 Apr. Express30

—\$142.58

Baseball.

19 Apr. Officials	3.75
25 Apr. Ump. 1.75, exp...	5.15
26 Apr. Officials	3.75
2 May Unif. p'ts, W. & D.	12.40
1 May Reads, bats, balls.	9.00

— 34.05

Track.

Fees and Stamps.....	\$1.00
N. G. Wood, medals	2.90
	3.90
Cash on hand.....	102.51

\$283.04

Respectfully submitted,

G. I. CROSS,
Treasurer.

Approved,

F. C. MITCHELL,
Auditor.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The last two speakers in the Monday morning lecture course were Dr. Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, who gave an instructive talk on "Vocational Training," and Miss Sarah Louise Arnold, dean of Simmons, who addressed the girls of the school on the work of her college.

The Patriots' Day exercises of the school this year were unusually elaborate and successful. Five members of the Grand Army were with us, and their presence always serves as an inspiration. The exercises opened with the singing of "America" and the sa-

bute to the flag. Two of the guests gave brief addresses, and several of the pupils had interesting recitations. Music was furnished by a chorus composed of members of the two lower classes.

Two evening lectures have been given this year under the auspices of the Pratt Fund. The first was an interesting talk on the Balkan countries by Mr. William Washburn Sleeper; the second a dramatic reading of McKaye's "Joan of Arc" by Mrs. Christobel Kidder.

Tryouts for a declamation contest at New Hampshire State College were held on the afternoon of May 9. Seven boys, all of whom had taken part in the previous contest, entered, and a remarkable improvement was shown in every case. David Crockett, '15, and William Kirlin, '15, were chosen by the judges to represent the school.

ED.

Locke School Notes.

Before the departure of Mr. Kane the class, at a special social, gave a play called "Conpon Bonds," written by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. The play was considered a success, so it was repeated for the benefit of the public. The proceeds of the entertainment were placed in the class treasury.

There was a class meeting on Friday, April 11, for the purpose of discussing a costume party to be given Friday, May 2. The committee are as follows: The Misses Kelley, Kenney and Jardine, Master Banks and Master Mooney.

A very interesting debate was held recently between members of the Greek History Class. The subject discussed was: "Who was the Greater Greek, Alexander the Great or Pericles?" Miss Baker and Miss Gillis supported the opposing sides, both of which had good speakers. In the voting by ballot, which followed, to determine the victorious side, it was discovered that the contestants were tied.

The stereopticon lecture given in this school by Mr. Fuller was very entertaining. It was a talk on Panama, and everybody in the audience felt that he knew much more about Panama and the building of the canal, on leaving the building, than he ever did before.



English Club.

Sixth Regular Meeting—A meeting of the English Club was held in the Assembly Hall, Monday afternoon, March 31, Miss Richmond presiding.

The program was exceptionally good, the subject being "Works of Longfellow." Mrs. Howard Porter of Haverhill gave a reading from "The Divine Tragedy," illustrated by stereopticon views of the "Passion Series" of Albrecht Durer. The Lenten season being just over, the entertainment was very interesting and appropriate.

The reading was preceded by Longfellow's "Ship of State," sung by the club, under the direction of Americo Chaves, '13.

At various intervals the A. H. S. Orchestra favored us with excellent numbers.

The afternoon was an enjoyable one, and the members of the club are very grateful to Mrs. Porter for her kindness.

At five o'clock the meeting was adjourned.

Seventh Regular Meeting—A meeting of the English Club was held in the Assembly Hall, Wednesday afternoon, May 7, Miss Helen Hill, '13, presiding.

Miss Hill had arranged a most elaborate and unique program, on which she had spent a great deal of time and care. The first number was a piano solo by Miss Mary McConnell, '13. We

must agree that A. H. S. excels in music, as well as in other things.

The secretary's report followed, and also a motion that a letter of thanks be written to Mrs. Porter for her most interesting reading at the meeting before.

Elton Mansell, '14, star tenor of the A. H. S. Glee Club, sang "Mine," accompanied by Reginald Squire, '14.

Then followed a series of exercises. Miss Ruth Danforth, '13, read a theme, "Lost in the Adirondacks." Charles Reed, '15, recited "An Incident on an Ideal Tour," and Miss Louise Hatch, '14, "A Stereopticon Delusion." They were all original and extremely well done, although it was voted that Miss Hatch excelled the others.

Lastly came the pronunciation contest, the main feature of the afternoon. Miss Gladys Gove, '13, proved the successful contestant. The contest was arranged by Mr. Scully, who was expected to conduct, but who was unable to be present. Under his direction charts had been prepared, on which were printed lists of words, some 300 in all, that challenged the attention of all. The authority used was Abernethy. The Misses Bullard had the exercise in charge. The thanks of the club are extended to Mr. Scully for his kindness and help.

FELIX DOWSLEY, *Sec't.*

Der Mehr Kunde Verein.

Wegen der vielen unvermeidlichen

Veränderungen dieses Jahr zwischen den Lehrerinnen war es unmöglich, etwas bestimmtes in dem Mehr Kunde Verein, unsrer deutschen Gesellschaft, zu tun. Plane wurden gemacht, aber man dachte, dass es zu spät im Jahre sei, sie fortzusetzen Ehe das Jahr, aber, vorbeigegangen ist, so werden wir eine deutsche Fetlichkeit haben, welche wir später kundig machen werden. Man hat eingerichtet, das nächste Jahr die Arbeit in dieser Gesellschaft anzufangen und sie das ganze Schuljahr fortzuführen.

"Niemand weiss seine eigne Sprache ehe er eine andre studiert," sagte ein der grossten Manner in der Welt. Deshalb freut es uns zu sehen, dass die Studentenschaft der deutschen Sprache jährlich in unsrer Schule vermehrt.

Deutsch ist nicht leicht zu lernen, aber es gibt so viel Notwendigkeit und Freude darin, dass es die Muhe wert ist, die Sprache grundlich zu studieren. "Ach," sagen viele, "Man muss sein Bestes nicht tun, weil er es nimmer anwenden wird, als er mit der Schule fertig ist." Dies ist nicht die Wahrheit. Als wir später das Leben durchgehen müssen, begegnen wir viele Deutschen die unsre Sprache nicht sprechen wissen und es hilft ihnen sich mit einem andren unterhalten. Im Geschäft, auch, so ist es nötig das deutsch zu wissen. Und wenn man später in der Universität Untersuchung machen will,

so findet er es nötig deutsch zu wissen.

Aber, in der Sprache gibt es mehr als Hauptwörter zu deklinieren. Hier macht man Bekanntschaft mit vielen grossen Weltmeistern in Literatur, Geschichte, und Musik. Mann kann diese Charaktere nie so gut kennen lernen als wenn er ihre eigne Sprache weiss; solche, Manner wie, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Bismark, Beethoven, und viele andren.

Science Club.

An interesting program has been arranged by Crowley, the leader of the next meeting, and the Advisory Board. Snow will talk on copper, nickel and silver plating; Miss Moxon will speak on corn and its various by-products; the making of invisible will be demonstrated by Young, and Mr. Gordon of the Faculty will explain the manufacture of the modern textbook.

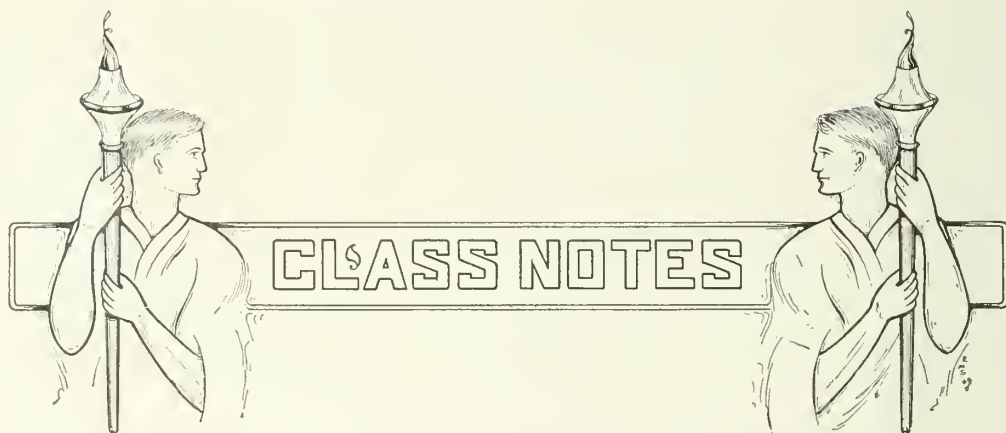
Watch the bulletin board for the date of the meeting. Everybody come.

HELEN HILL, *Secretary.*

Boys' Glee Club.

After two postponements, the date for the concert has been set for May 16. With this end in view the boys have been practicing faithfully for the last three or four months. Many thanks are due to Mr. Gordon for his work with the fellows. It is to be hoped that the concert will be a grand success.

DANIEL CAMERON, '13, *Secretary.*



1913.

I. Heard from two Arlington men one afternoon when a conscientious Senior had carefully avoided the lawn in rounding the corner of the path leading to the front door.

First Man—"Evidently there is an unwritten law, 'Keep off the grass.'"

Second Man—"And there isn't a sign to be seen!"

Note—The C. S. had received a very emphatic lecture not so very long before that, for tripping across the green-sward.

II. The favorite cry of French III. C. before a test:—

"Oh, I just know I'm going to flunk!"

After—(With a few exceptions)—
"Oh, I just knew I'd flunk!"

Note—This isn't peculiar to III. C. alone.

III. After recess up in the corner in Room I. there is a regular travelling restaurant.

IV. Wail from a certain "Bunch"—
"Why, oh why, don't they continue those Friday afternoon orchestral hops?"

V.

Oh where, oh where, is our Social gone?

Oh where, oh where, can it be?

Our committee select, what can you expect! (of 1913)

Oh they simply can't seem to agree!

Note—This is an instance where

great minds *don't* "run in the same channel!"

VI. We understand from Master C——'s essay on the life of Milton that after Milton's second wife died "he set himself doggedly to work, and later in the year 1663 he was again married."

VII. Have you made up your book-cases for the Blake books yet?

VIII. Physics IV.—Mr.——, to the class in general—"Take chloroform instead of shot!"

IX. Mr. G——: "Now if you hang on the trolley wire and touch the ground with your foot, what will happen?"

Even *Carrier* couldn't do that.

X. Those who went to the historic tour, conducted by Mr. Cross, unanimously agreed that a wonderful afternoon had been spent. Never before was it realized what a very fine marksman we had in our midst. The boys and also the girls who did not go don't know what they missed.

XI. Miss R——d in English IV. B.—
"And Macbeth carved his way through till he came to the traitor and killed him—dead!" A very phenomenal happening.

XII. In which the wonderful mind and reasoning powers of the Seniors is revealed. English IV. B.—"Who was Bellona's bridegroom?" Thoughtful Senior—"The Goddess of War!"

XIII.

A Farewell.

Sing a song of Seniors!

Clever, witty, wise.

Almost graduation—

Come, now, dry your eyes.

We know you all feel badly,

You hate to see us go;

We reciprocate the feeling

Or we wouldn't tell you so.

XIV. The versatility of English IV. A has been fully displayed in their recent "experience talks." "The Study of Mushrooms," "The Treasury Building in Washington," "The Cape Cod Canal," "The Usherless Theatre" and the English Club authors are some of the subjects that serve to show the range of interest.

1914.

I. Miss R.—"Will someone kindly close the windows. The cars make too much noise."

Miss S.— (with a brilliant idea)—
"Yes, and open them at the top."

II. Latin III.

Miss R.—"That means 'on the forty-ninth day.'"

Miss Y.— (much puzzled): "Why, there are only thirty-one days in the longest month!"

III. Rimbach says that the Romans fortified their strongholds by grain.

We've heard before that bread was the staff of life.

IV. Chemistry III.

Mr. G.— "In how many States is sulphur found?"

Brilliancy personified: "Three. Sicily, Mexico and Louisiana."

V. Algebra III.

Miss P.— "I can't do any problems after the tenth, beginning with the eleventh."

VI. Wanted—Memorial Day to come in the middle of the week.

—The grind.

Wanted—The kidnapped dummy.

—Miss Deveraux.

VII. "Oh! Ch-k-n, where shall we dine?" "Cafe des enfants." (Childs?.)

VIII. Despairing Freshie: "Gee, it must be great to know everything."

Lofly Senior: "It is!"

1915.

I. Latin.

Miss B—l (translating): "At the death of your superior wife—"

Miss R—: "Woman's suffrage?"

II. English.

Master B—: "Oliver Goldsmith's father was the daughter of a schoolmaster."

How interesting!

III. We know Master B. will be a poet some day—he recites poetry with such feeling.

IV. Master P— is amusing himself in the rear of the room.

Miss M—: "Master P—, will you please stop playing with those noises?"

V. English II. B.

Miss E— (describing the Elizabethan theatre): "And before the play the epilogue came out and said—"

VI. In History II. B we learn that "Cicero was killed by subscription."

VII. Miss H—: "The Roman bridegroom always carried the bride over the threshold of her new home, so she would not stumble."

Miss B—: "But what if the bridegroom stumbled?"

Miss H—: "Great would be the fall thereof!"

VIII. The pupils of the Sophomore class are deriving great benefit from the many opportunities afforded them of reciting, standing before the class. It inspires confidence in themselves, and prepares them for later life.

1916.

I. For information concerning "The Porch of the Maidens" ask K. R., a student of Greek History A.

II.

Oh! the pangs she suffered,

Not a thing could ease her;

For she studied Latin,

And was taking Caesar.

III. Miss H—: "What did the ancient Greeks wear over their house garment or chiton?"

Bright Pupil: "Sandals."

IV. The clock in room 14 has at last decided to work.

As the subject is not appropriate to the literary department of an historical number, this little poem by one of our members finds a place in the Class Notes:

THE BREAKING OF THE MORN.

When the clouds of heaven open,
And the sun comes peeping through,
To shine with all its glory
On the white and fleecy dew;

The flocks upon the hillside,
The herds among the corn,
Will gladly raise their heads to see
The breaking of the morn.

D. C. DOUGLASS.

ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1912.

Members of this class employed as stenographers:

Grace E. Donnelly, by John S. Crowley, lawyer, Boston.

Mary McCarthy, by A. M. Davis publishing house.

Thomas Carens, by the Herald and Traveler Co.

Clara White, by L. A. Rankin Co., publishers.

James Kelley, by White Shoe Co.

Members employed as bookkeepers are:

Annie McArdle, by Yerxa & Yerxa, Arlington.

Annie McGrath, head bookkeeper, by Hanson & Parker, coal brokers, Boston.

John A. Colbert, by H. A. Lawrence Market Co., Fanenil Hall—a very responsible position.

Members employed in clerical work are:

Minnie Christenson, by Houghton & Dutton Co.

Mary J. Crowley, by the E. & R. Laundry Co.

Florence Dacey, by the Hood Rubber Co.

Margaret Dempsey, by the Lexington Lumber Co.

Nellie Clare is the private secretary at the Sea Pines School, East Brewster, Mass.

Ruth McLelland is taking a two years' course at the Gordon Training School for Missionaries, Newton, Mass.

Walter Kenney, at New York University, is studying journalism.

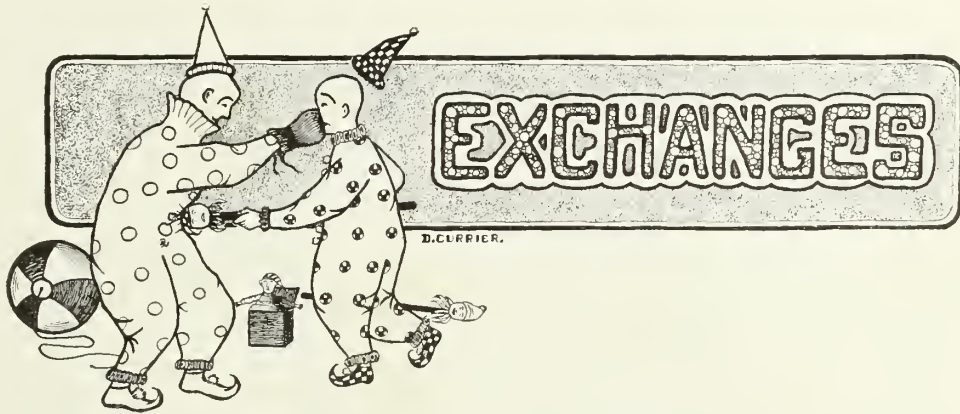
Leo Dalton is draughtsman for the Arlington Heat, Light & Power Corporation, and timekeeper for the Arlington Public Works.

Arthur Smith has a responsible position as head of the Pullman department of the Boston & Maine R. R.

Florence Webber makes and sells raspberry tarts for the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston.

Frances Robbins is studying in the Massachusetts General Hospital, after a six months' preparatory course at Simmons.

Helen Woodman, married April last to Ernest Colprit of Arlington, is living at the Heights.



We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: "Argus," Gardner, Mass.; "Tripod," Roxbury, Mass.; "School Life," Melrose, Mass.; "Par-Sem" (Fall and Winter numbers), North Parsonsfield, Me.; "Papyrus," Stamford, Conn.; "Pioneer," Reading, Mass.; "Bon Bon," Greenfield, Mass.; "X-Rays," Columbus, Ohio; "Review," Medford, Mass.; "Aegis," Beverly, Mass.; "Megaphone," Franklin, Mass.; "Clarion," West Roxbury, Mass.; "Distaff," Boston, Mass.; "Argonaut," Mansfield, Mass.; "Holtten," Danvers, Mass.

"Argus" (Gardner High School)—Could you not make more of your exchange department? Your editorials are well written.

"School Life" (Melrose High School)—Yours is, for the most part, a very good paper. "Open Car Nuisance" is very clever. However, we miss your "Alumni Column," and your "Exchange" department seems rather incomplete.

"Par-Sem" (Parsonsfield Seminary)—Could you not enlarge your literary department? Otherwise your paper is very interesting.

"Papyrus" (Manor School) is among the very best of our exchanges. It is complete in every way.

"The Pioneer" (Reading High School)—Your cover design is both good-looking and appropriate.

"Bon-Bon" (Greenfield High School)—If your paper continues in the future

as it has begun, it promises to be very successful.

"X-Rays" (East High School)—We hope to have the opportunity of finishing "The Honor Ring," which has begun so interestingly in your March issue.

"Megaphone" (Dean Academy)—As usual, no suggestions can be offered for the improvement of your paper. "Out of the Beaten Paths" is remarkably interesting.

"Distaff" (Girls' High School)—Your "Current Events" column is interesting and rather unusual.

"Holtten" (Danvers High School)—Your paper would be improved by an Alumni Column and a more complete "Exchange" department.

"Tripod" (Roxbury Latin School)—"Frmmenta Scientiae" are very amusing. We would suggest again that you increase your literary department.

"Argonaut" (Mansfield High School)—The department of your paper headed "Seen and Heard" is very good.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

The many charades and puzzles in the "Clarion" for December were interesting even to an outsider. These puzzles might afford anyone a good time.

—"Distaff," Girls' High School.

"Clarion," Arlington—Your Christmas number is most appropriate, both in its fitting cover design and in its con-

tents.—"Aegis," Beverly High School.

"The Clarion": The charades in your paper are very interesting. In fact, the whole paper is a very interesting one.—"Pioneer," Reading High School.

The "Clarion" has a most interesting literary department, but the paper would be improved by more cuts.—"Papyrus," Manor School.

The "Clarion," Arlington—Your class jokes are numerous and well selected for the most part. We notice that you insert some school notes among your editorials, and some under the head "Athletics." Why not devote a section of your paper to school events?—"Argus," Gardner High School.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Mrs. Neighbor—"What, you poor little boy, not a stove in your whole house? Where does your papa warm his slippers?"

Poor Little Boy—"Warms 'em on me, ma'am."—Ex.

First Farm Hand—"Now why do you

suppose that old hen is eating all those tacks?"

Second Farm Hand—"Probably she calculates to lay a carpet."—Ex.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Moaning soft and moaning low?
'Tis because that great fat bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

Mistress to Maid—"Have you given the gold fish fresh water?"

Maid—"No they haven't drunk up the old yet."—Ex.

Old Lady (with a view to a little moral teaching—"Now, do either of you little boys say naughty words?"

Elder Brother—"Well, mum, I ain't much of a hand at it myself, but young Bill 'ere, he's a treat. Cuss for the lady, Bill."—Ex.

Little Isaac—"Papa, vat iss superfluons?"

Old Isaac—"Superfluons, Ikey, iss wearing a necktie when you got a beard."—Ex.

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Changes in Entrance Requirements in 1914

At a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges, of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

VOTED: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Physics, Chemistry, Biology and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a completed four year course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

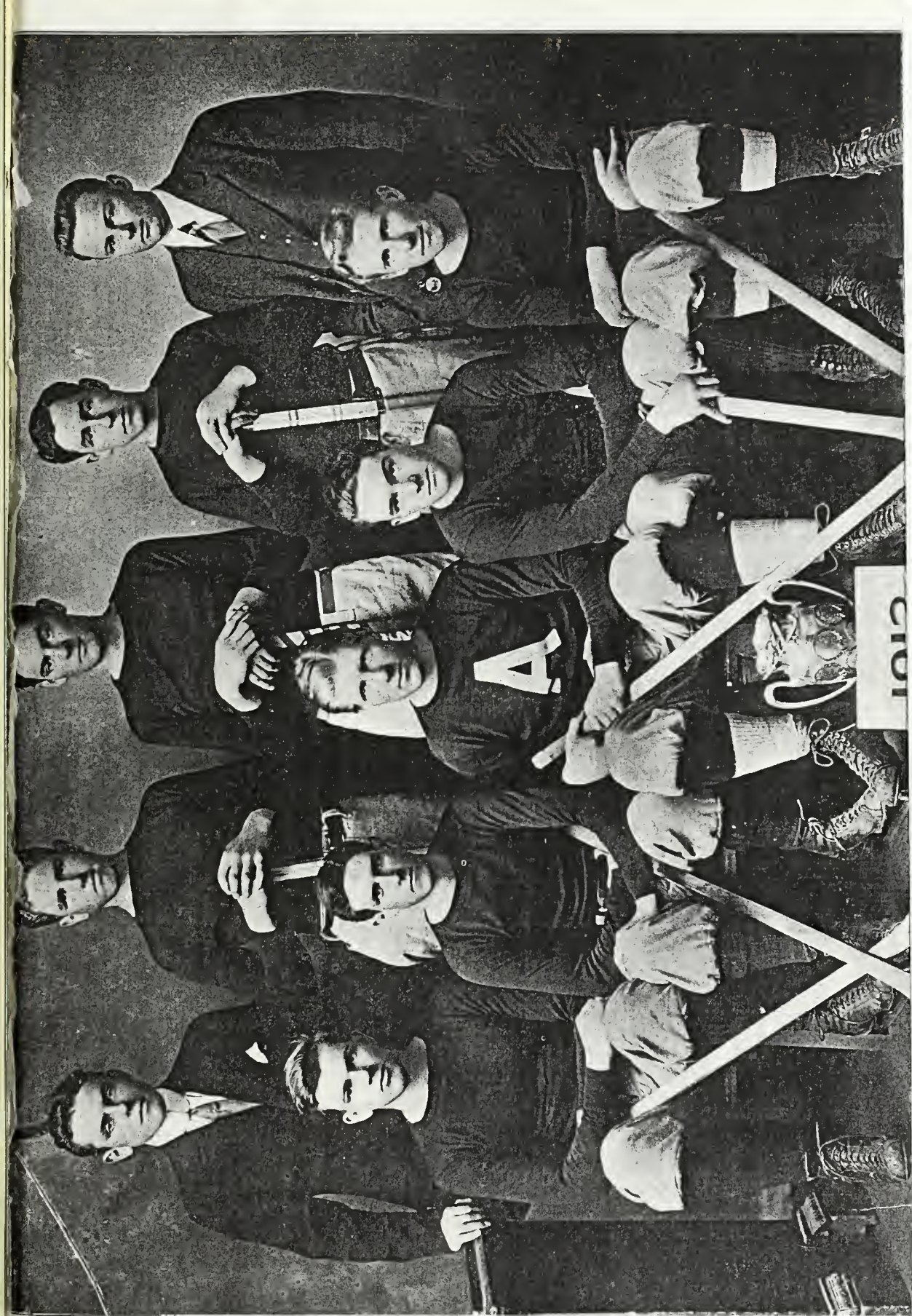
Tufts College Medical School is prepared to give the one-year pre-medical course in its building in Boston, and will begin the first course October 1, 1913.

Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary.

The requirements for admission in the session 1913-1914 will remain as previously stated in the catalog.

FREDERICK M. BRIGGS, M. D., Secretary,

Tufts College Medical School,
416 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.



ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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No. 5

THE CLARION

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EDITORIALS.

For the last time, after four years of happy comradeship, the Class of 1913 makes its appearance on the stage of high school life. Our graduation! What does it mean? A little sense of achievement, first, that the visible manifestation of any advance brings, then a thrill of enjoyment and a bit of pardonable pride in having mounted, with some credit, at least, this first step in our progress of life. But there is a touch of regret mingled with our joy. Last things are always sad, and it is hard to say good-by, even with the alluring prospect before us of the new life in home or college or office. We are sorry to leave our schoolmates of the

lower classes. They have been good friends and faithful companions, and we shall miss them. Our graduation means memories and friendships, too, that will last for many years and never be really forgotten. It means forgetting as well as remembering—forgetting the petty disappointments and the unpleasantness that is inevitable among so many. Happy are we that we have so much that is pleasant to remember, so little unpleasant to forget! Then, like all beginnings, our graduation means ideals and good resolutions, some of them very magnificent ones, too. Perhaps we shall live up to a few of them. Let us hope so! However

that may be, we have something to carry into this new life from our high school days. We have learned to know what a true spirit of democracy is—a spirit found nowhere more completely than in a public school—and if we can carry just that spirit with us what a world of difference it will make!

And now to every member of A. H. S. we wish all possible happiness and good fortune. May you attain to all that we have hoped for, and, above all, sweep the "*Clarion*" along on an ever-swelling tide of success.

Memorial Day was observed as usual this year by appropriate exercises held

the day before in the assembly hall. Brief addresses by several guests, and music by a chorus of Freshmen and Sophomores made the occasion an interesting and memorable one.

The annual Senior Social was given on the evening of Friday, May 23. It took the form, this year, of an informal dance, and additional entertainment was provided by the musical clubs of the school, who kindly repeated several of their concert numbers. The hall was unusually tastefully decorated, and those who braved the unfortunate storm to attend were rewarded by a very enjoyable evening.

Graduation Exercises

Thursday Evening, June 26, 1913, Town Hall, Arlington

CLASS MOTTO : *En Avant*

PRAYER

REV. FRANK L. MASSECK

"*Hallelujah Chorus*" - - - - *Handel*

SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

SALUTATORY

EDWARD KELLEY

"*The Spinning Chorus*" - - - - *Wagner*

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

MISS MCINTOSH, Director

CLASS ESSAY, *The American Girl's Inheritance*

MARIA C. ALLEN

"*Humoresque*" - - - - *Anton Doorsk*

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

MISS PORTER, Director

"*The Yeoman's Wedding Song*" - - - *Poniatowski*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

MR. GORDON, Director

CLASS ORATION, *The American Boy's Opportunity*

RALPH STYLES

CANTATA, "*The Building of the Ship.*" *Part I.* - *Labee*

SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

Reader, HARRIET BULLARD

ADDRESS

HON. ROBERT LUCE

CANTATA, "*The Building of the Ship.*" *Part II.* - *Labee*

SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

Reader, HARRIET BULLARD

VALEDICTORY

KATHERINE E. READ

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

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THE GRADUATION PARTS

SALUTATORY.

Parents and friends, we are happy indeed to welcome you tonight to our graduation, especially as we are the first class to hold such exercises in this magnificent municipal building. We appreciate it as an honor and privilege that such is our fortunate lot. It makes for us a memorable climax to our thirteen years of public school instruction in the schools of Arlington; years for which we owe you, citizens of the town, unflinching gratitude. We trust we shall repay you in the ways which you would most desire; by giving to the school here, in our turn, loyal interest and support, maintaining, as you have maintained, leaders of power and skill, worthy of utmost confidence; and, further, by holding to the ideals that we have formed during these years of school life and striving to fulfil them in our every day life.

In introducing our class literary program, let me say that, for the first time in many years, the prophecy is omitted. We have literally outgrown it. Even a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter would be unable, in this age of possibilities, to prophesy for seventy-four of us. We trust, however, that you will see us tonight as embryo authors, aeronauts, inventors, opera stars, and mayors of Arlington, in the same old way!

The class of nineteen hundred thirteen embarks tonight on the "Ship of State" from the grandest port that ever graduation class was privileged to sail from, with its destination unrevealed by seer or magician. Yet we do not fear. Our colors are nailed to the mast-head, our sailing orders are "En avant," our passports are signed, our future way not wholly uncharted. The fault will be ours if we do not safely ride the storms and finally cast anchor in some desirable harbor.

Again we bid you welcome to these farewell exercises. We trust that you will enjoy the music; the Cantata, beautifully suggestive of the perfection of building and choice of materials in this stately edifice; and the selections by our schoolmates in the Clubs that have given us so much pleasure throughout the year. We hope that the literary program may interest you, also, and meet with your approbation; and we know that the Address of the evening will be an inspiration to us all. And so may the graduation of the Class of nineteen hundred thirteen, the first in Arlington's new Town Hall, be an enjoyable and memorable occasion to you all.

EDWARD F. KELLEY.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S INHERITANCE.

Every American girl has in her possession a casket of jewels, fair, sparkling, deep-hued. With them she may adorn her young womanhood; and the precious things will sparkle and glimmer and delight with undiminished splendor, as long as the qualities for which they stand live in her heart and shine in her deeds. For these jewels are heirlooms received from the noble *foremothers* of this land, gems instinct with life, warm as heart's blood, responsive to our pulses.

Let us examine the contents of this marvellous jewel-case, by which as often as we think upon it, we are brought into a deeper consciousness of the respect and gratitude we owe.

The courage, the patience, the endurance, the sweetness of those pioneer women remain forever a precious heritage. Well might the discouraged Southern planters cherish their bonny "leaf-tobacco brides" with manly tenderness, and the stern Pilgrim and Puritan fathers unbend to share their counsels with those loyal woman-hearts, undaunted by the perils and privations of a wild and unknown country; for never would colonizing here have been successful had not these home-makers come to these unknown shores to build up the home and family life to be the very heart of the new world.

A string of pearls, indeed, for a girl to wear, these lovely home-making and home-keeping qualities of the pioneer women!

And the white of the pearls sets off in vivid contrast the ruby red of their splendid courage. When the Indians, aroused over the prospect of losing their land to the new-comers, raged along the border, scalping-knife and torch in hand, they met a brave resistance from countless heroines. Neither defeat, nor the cruel death of their loved ones, nor even their own captivity, broke the spirit of the dauntless

frontierswomen. Drop a handful of the rubies on this dark background, and see how they form in glowing richness the name of Hannah Duston!

Less precious by far, yet of worth and endurance, is the string of glittering rhine-stones, flashing like the sparkling dew-drops of the early morning, the gift of those women of wealth, who, in the first half of the eighteenth century, broke away from the crudeties and austerities of early colonization, and uplifted the social structure which foreshadowed the distinctive traits of American society today. Brighter raiment took the place of the old sober garb; spinnet-playing was introduced; social amusements were established in all large centers. This social change encouraged the growth of cheerfulness and contentment in a country where life was still in many ways hard and depressing, and was an important element in preparing and equipping the people for the great struggle, the greatest event of the second half of the century. Indeed, there were many women, among these social leaders, who were the proud mothers of great Revolutionary heroes.

From this half century, too, from poorer classes, come vari-colored gems, contributed by colonial women of many nationalities; for, by that time had come to these shores, as the Pilgrims and Puritans had come before them, refugees from religious and political oppression, who migrated into the untraveled wastes of the Alleghany foothills—a race of heroes and of heroines. Frenchwoman and German, Scotchwoman and Irish lass all played a wonderful part, and often set brilliant examples of courage and hardihood. In this class, too, were mothers of men who won the Revolution.

Superb are the sapphires that we now handle with reverence, symbolic of the steadfast affection, courage, and wisdom of the women of the Revolution. Not only were these women enthusiastic supporters of the early measures

of resistance—non-importation agreements and the like—but in every colony, they resumed old-fashioned industries, such as making home-spun clothing, and banded themselves into associations resolving to abandon entirely the use of imported goods. "Liberty Tea" of their brewing became an important beverage. Then was no discomfort too great for them to endure, nor did they falter when the gage of battle was actually thrown down. With wonderful promptness, they hastened to make ready the men for the fray, to send them forth well-clothed, well-armed, and strengthened by the knowledge that they were leaving behind, not weeping and despairing women, but women whose greatest hope was that their loved ones would "acquit themselves like men."

During that terrible winter of hardships at Valley Forge, many a gracious dame turned her beautiful home into an army hospital. Others nursed wounded and invalid soldiers, visited those held in British prisons, and provided the army with clothing and other necessities. Not a few women paid with their lives for their sublime devotion to the demands of pity, charity and patriotism.

Radiant and pure, with the blue of the sky and the depth of the sea, the sapphires shine as we speak of "Captain Molly," "Widow Steel," "Deborah Sampson," "Martha Washington."

And now from the great Westward Movement are bestowed a wonderful collection of emeralds, poignantly green as the forests, blazed by the early trail-makers. There were no weaklings among the women of that movement. Time does not permit even mention of more than a few of the heroines: the wife and daughters of Daniel Boone, the "first white women to set foot on the banks of Kentucky," Elizabeth Zane, whose renown for courage in Indian warfare is imperishable; the mother of the future Vice-President of the United States, Mrs. Jemima John-

son, who saved the garrison at Bryan's Station in Kentucky. The stories of the thrilling exploits of these women are unsurpassed by any other historic tales of courage and heroism.

In the long struggle over slavery, the distinctive traits of the American woman—her ability to rise sublimely to great occasions and meet a crisis unflinchingly, her willingness to give her best, and her marvellous capacity to endure hardship, suffering, and privation—have never been more convincingly revealed.

Wonderful was the work before the war broke out, of such women as Mrs. Stowe, "the little woman," as Lincoln expressed it, "who caused the great war"; Mrs. Maria Chapman, "second to none in her lieutenantcy to Garrison, the Captain of the great reform"; Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, editor of "National Anti-Slavery Standard."

And when once the crisis had actually been reached with the firing of the guns at Fort Sumpter, the women needed no incentive other than love of country to inspire them to instantaneous and effective response.

On both sides in that terrible conflict, the women proved themselves worthy descendants of the splendid matrons who had worked so nobly for America in earlier times; and did not the army nurses, who fell beneath the fearful strain put upon them, give their lives for their country as truly as the soldiers who perished on the field? And there were many who served through the war, and continued for years afterwards in labors no less valuable to the nation. One of these was Julia Ward Howe, whose well-known poem, the immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic," will always be reckoned among the noblest songs of American patriotism.

Diamonds, symbols of tears and worth and imperishable devotion, are the gifts of these women of the Civil War period.

Impressive and inspiring as has been the story of woman's work in the early

stages of our history, we can safely say that never has she played a more important part than she is playing today. She has extended her activities far beyond the dreams of the noble matrons who gave such inspiring examples to their own and future generations. In all the walks of life—in business, in the professions, in the arts and sciences—American women are more numerous and conspicuously represented than ever before. The clubs and social gatherings established so many decades ago, are now widespread, and their great purpose is to blot out wickedness and degradation, and to preserve and promote every agency for public good. They are today struggling to advance religion, philanthropy, patriotism, good government and education. And the jewels which the women of today will add will be rare indeed.

Such is the inheritance of the American girl of today. What is its meaning for us? For what does it stand? For the blessings, joys and safeguards of the American Home, in which the mother is the queen; for the Church, in large measure made serviceable to the world by the devotion of women; for the School, in which the American woman is giving most noble service to her country; for Society, whose standards are set and maintained by women; for Social Service, to which educated, thoughtful, and often wealthy women are not only furnishing willing workers, but inspiring leaders.

It is the duty of every American girl to continue the work so nobly begun and carried through the years. We must do our part to preserve and keep bright the jewels received from our foremothers and elder sisters,—and more than this, we must strive, in our turn, to contribute a worthy gift to the inheritance of the American girl of the future.

MARIA C. ALLEN.

THE AMERICAN BOY'S OPPORTUNITY.

"We live in a new and exceptional

age. America is another name for opportunity." This Emerson said nearly a century ago, and the truth is even more apparent at the present time. It has been said that all the great men of history made their own opportunity: Grant borne on a litter to Chattanooga; Nelson daring the battle of the Nile; Napoleon crossing the Alps and facing a hundred so-called "impossible" situations; thus it has been with leaders of men in war and peace. Today, opportunities are here, ready-made—the life of every American boy teems with them.

The refrain of Kipling's poem, "The Feet of the Young Men,"

"Let us go—go—go away from here!
On the other side of the world we're
overdue!"

is enough to set the feet of the young men everywhere keeping time to its marching rhythm and to fire youthful hearts with enthusiasm to answer the call. How welcome would be another inspired writer who should give another such poem to the world, with a compelling call in it, that would arouse boys and young men to march boldly into the work, not the play of this twentieth-century life, and seize its opportunities.

Let us look for a moment at the opportunities for securing an education. The United States is noted for its free public schools for excellent elementary education. Further, college training is open to him who really wants it, if he has the mental ability to take it. In many colleges the tuition is below the actual cost to the colleges, and scholarships are numerous. There are a thousand and one chances to earn one's way through and still retain self-respect and the respect of others.

And for the boy who does not choose to go to college, there are trade and business schools; schools of commerce, modeled after German Schools to fit for commercial life; evening and correspondence schools; scientific and

THE ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

agricultural colleges; college extension work, and so on—ad infinitum. "Education for the Masses" is growing more and more possible. There is no reason why a boy should not have an education, with free public libraries, lecture courses, and educational exhibits of various kinds, even if necessity compels him to leave school early.

And what are the opportunities of the American boy to win name and fame? These, too, are unlimited, even if there have been already hundreds of inventions, and discoveries of every description:—the great things have not all been done; scarcely have they been commenced. "There is more before us than there is behind us," once said an old forest guide to a party he was conducting for some time through the forest. "Wise with the wisdom of the woods and their thoughtful silences," he voiced a truth which the wise and thoughtful guide of the present age may well say of opportunity.

Someone recently remarked to one of our United States Senators that the great law books are all written. The Senator replied: "Nonsense! As yet we have only the turgid description of the toilsome and halting progress of justice through the ages—that is all we have had compared with the noble volume that will be written giving mankind the high, clear, and simple thinking of a greater Blackstone. It may be that this generation will produce this immortal judicial author; it may be that you, young man, are he; at least one thing is sure, the work is there waiting for the workman." Can one imagine that man has already mastered all the laws of this wonderful universe, and applied them practically to all conditions and substances in existence? Impossible! The world is waiting for the man of brains, and for him there are opportunities everywhere; he has only to recognize and accept them.

Life at present is a battle of ideas. The man who has none or who does nothing but handle other people's ideas

will never be overwhelmed with success. The man with ideas of his own will occupy the center of the stage, and the limelight of public interest and thought will be turned on him more than ever before in our history. Now is the opportunity for the young man to use his brains and education in research, or in invention, to contribute something of value to the twentieth century.

But by far the greatest opportunity open to the American boy at the present time is, whatever his vocation, that of being a patriot in the true sense of the word. He must remember first that he is an American; what nobler inheritance could be desired? He should acquaint himself with, and understand, all the present great questions of government. The need of the hour is reform study, not academic study of sociology by the few, but practical study of social problems by the many.

And what are the great questions that should enlist the best endeavors of the men of today? Municipal reform, better immigration and naturalization laws, better Sabbath-keeping, the question of amusements with special reference to purity, the labor problem,—not "that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer," but that labor does not receive its just share—the problem of daily papers and of bad literature, of gambling, of liquor-dealing, of prison reform and of the white slave traffic, of prevention of crime of all kinds, the working out, as far as possible, Gladstone's great definition, "The purpose of law is to make it as hard as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right." A long list, you say, yet many might be added. Countless opportunities there are to do good. And if any young man is disposed to hang back, and quotes the old saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," let him remind himself of Josh Wise's version of it, "I've noticed too that now an' then wise men rush in where fools are afraid t' tread."

But whatever opportunity the Ameri-

can boy seeks, let him bear in mind
 "The world wants men,—large-hearted,
 manly men;
 Men who shall join in chorus and pro-
 long
 The psalm of labor and of life,
 The age wants heroes—heroes who shall
 dare
 To struggle in the solid ranks of truth,
 And clutch the monster, error, by the
 throat
 To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
 To blot the error of oppression out,
 And lead a universal freedom in."

RALPH STILES.

VALEDICTORY.

Joseph Addison, of Spectator fame, crossing the Alps in his travels, recorded in his journal as his sole impression of the trip that it was "a very troublesome journey"! It is impossible to believe that Addison was always thus, but even the greatest men and the best of us are liable, at times, to notice the roughness of the road rather than the beauty of the scenery.

So it has been through our high school days; the way has often seemed hard, the work monotonous and unrewarding, and, with eyes bent upon the toilsome path, we have not even noticed the grandeur of the mountains. But, like Addison, we have not always been so blind, and sometimes the splendor of "the spacious firmament," high and clear above our heads, has gleamed bright enough to catch even our way-worn senses, and to reveal, if only for an instant, the gleaming brilliancy of what had seemed so toilsome and commonplace to us.

Now the time has come to say farewell, and we can look back upon our school days through the delicate glamour that "the past," even so short a one, throws over any experience. We can look back over four happy years and think, perhaps, as we see them flooded with the soft light of the sunset, that after all the traveling was not so

difficult, nor the way so long. We have seen many lovely sights on the journey and have made many firm friendships with our fellow travelers; and as we think of it now we can realize that there has always been an encouraging voice to aid us over the hardest stretches and a steady hand to point to the clear heights we so feebly strove to reach.

So it is harder than we thought to say farewell, to leave these pleasant companions and these faithful leaders, to venture alone into an unknown country, but, wherever we go, however rough and toilsome the journey may be, let us never forget to raise our eyes occasionally to the glory of the mountains.

KATHERINE E. READ, '13.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN INTERESTING HOBBY.

On request of the "Clarion" Board to contribute an article regarding my experiences with electricity, I reluctantly submit the following, hoping that the personal element will be overlooked by the reader.

A number of years ago I had the pleasure of seeing a toy electric train owned by a friend. It was with the greatest interest that I watched it run around the room on its little track, and as I watched my friend manipulate the switches which controlled the current for the motor, I gazed upon him with envy and hoped that some day I too might own an electric train and have knowledge enough to run it.

It was on that day that I caught the fever. Coming home I determined to experiment on my own hook. The first experiment was very complicated and much brain matter was required to perform it. It consisted of ringing an electric door bell. I had the bell, but lacked the current with which to ring it, so the construction of a "cell" was now attempted. This was accomplished with little difficulty, but in setting the

"cell" down on the floor, gravity got the better of my hand, the jar was cracked, and the "cell" made useless. However, that bell had to ring, so another method of procedure was followed. The house was wired for electric lights, and in the room where the experiment was being conducted was located the "cut-out" box and "main" switch. Certainly here was enough current to ring the bell. One of its terminals was carefully connected to one arm of the switch. Another wire was connected to the other terminal of the bell, and, holding the free end of this wire in my hand, I carefully touched it to the second arm of the switch. The bell rang—for a second—then it jumped into the air amidst a cloud of smoke, while sparks and molten copper flew all around me. That evening I studied by the light from an oil lamp, and the next day an electrician came around and replaced a "blown" fuse. This experience dampened my ardor considerably, but I had learned a lesson in a manner which was not likely to be forgotten, and thereafter the electric light mains were treated with due respect.

During the next year or so much apparatus was constructed. Junk would be a better name for it. Everything from a magnet to a cent-in-the-slot shocking-machine had its place. A telegraph system was rigged up with the neighbor's son next door, and communication carried on at a one word per minute rate. However, the operators at both ends of the line were not very expert in their work, and about ninety per cent. of the communication was accomplished by means of the vocal chords.

The voltage of the electric light mains was 110, and they were generally spoken of as the "110." The construction of an electric furnace to be operated by the "110" was next attempted. "Resistance" was somewhat scarce around the "laboratory" in those days, and before a satisfactory "arc" had been obtained seventeen fuses had "blown."

About this time the writer caught the "wireless" fever. It was a very serious case, and the effects have remained with him ever since. That first receiving set was a wonder. It consisted of two carbon blocks, across which rested a knitting needle, a telephone receiver and battery, and an "aerial" consisting of a few wires strung up in the attic. Ten minutes after it was completed the "110" was accidentally "grounded" through the receiver, a beautiful pyrotechnical display took place, and the remains were laid away the next day.

The second set was a great improvement. It included instruments by means of which incoming stations could be "tuned" in or out. The back lawn was adorned with "aerial" wires, and a "ground-switch" was installed to take care of old "Jove." After two weeks of failure, the set actually worked. The thrill of joy which the first signal caused will never be forgotten. The apparatus was complete, but it lacked an operator. During the following months many nights were spent endeavoring to master the code. At last this was accomplished, and the practical side of the art was partly learned.

A "transmitter" was now added to the equipment. It consisted of a spark coil connected to "aerial" *direct*. Imagine the "decrement"! There were no radio-inspectors or radio-regulations in those days, and stations worked on whatever "wave-length" they saw fit to use. "Interference" was at a maximum, and the resulting chaos of signals sounded worse than a congregation of women, and that is saying much.

By this time I had become a full-fledged "ham." The "ham" stage is the most dangerous part of the fever. It is the period during which the amateur sees "aerials" hanging from every tree, whistles to his friends in the Continental code, dreams of wireless, and fails in his lessons. Every amateur passes through this stage, and thereafter he treats the subject in a more practical and scientific manner.

Having passed safely through the "ham" stage, the construction of more up-to-date and more powerful instruments was attempted. A "transformer" was installed, operated by the "110." Trouble now came in plenty. The "induction" from the "aerial" affected the telephones round about. Every time the set was operated most of the telephones in the neighborhood were put out of commission. After a great deal of experimenting, the telephone company remedied the trouble. Whenever the "transformer" was operated the electric lights "blinked" all over the neighborhood. Thus a pleasing conference with the electric light company was afforded. The neighbors, of course, held me in high esteem by this time! However, these difficulties have long since been overcome, and they simply show what the amateur has sometimes to contend with.

While continuing the work in radio-telegraphy, experiments were carried on with high potential high frequency currents. These afford great opportunity for study, and with sufficient apparatus many experiments may be performed which are instructive to the experimenter and spectacular to the spectator.

In the foregoing the writer has related a few of his experiences in developing his hobby, but there is another side to the story, one in which success and failure, hard study, weary hours spent in the construction and installation of apparatus, are all intermingled. The experiences as here disclosed are typical of those undergone by many who are at the present time experimenting in radio-telegraphy and such, and this article applies to them fully as much as it does to the writer.

In conclusion let me say that if any reader is desirous of choosing a hobby let him choose some branch of electricity, for a more interesting, instructive and dignified hobby can hardly be found. HARLAN A. EVELETH, '13.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

In the following article it is not the writer's aim to depreciate the benefits derived from the study of other subjects than the classics. The aim is to justify the study of Latin and Greek, and to show the advantages gained.

A careful study of the great languages of antiquity trains the mind to think and reason logically. Greek, with its three numbers, three voices, six moods and seven tenses, is admirably fitted to do this. Only when such a result has been accomplished can anything worth while be done in the lines of science and mathematics. It is affirmed by some that algebra and geometry discipline the mind, but most instructors would probably declare that this fact is not so in the great majority of cases. Indeed, if one has not been trained to reason logically, the tendency is to learn algebra and geometry by heart, without any thought as to the why and wherefore. Thus, for many people, no permanent good is gained by their study of higher mathematics.

For everybody, Latin and Greek do a great service. The study of them gives a fine review of English grammar and an enlarged vocabulary. When a pupil begins to study the classics in high school he is usually better able to grasp English grammar than when he studied it in the grades. In studying the constructions of the ancient languages and comparing the differences between them and English, he gets a better understanding of the constructions of his own tongue. Furthermore, in translating a page of Virgil or Homer clearly and in good English, a good vocabulary training is necessarily obtained.

As for the modern tongues, it is well known that Latin and Greek are the foundations of some of the most important of them. English, of course, is a mixture of modern and ancient elements. It will be seen how much more

intelligent the study of the modern languages will be if the student has studied the classics.

Many of the greatest authors of English literature—Milton, Burke and Macaulay—studied the ancient languages. The result was that their works were influenced by this fact. This is especially true of Milton. Needless to say, if a reader has studied Latin and Greek authors he is better able to study the productions of some of the best English writers than if he had not.

Of course, the history of the Greeks and Romans is very important. Its importance, however, does not lie in the descriptions of battles and wars; it lies in tracing the progress of those peoples, comparing the differences between them, and finding what they did for our own civilization. To gain this "historical sense," a careful study of the languages of these two peoples will be an aid. The Greek language is a

revelation of the character of the beauty-loving Greeks, and the differences between the two classical tongues show the differences between the two races.

It will thus be seen that the classics are of use to anyone, especially to one belonging to those professions requiring broad culture—law, medicine and the church. By having trained the mind, the classics have done a great service for anyone following any trade or profession.

How lamentable is the present tendency to undervalue the benefits reaped from a careful study of the greatest languages of ancient times! Those who are opposed to the study of Latin and Greek in schools are either those who have never studied them, or else those who have studied them without understanding the advantages gained. Neither class is fitted to criticise.

HAROLD W. HOLT, '13.



FLOWER MAIDENS

Left to Right—Miss Harriet Bullard, Miss Dorothy Bacon, Miss Katherine Eberhardt, Miss Margaret Munch, Miss Gladys Chamberlin, Miss Margaret Billings, Miss Ethel Eggleston, Miss Louise Bateman, Miss Ruth Morton, Miss Dorothy Munch, Miss Phebe Hyatt, Miss Beatrice Moseley.

APROPPOS THE PAGEANT.

Three glorious days of the pageant with the enthusiasm of the town at its height!

There was a vital interest felt in almost every home, and in the High School, especially was its far-reaching influence felt, for it was from its ranks that many of the pageanters came.

Everything gave way to the pageant (everything but exams, and those have never been known to give way to anything).

The pageant was a common excuse, and the teachers willingly forgave a hastily prepared lesson, for they realized the amount of time and work that such a thing demanded.

But it was worth it! It was worth every bit of the time and trouble that was so cheerfully given. Anything that will bring townspeople more closely together, that will deepen the feeling that it is *their* town, is surely worth any amount of time and trouble that human

energy can expend. And that is what our splendid pageant has done!

The wonderful aesthetic beauty of the classical period, with the ever-fascinating tale of the lovely Proserpine, the stirring episodes of the historical period, all found responsive chords in every heart.

One realized then, as never before, what Arlington is and has been, and what one must be and do, to be worthy of the Arlington of the future.



INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS OF NEW ENGLAND—ARLINGTON HIGH CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.
Left to Right—Johnson, Sinclair, Adams, Wunderlich, Zwinge, Goldsmith, Kimball.

ATHLETICS.

We had a very successful cross-country season this last year. The first meet was with Medford High. This, Arlington easily won. Goldsmith, Zwinge and Wunderlich finishing before a Medford man was in sight, and Kimball finishing fifth, after a close race with Mitchell of Medford.

The next meet was with the Harvard Freshmen, over their course at Brookline. Goldsmith and Zwinge led the race all the way, and finished well in advance of Kent of Harvard. Wunderlich and Adams finished in fourth and sixth places respectively.

At Worcester we next won the championship of Massachusetts and

Rhode Island over a hard four-mile course. Goldsmith won the race, with Zwinge third, Adams seventh, Kimball eighth and Wunderlich ninth. Here the trophy was a large silver cup.

The next meet was at Tech Field, for the championship of New England. Goldsmith, as usual, won this race, with Zwinge third, Wunderlich fourth and Adams sixth.

We finished the season by winning the Mystic Valley League cup in a two-mile race at Winchester. Goldsmith won first, Zwinge second, Wunderlich sixth, Kimball eleventh, and Sinclair fifteenth place.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The baseball team has had a very successful season, having lost only four games, to Somerville, Wellesley, Newton and Gloucester. At present the team leads the Mystic Valley League, having defeated Reading, Stoneham, and Woburn twice.

All the men on the team except Robbins, '14, and Hsley, '14, are seniors, so the prospects for next year are not very bright, although there is some good material in school which can be developed.

Cook, '13, has been manager of the team this spring, owing to the resignation of O'Keefe, and Allen, '13, has been assistant manager.

The team has profited greatly from the coaching of O'Brien, and with his aid has made such a fine record. There has been no fooling this year, and the team has gone after each game with a fighting spirit.

One of the big games was the one played at Gloucester, the first one to be played on their new field. Although the score was 8-7 against us, nevertheless Arlington played the best game and outthit Gloucester in every inning. The attendance at this game was six thousand and the collection was three hundred dollars, and the field is not enclosed. This is a sample of what sort of support a good team like Arlington

should receive. Yet at our home games we do not receive enough to pay the expenses of each game.

Hamlin Robbins, '14, has been elected to captain next year's hockey team. Robbins played a fine all-round game at cover-point this season, and will be the only veteran left. He has plenty of good material to select a winning team from, however.

May 10 a dual meet was held with Winchester. The score was: Arlington, 38; Winchester, 34. Captain Gaylord Goldsmith had the mile race easily won, but he slowed up and finished even with his team mates, Kimball and Zwinge. Another feature was the work of Penaligon of Winchester, who scored 20 points for his team.

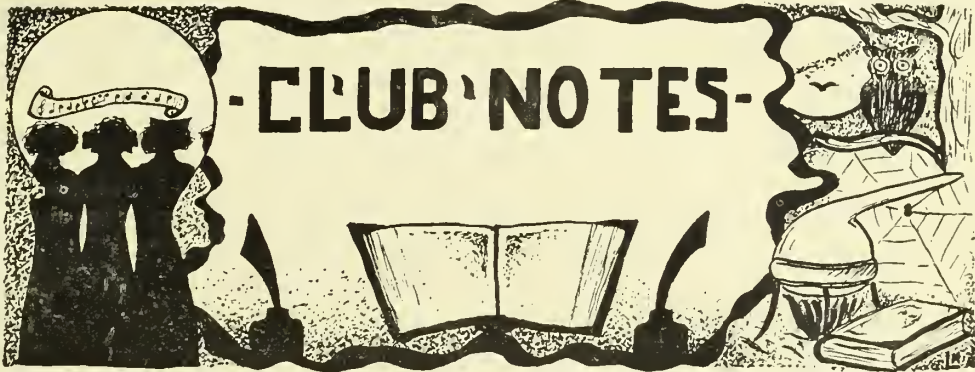
May 31 Goldsmith and Wunderlich went to Providence to run in an interscholastic meet held at Brown University. "Goldie" won first place in the mile and two-mile runs. Wunderlich won third place in the half-mile.

Some of the track men entered the Harvard interscholastic meet, June 7, but failed to win any points.

The track team, including the cross-country and relay teams, has come to stay in the Arlington High School. This past year the team has had a most remarkable record. Goldsmith, '14, has been captain of the team, Kimball, '14, manager, and Dr. McCarthy, the coach.

**ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
TREASURER'S REPORT JUNE 11, 1913**

Baseball Expenses		
May 13, Wright & Ditson—Bats...	\$4.00	
May 13, Read & Son—Mitt.....	3.20	
May 13, Expenses Stoneham, Newton	7.70	
June 4, E. A. Grout—Baseballs..	10.00	
June 4, J. W. Brine, Miscellaneous goods	27.02	
June 9, F. C. Mitchell expenses, miscellaneous charges, breakages, etc.	19.25	
June 9, Wright & Ditson—Bats..	4.25	
June 9, F. E. Hammond—Bats...	1.75	
Track Expenses		
June 8, Fares, N. H. State Col. Meet	10.00	
Fares Winchester Meet.....	1.50	
Miscellaneous		
June 6, I dozen 2c. envelopes26	
June 12, Cash on hand.....	35.58	
Examined and approved:	\$125.51	
F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.		
1 May 13, Balance on hand.....	\$102.51	
7 May 13, Received, dues to date..	4.00	
21 May 13, Received, dues to date..	10.00	
11 June 13, Received, dues to date..	9.00	
June 12, Cash on hand	\$36.58	
	<u>\$125.51</u>	
Respectfully submitted		
G. I. CROSS, Treasurer.		



ENGLISH CLUB.

Instead of following last year's plan of arranging, for the final meeting, a prize speaking contest of original selections by Club members only, the Club decided to stand sponsor for the girls' inter-class declamatory contest, which Miss Eberhardt, '14, planned and worked up to take place June 18, the prizes to be given by the Club. The Directors suggest that it would be well next year further to enter into the new interest in declaiming by having a declamation in connection with each literary program.

The meetings of the year have been rewarding and interesting, and we hope for an enrollment of leaders and workers next year.

The Club extends its farewell to the 1913 members. They may be assured that they and their efforts will not be forgotten; those who had charge of special programs during this year, Cameron, Miss Wheaton, Miss Katherine Read and Miss Hill; and Miss Danforth, Miss Gove and Harold Holt, who assisted in other ways.

FELIX DOWSLEY, Secretary.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

The Boys' Glee Club for the year of 1912-'13 is now a thing of the past. Thanks to Mr. Gordon, it can be safely said that the club was a great success.

The joint concert with the Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club took place on Friday evening, May 16. Mr. Gordon, Mansell and Buttrick took the solo parts during the evening. A large audience was present and applauded heartily throughout the entertainment.

The club this year was composed entirely of upper classmen, and there will be a great many vacancies left through graduation. It is to be hoped that next year the men will turn out in great numbers, and make the club one of the best high school glee clubs in existence.

DANIEL CAMERON, Secretary.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

On May 16th the annual concert of the club was held, this year in connection with the Boys' Glee Club and the Orchestra. The program, which is given below, was enthusiastically and appreciatively received by a large audience.

The Girls' Glee Club will sing at graduation, under the adequate leadership of Miss Heard, musical instructor in the Arlington High School. Miss McIntosh, the regular director, is taking a much needed rest at her home in Rawlins, Wyoming, this summer. She will be heartily welcomed by the club on her return.

KATHARINE EBERHARDT, Sec.

Concert by the Musical Clubs of the
Arlington High School.

PROGRAM.

King Midas Overture.....*R. Eilenberg*
Marching Song*Trotore*

Solo by David Buttrick.

Boys' Glee Club.

Carmena*Wilson*
Girls' Glee Club.

We are Foresters Free and Bold,

Reyloff

Boys' Glee Club.

a Good-Night, Good-Night, Beloved,

Pinsuti

b The Butterfly Swings on the Flower,

Gaul

Girls' Glee Club.

Rhapsodie Fantastique*Chaves*
A. Chaves.

Lucia*Donizetti*
Quartette, with Orchestra Accom-
paniment.

Warren Ilsley Lawrence King

David Buttrick Walter Hutchinson

a Woo Thou, Sweet Music.....*Elgar*

b Dry Yo' Eyes*Landsberg*
Girls' Glee Club.

Yeoman's Wedding Song...*Poniatowski*
Boys' Glee Club.

Greeting to Spring*Strauss*
Quartette.

Eunice Clare Anna Hooker

Ruth Scully Helen Hill

Girls' Glee Club.

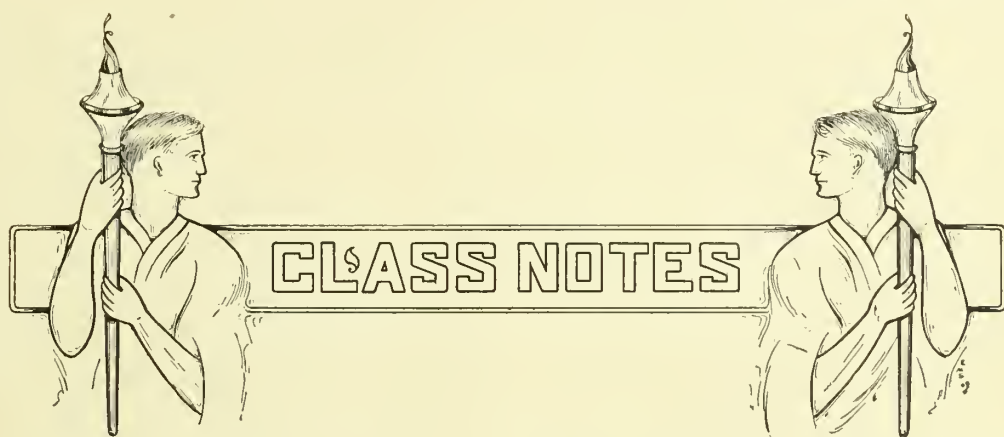
The Stein Song*Bullard*
Boys' Glee Club.

Chimes of Normandy*Planquette*
Orchestra.

GERMAN CLUB.

All members of the German classes met in the Assembly Hall of the High School on Wednesday, June 4, to enjoy some of the German student songs, and to listen to stories of German daily life delivered entirely in German.

EVA ALSEN, Secretary.



1913.

Critics are requested to refrain from reading 1913 Class Notes. It's our last flourish, and we've said just what we want to.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

Charles Allen—"Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast; 'twill tire."

Maria Allen—"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Eva Alsen—"Charm strikes the sight, at merit **wins the soul.**"

Louise Bateman—"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

Harriet Bullard—"Do you not know that I am a woman? What I think—I must speak."

Herbert Buttrick—"He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier."

Daniel Cameron—"Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

Americo Chaves—"O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping."

Joseph Chisholm—"Shakes his ambrosial curls."

Margaret Chisholm—"And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep."

Eunice Clare
"The devil hath not in all his quiver choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

Lewis Consens—"So we'll go no more a-roving so late into the night."

Robert Cook's classnotes—"The frivolous work of polished idleness."

Helene Darling—"Fills the air around with beauty."

George Carrier—
"Soprano, basso, even contra-alto,
Wished him five fatboms under the Rialto."

Olive Wheaton—
"There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Mary McDonald—"Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

Harlan Eveleth—
Time, place and action may be wrought,

But genius must be born and never
can be taught."

Osgood Holt—
"I hain't no patience with sech swellin'
fellers ez
Thinks God can't forge 'thout them to
blow the bellerses."

Harold Holt—"I never knew so
young a body with so old a head."

Wendell Reycroft—
"Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer."

Helen Hill—"We have heard the
chimes at midnight."

Ethel Eggleston—"A rosebud set
about with little wilful thorns."

Doris Devereaux—"So wise, so
young, they say, do ne'er live long."

Leroy Duff—"Why, then, can one de-
sire too much of a good thing?"

Walter Hutchinson—"The French-
man's darling."

Donald Scully—"Which not even
critics criticise."

To the Boys' Glee Club—
Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself."

To 1913—
"Of joys departed
"Not to return how painful the remem-
brance."

I,
"Go on, Hardy," Miss Magner said,
To the boy who was gazing far into
space.
Two minutes later he raised his head,
While he meekly mumbled: "Where's
the place?"

II. Physics IV. A.—Master C—
endeavors to map the magnetic field
surrounding a horseshoe magnet with
lampblack. We wish him success!

III. We admire Miss B——n's
versatility in the matter of hair dress-
ing.

IV. Some ambitions of 1913:

II. Holt—To become a sprinter.

Bower—To recite in English two or
three times a day.

O. Holt—To invent an automobile
that will run without a spark plug.

Chaves—To excel Paderewski.

Reycroft —To become a brunette.

Eveleth—To become a hero via wire-
less.

Carrier—To become Miss Holt's
favorite pupil. (It can't be done.)

Tuttle—To imitate Chesterfield.
(Keep at it, "Billy.")

The rest of us—To avoid work of any
kind!!!

V. "What's in a name," or names?
The Hardy Ladd Reids to the Darling
in the Bower on the Green Hill while
she eats an E Clare made by the Cooke,
the Gardner's wife, and their small
Consens lie Lowe and note the Stiles,
literary and otherwise.

VI. Miss R——: "What do you
think these lines mean?

"And every shepherd tells his tale,

Under the hawthorne in the dale."

Miss E——: "Isn't that a pun on the
word tale, meaning that the shepherd
can tell his sheep by their tails?"

VII. I trust most of us have our-
selves picked out as Blake Book Prize
Winners. Have we not?

VIII. Those graduation pictures
seem to be more important to some of
us than our recitations.

IX. A very gentle hint: "Will it
be necessary for the Class of 1913 to
provide some of its members with either
a shave or a hair cut?

X. French IV. A.

Miss T——k. Continue Master
B——t——ck.

Master B. moves not.

Whispered Chorns—Go ahead Dave!
Make a stab at it! Oh, bluff it through!
We'll help; go ahead!!

And M. B. made a flowing translation!!!

Who was to blame?

XI. Seniors! Seniors! Just for appearance's sake *please* look sorry to be leaving school. I never saw any happier expressions than those worn by the Seniors for the past week!

XII. H. Holt wears his collars so high that every time he looks over the edge he gets dizzy.

XIII. Tune: "Drink Her Down."
Oh here's to 1913,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Oh here's to 1913, drink her down,
May the imprint left behind her,
Serve 's a forcible reminder
That she couldn't have been finer,
Drink her down.

It'll seem awful queer—
When we're not here;
But are gone to other citadels of learning;
To think that in the classes,
There are no lads and lasses,
Of the dearly loved class of 1913.

But time must pass, you know,
And we have got to go,
No matter how we hate to leave our
high school;
There are other Seniors coming,
Though they won't be comparing,
With the dearly loved Class of 1913.

(It will sound better as you sing it!)

XIV. Our football captain says the prospects are extremely bright. (They always are at this time of the year.)

XV. C——r has a new pair of trousers. Congratulations. (Later. We were mistaken. It's the same old pair. C——r has had them pressed. Apologies.)

XVI. French IV.

"Les rides sur le front."

"The rides on the front."

(It is very well to ride on the front,

but the wrinkles on his forehead would be better French.)

XVII. Pupil—"Oh! Mr. C——s, have you corrected our last civics test?"

Teacher—"Now where *did* I put those papers?"

English IV. B. (a bright class) was discussing the difficulty of memorizing Milton. Miss Darling—"Work is the world's greatest blessing," and things like that are easy to learn. I know (artlessly) because I've learned them lots of times." (Cheer up, Helene, you'll not again tire your brain with such labor.

XVIII. U. S. History. Miss S——b reciting: "Alexander Hamilton fought a duel and was mortally wounded in exactly the same spot as his father was a short time before."

1914.

I. Chem. III. Mr. G——: "What causes perpetual motion?"

Unprepared Boob—"I knew what it was, but have forgotten."

Mr. G——: "If you did, for goodness sake think of it again, for you're the only one that ever did."

II. Mr. G——: "Wood, what became of that beaker you had a few moments ago?"

Woozy Wood—"I don't remember." (Five minutes later.) "Oh, I know! I broke it."

III. Mr. Cross—"Miss Magner, does Miss Partridge sit in here this period?"
Miss Magner—"No, she doesn't."

Mr. Cross—"Please let me see your seating table. Ah! Miss Nightingale. I knew it was some bird warbling on the stairs."

IV. Eng. III.

Mansel—"Brntns succeeded in gathering a crowd of citizens in one street and Cassins in another."

Miss R——: "Master B——, illustrate the use of 'fervid.'"

Master B——: "They sold fervid rolls."

V. Latin III.

Miss R——: "What happened when

(Cataline was sixteen years old?)

Candidate for Nut Factory—"He had a birthday."

VI. French III.

Cameron translating: Les reines sont les plus jolies jeunes filles choisies parmi les blanches isseuses.

"The queens are the most beautiful young girls among the blonds." (Cameron's weakness!)

VII. Miss II—t—h—"She was artistically executed and hung with a black—white—red ribbon." (Some class!)

VIII. Alg. III.

Miss W—n—"I don't see the object in these exercises."

Miss B—k—"That's the trouble; you don't see the object in any mathematics."

IX. Student—"May we let twenty-two sevenths equal pie (II)? (Sounds something like that electron theory in Physics.)

X. Some of the sophomore *youngsters* are saying that some of *us* are already putting our hats on with shoe horns at the mere idea of becoming seniors next fall.

XI. Our class declaimer Rimback has the scarlet fever and is at present in the Brighton Contagious Hospital. It would be very thoughtful if a few of his class and schoolmates would drop him a line. (Girls, don't be bashful.)

1915.

I. English.

Miss P—: "What kind of animals lived on the steppes of Asia?"

Voice from Rear—"Canker-worms."

II. Kirlin tells us that Mathew Arnold's style is very imaginetie.

III. History (reviewing).

Miss Holt—"What followed the age of Pericles?"

Master P—: "A disease."

IV. Latin.

Miss R— says that Catiline wished Cicero to preserve him.

(Wonder if he was particular as to the kind of bottle.)

V. Miss R—: "What part of a person is there besides the body?"

Master B—y—"Clothes."

VI. Translations.

Miss B—n—"He cast him out from their eyes."

Miss P—d—"We have destroyed a magnificent man."

VII. Geometry.

Everyone knows that right triangles have legs, but Miss A—n says they have feet, too.

VIII. Physics II. A.

Mr. G—n—How far does sound travel?

Brilliant Pupil—Around the world.

Mr. G—n—Prove it.

The Pupil (innocently)—Well in the battle of Lexington Captain Parker fired a shot heard round the world.

A Thrilling Story.

IX. The soft mellow twilight faded into a ghastly gloom. The dequeness of the hygroscopial hypochondrias o'erspread the gloom. Silently yet mystically the majestic horde moved forward having no premonition of the forthcoming disaster. "Grammercy, indeed," saith the hypochondriac. 'Tis well we are what we are not. And—

Note—If you note carefully our style of writing you will plainly see that this story ends where it stops commencing.

1916.

I. In History II. it is learned that Alexander the Great slept on Homer.

II. There is a stout lad in Room 14 who very frequently alarms us by falling up or down the stairs.

III. We have a girl among us who keeps Poe's "Raven" shut up in her desk. We think that something should be done about it.

IV. A. H—r and R. S—n (better known as "Sunny") entered a novel

competition for the best drawing, illustrating the well-known adage:

"As the twig is bent
The tree is inclined."

V. What remarkable combination has the clarinet in the High School orchestra?

Answer—Double Reed action.

Punctuation applied to members of

VI. Latin I. A.

A. H. !

H. P. *

R. H. ???

E. P. ,

K. R. ——

M. A. .



We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: "School Life," Melrose (April and May); "Punchard Ensign," Andover; "The Mirror," Waltham; "The X-rays," Columbus; "The Clarion," West Roxbury (April and May); "The Tripod," Roxbury.

"School Life" (Melrose High School). The cover on your May number is a great improvement on the old one. You have also greatly improved your Exchange department by separating the jokes and the criticisms.

"The Tripod" (Roxbury Latin School). Your paper is made interesting by the many good photographs which appear in it.

"The Clarion" (West Roxbury High School). "All for a Brown and White Dog" is very, very good. Why not have more of the same kind?

"The X-rays" (East High School). The editorials in your April number are especially interesting. Could you not make more of your exchanges?

"The Mirror" (Waltham High School). We congratulate you on the excellence of your literary department. Your exchange column is very good.

"Punchard Ensign" (Punchard Free School). Your paper is complete in every way.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

A grave digger dug a grave for a man named Button. When the bill arrived it read: "One Button hole, \$1.00."

—*Ex.*

Missionary—"Why do you look at me so intently?"

Cannibal—"I am the food inspector."
—*Ex.*

Pretty Young Lady (entering music publisher's shop, to young man sorting music)—"Have you 'Kissed Me By Moonlight?'"

Young Man (turning around with surprise)—"It must be the other young man behind the counter. I've only been here a week."—*Ex.*

The lad was sent to college,
And now dad cries "Alack!
I spent a thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back."—*Ex.*

"May I see you home?"

"No, I should say not."

"Huh, smarty, you're as full of airs as a music box."

"That may be, but I don't run with a crank."—*Ex.*

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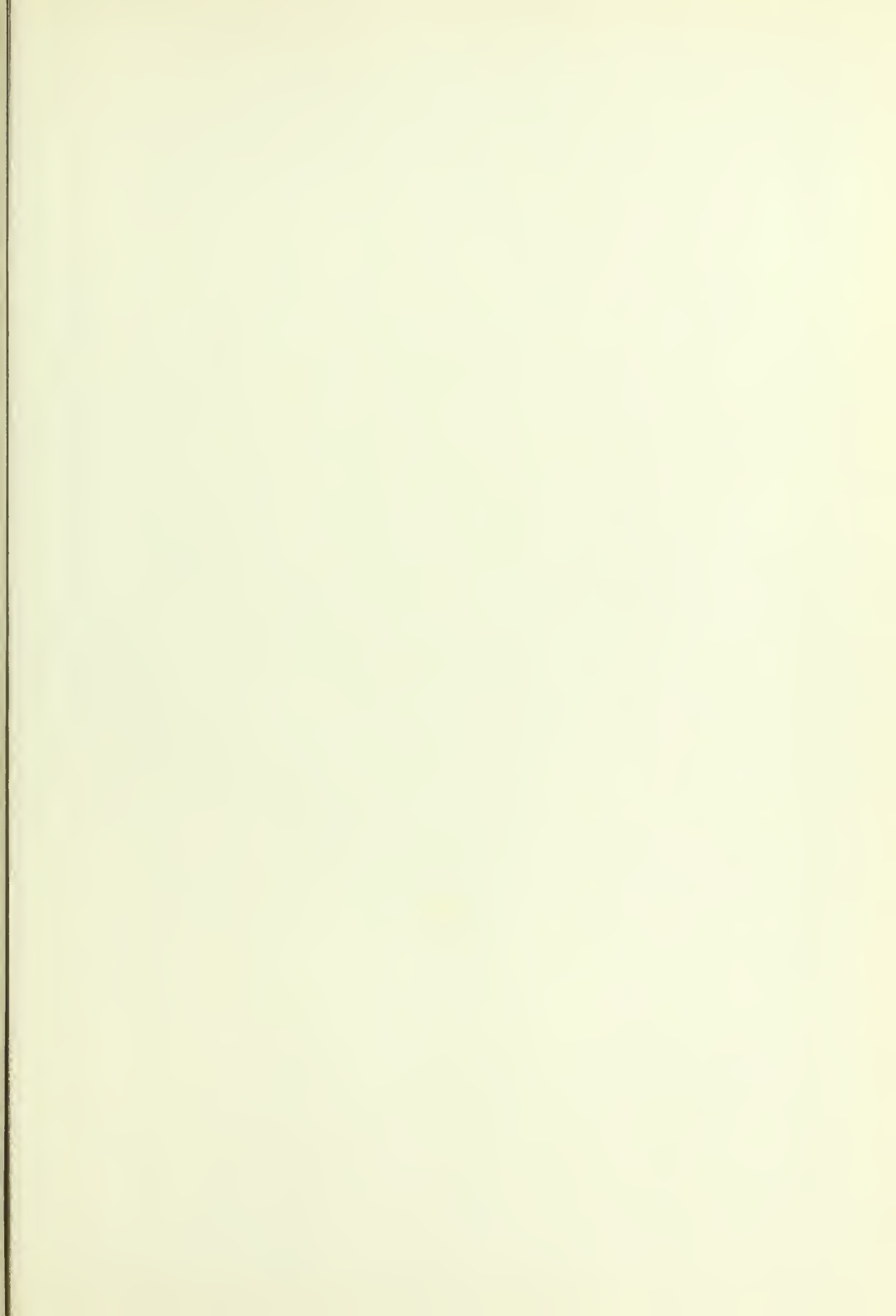
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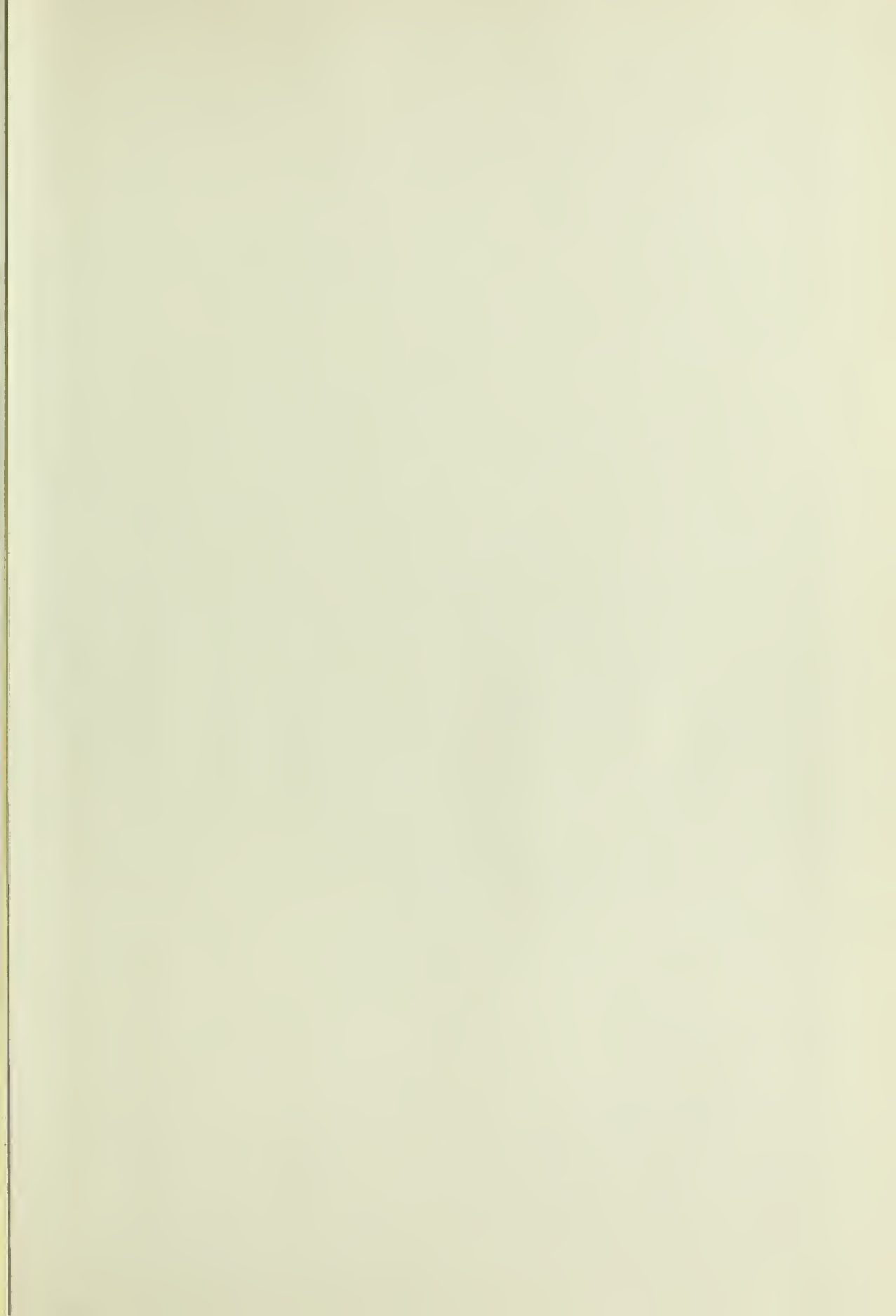
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